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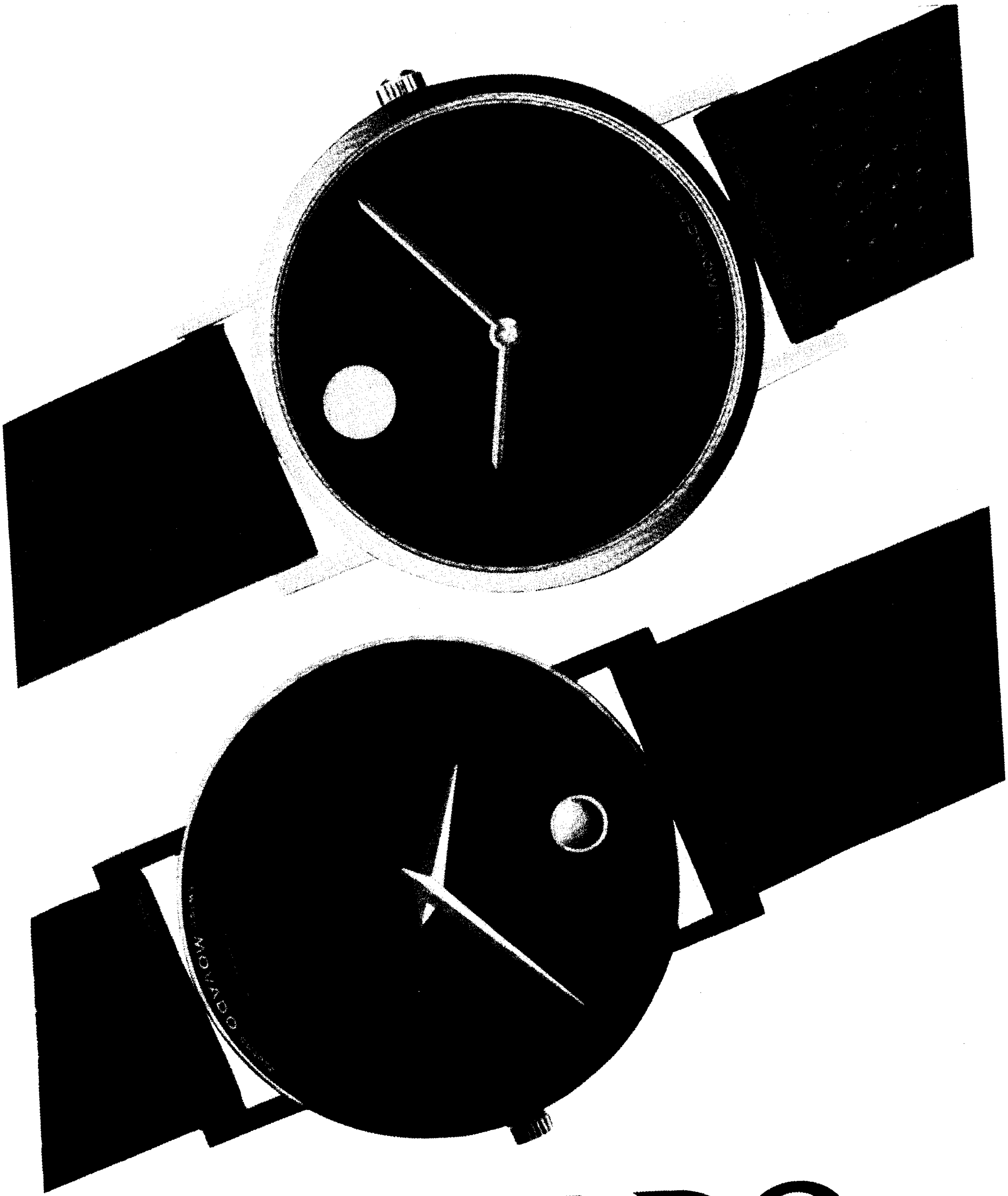

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author is Wallace Shawn and the admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. With Pamela Reed and Pippa Pearthree. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/4/85.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (1/6/86) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big Deal—A musical-comedy blunder by Bob Fosse, who wrote the book and so caused his skills as a choreographer and director to be rendered all but useless. (4/21/86) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in Autumn—Mark Twain didn't believe in an afterlife, but if he happens to have been wrong he must be furious, observing a grotesque work written by Bernard Sabath and purporting to tell us what happened to Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer in their old age. The two performers are George C. Scott and John Cullum. (5/12/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Chopin Playoffs—A comedy by Israel Horovitz, presented by the American Jewish Theatre. Preview Wednesday, May 14. Opens officially on Thursday, May 15. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2. For tickets, call 831-8603.)

Daughters—The DiAngelo women of Brooklyn would make rather trying company were it not for the performances of the actresses who play them. John Morgan Evans was the dramatist, John Henry Davis directed. (4/14/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Emerald City—A comedy by Donald Marcus, presented by the Ark Theatre Company. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18. For tickets, call 226-7682.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of one-act plays. "Vanishing Act," by Richard Greenberg; "Terry Neal's Future," by Roger Hedden; "The West Side Boys Will Rock You Anytime," by Shirley Kaplan; and "Comic Dialogue," by Alan Zweibel: Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 17, at 6 and 10 (previews); Monday, May 19, at 7:30 (opening); and Thursday, May 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ "Sunday Morning Vivisection," by Elise Caitlin; "The Worker's Life," by Brandon Cole; "Blind Date," by Horton Foote; and "Mink on a Gold Hook," by James Ryan: Friday, May 16, at 7:30; Sunday, May 18, at 3 and 7; Wednesday, May 21, and Friday, May 23, at 7:30; and Saturday, May 24, at 6 and 10. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Through Monday, June 16.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the 1964 musical **funny girl**, with a score by Jule Styne, lyrics by Bob Merrill, and a book by Isobel Lennart. Opens Thursday, May 15, and will run through Sunday, June 8. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Goblin Market—This musical, based on Christina Rossetti's erotic allegorical poem, has a charming score by Polly Pen, imaginative scenery by William Barclay, and good performances—singing and acting—by Terry Klausner and Ann Morrison. It may prove a little too fanciful for every taste, though. (4/28/86) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes an excellent singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, John Mahoney, and Stockard Channing, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterly comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **sweethearts.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—O'Neill's

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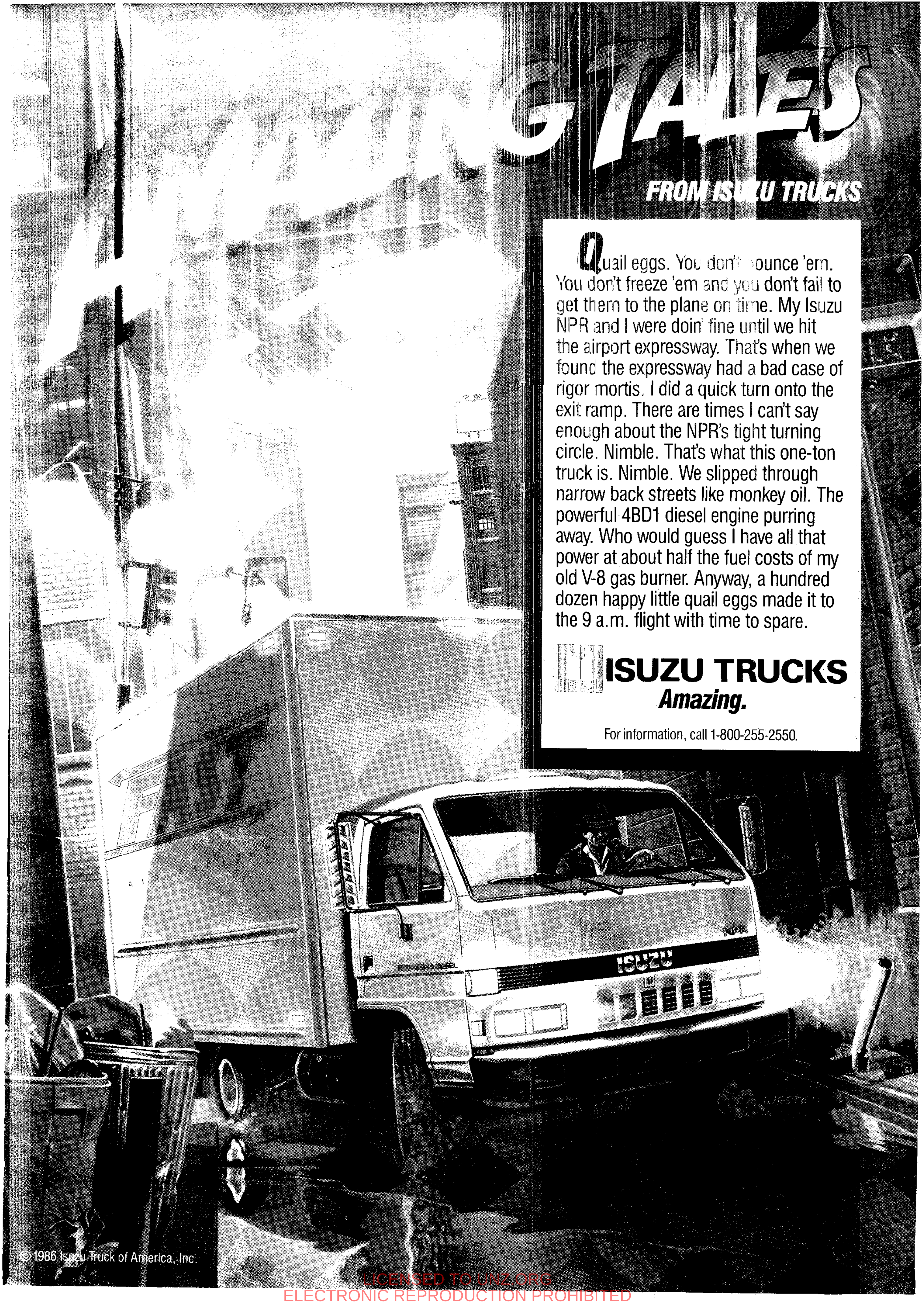

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

masterpiece, well served by Jack Lemmon, Bethel Leslie, Peter Gallagher, and Kevin Spacey, in a production directed by Jonathan Miller. (5/12/86) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Loot—Joe Orton's fierce and highly polished farce about all sorts of criminal activity in England in a too mild revival, but with considerable merriment, all the same. With Joseph Maher, Zeljko Ivanek, and Zoë Wanamaker, among other good actors. John Tillinger directed. (3/3/86) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Maggie Magalita—A play by Wendy Kesselman, presented by the Lambs Theatre Company. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays at 11 A.M.; Wednesdays at 2; Thursdays at 11 and 8; Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 2 and 8.)

The Man Who Turned Into a Stick—A play by Kobo Abe, translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene and starring Ernest Abuba. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 7.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Charles Dickens died in the midst of writing the novel that has served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The final production of the season will be **LOUIE AND OPHELIA**, a two-character play by Gus Edwards, with Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward, who is also the director. Previews through Thursday, May 15. Opens officially on Friday, May 16. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

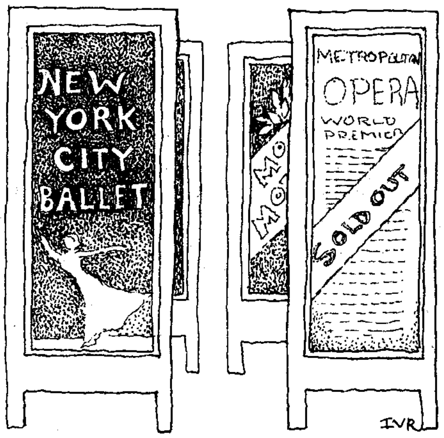
Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, Charlotte Moore, David Margulies, and Kate McGregor-Stewart is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Petition—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn breathe life into a tiresome play by Brian Clark about a testy British general in his ninth decade and his somewhat younger but dying wife. As she dies, they quarrel over banning the bomb and learn much about themselves that they ought to have learned half a century earlier. (5/5/86) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—Lily Tomlin alone onstage but impersonating a remarkably varied cast of characters, provided for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)



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Smoking Newports and Eating French Fries—A comedy by Sebastian Stuart. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Kenneth Welsh, Olympia Dukakis, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

So Long on Lonely Street—A shallow Southern melodrama that would have failed to pass muster in the days of Dion Boucicault. The author is Sandra Deer. (4/14/86) (Jack Lawrence, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 18.)

Song & Dance—Bernadette Peters sings a lot and Christopher d'Amboise dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Stories About the Old Days—A play by Bill Harris, with Abbey Lincoln. (Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—Debbie Allen, well assisted by a big cast, stars in a revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all! (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Williams and Walker—A musical triumph about the great Bert Williams, who, in 1910, became the first black comedian to star on Broadway, and about his partner, George Walker. Ben Harney and Vondie Curtis-Hall are the marvellous stars. The score is authentic ragtime, by Scott Joplin, Will Marion Cook, Williams himself, and others. Strong, lively direction by Shauneille Perry, choreography by Lenwood Sloan, and musical direction by Neal Tate, who accompanies the show on the piano, with percussionist Joe Marshall at his side. (3/17/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 246-3730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 5:30.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BILOXI BLUES:** The second comedy—"Brighton Beach Memoirs" was the first—in which we are invited to follow Neil Simon's years of growing up and becoming a writer. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,840 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, at 8; and Friday, May 23, at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SINGIN' IN THE RAIN:** Twyla Tharp has directed and choreographed this sad, enormous oddity, taken from the celebrated movie. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's hundred-and-sixteenth edition. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesdays and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 A.M.; Saturdays at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Through Sunday, June 1.)

Mummenschanz—A mime-and-mask trio. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat-

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inées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, May 25.)

"Furies"—An experimental theatre-opera work created by the Roy Hart Theatre of France and New York's The Talking Band. The production is based on Robert Lowell's adaptation of the first two parts of Aeschylus' Orestean trilogy. With music by Ellen Maddow, Harry Mann, and Jonathan Hart. *(Crypt, Cathedral of St. John the Divine,* Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Nightly at 8. Through Sunday, May 18. For information about tickets, call 316-7563.)

Spaulding Gray—A monologuist in a four-week engagement of three programs, which opens Wednesday, May 14, and will run through Sunday, June 8. Through Sunday, May 25: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Opening-night *curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through* Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

New Amsterdam Theatre Company—A concert version of the Rodgers and Hart musical **I MARRIED AN ANGEL.** (Town Hall, *123* W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, May 17, at 8; Sunday, May 18, at 4; and Monday, May 19, at 8.)

Forbiddden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 14: "Ballo della Regina," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Interplay," "Divertimento No. 15," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "La Source," "Eight More," "New Ballet No. 1," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 17: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 18: "La Valse," "New Ballet No. 1," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 18, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, May 20-21: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 23: "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," "New Ballet No. 1," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 24: "Divertimento No. 15," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 24: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, June 22.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 14: "Giselle." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 15: "Les Sylphides," "The Mollino Room" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 16: "The Leaves Are Fading," "The Mollino Room," "Pas de Deux," and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Push Comes to Shove." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 17: "Les Sylphides," "The Mollino Room," and "Symphonie Concertante." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 19: "Les Sylphides," "Requiem" (New York première), and "Bourrée Fantasque." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 20: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Dim Lustre," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Dark Elegies." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 21: "Symphonie Concertante," "Murder" (New York première), and "Francesca da Rimini." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 22: "Theme and Variations," "Dim Lustre," and "Requiem." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 23, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 24: "Romeo and Juliet." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 5.)

Marleen Pennison Company—Performances of "If Walls Could Talk" and other works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday, May 14, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, at 8. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Saeko Ichinohe and Company—In a program of new and repertory works. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Monday through Wednesday, May 19-21, at 8. For tickets, call 246-4779.)

Ballet Interviews—Maria Calegari being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, May 19, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face *type is used to pick out a few of the more notable* performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)*—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, *216* Seventh Ave., at *23*rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt with first-rate duos on the weekends. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, will belong to bassist **CALVIN HILL** and pianist **HUGH LAWSON,** *and on Friday and Saturday,* May 23-24, bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** will work with guitarist **TED DUNBAR.** The rest of the nights are given over to other combos. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. **JO SULLIVAN** sings later on in the evening—about nine—Tuesdays through Saturdays, and at eleven, too, on Friday, May 16.

Blue Note, 131 *W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave.* (475-8592)—The master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** leads his quintet through Sunday, May 18; Monday, May 19, will be the property of pianist **NIELS LAN DOKY'S ALL-STARS,** with **TERENCE BLANCHARD, BOB BERG, BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and **BILLY HART;** and starting Tuesday, May 20, high-wire trumpeter **MAYNARD FERGUSON** will bring in his band. Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams every night but Monday, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A musical, "Just Once," with music and lyrics by Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil, runs Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at eight; Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at seven-thirty and eleven; and Sunday, May 18, at seven-thirty. Mondays are allocated to **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (David Johansen to his Mom) **& THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** and on Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, Top 40 folkie **SUZANNE VEGA** *will perform.*

BOWLING
OPEN 24 HOURS
24 HOURS
50 LANES
BOWLING

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A great, up-close view from a bar stool (unless there are a lot of standees, which is usually the case) of first-rate pianists and bassists. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** perform through Saturday, May 17; Sunday, May 18, **HUGH LAWSON** will be at the keyboard; and starting Monday, May 19, pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY** will collaborate with bassist **SANTI DEBRIANO.** *Music from nine-forty-five.* Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The bandstand in this nice-looking jazz club is a nook regally panelled in solid *oak, making it look like a jewel box for jazz.* Two fine singers are on the current roster: songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** and his backup crew through Sunday, May 18, and **CARRIE SMITH,** a strong blues and jazz interpreter, beginning Tuesday, May 20. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at nine and eleven, and at nine, eleven, and twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1660)—*In the Café Carlyle,* **BOBBY SHORT,** the miracle on Madison Avenue, is back with his bundle of Porter, Coward, Gershwin, and Rodgers and Hart, and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT** and bassist **BEVERLY PEER,** too. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CBGB & OMFUG, *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St.* (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A music back room way out West—West 14th Street, that is—with authentically exurban pitchers of beer on the tables and plaid flannel shirts on the customers. Bluegrass is what banjoist **TONY TRISCHKA** and his band, **SKYLINE,** will be playing on Saturday, May 24. There is Irish music on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—**AHMAD JAMAL,** the controversial pianist—some people think he's gushy and rhapsodic, while Miles Davis has called him a genius—is here with a quintet nightly, except Mondays. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—**MARGARET WHITING** sings with vigor Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride pianist, is at the dining-room grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays, Amy Duncan owns the keyboard, and **DICK HYMAN** is the Monday guy. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianists and bassists. **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **CECIL MC BEE** work in tandem through Saturday, May 17, and on Tuesday, May 20, **DON FRIEDMAN** and **MICHAEL FORMANEK** will begin a stint. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin

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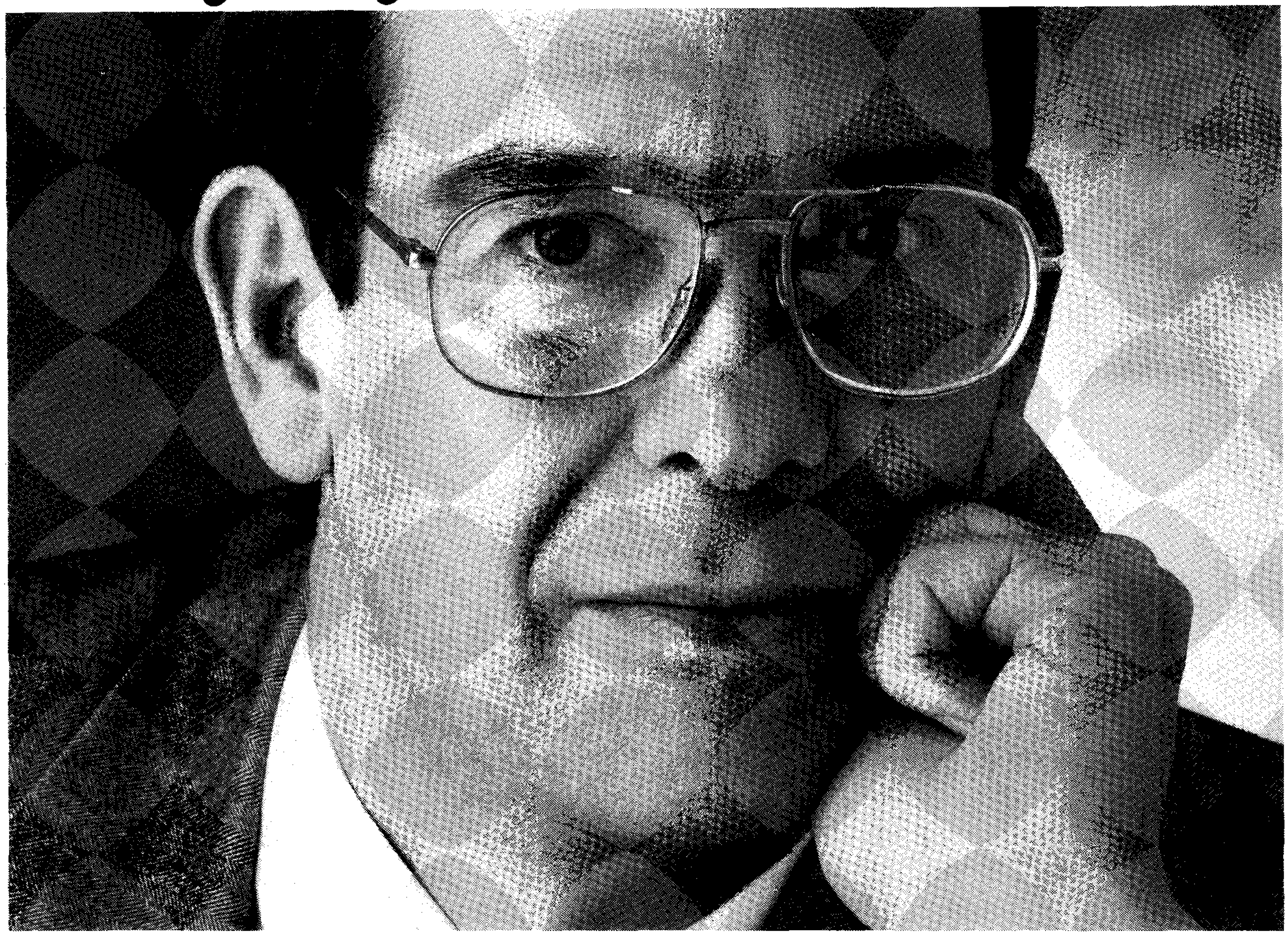

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than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: the Mamas and the Papas and Shawn Colvin Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15; Saturday, May 17, wondrous Texas singer and songwriter **MARCIA BALL**, whose voice has a wavery, husky twang and an unaffected naturalness to it; Sunday, May 18, **WHO IT IS**, a sublime R. & B. band; Monday and Tuesday, May 19-20, bassist **JACO PASTORIUS**; and Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY**. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer **ROSEMARY CLOONEY** is onstage through Saturday, May 17; on Tuesday, May 20, **DOROTHY DONEGAN** will begin romping and jumping around the keyboard and leading sing-alongs. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here—jazz and rhythm and blues and Latin-jazz—is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. A partial lineup: Sunday, May 18, Justin Page; Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, Grammy-approved trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS**; and Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, guitarist **DOC POWELL**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Wednesday, May 14, from Senegal, **YOUSSOU N'DOUR** and **SUPER ETOILE**: Thursday, May 15, Level 42 and Long Hours; Friday, May 16, the **DEL-LORDS** and Rank & File; Saturday, May 17, Movieland; Friday, May 23, the Swans; and Saturday, May 24, Wendy O. Williams, English Dogs, and Nuclear Assault. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, May 14, soul and jazz singer **ETTA JAMES**; Thursday, May 15, reggae night, with Culture and Tenor Saw and Roots Radics; Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, **LOREMIL MACHADO**; Monday, May 19, a benefit concert with **GEORGE BENSON, HERBIE MANN, RAY BARRETTO**, and **JERRY GONZALEZ**; Tuesday, May 20, **MIKATA**, after midnight; Wednesday and Thursday, May 21-22, **TITO PUENTE**; and Friday and Saturday, May 23-24, Viva Brazil. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist and wailing vocalist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, who sounds great whether he's playing spiritual-enlightenment music or just good old regular hard bop, leads his quartet through Sunday, May 18; starting Tuesday, May 20, the **PAUL BLEY** quartet, with **JOHN ABERCROMBIE, STEVE SWALLOW**, and **BARRY ALTSCHUL**, will take over. Mondays, pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** energizes his **ORCHESTRA**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room, with mostly rock and roll, a melodically out-of-tune house piano, and very good intentions. Tuesdays are claimed by Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed; Fridays and Saturdays by **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE**; Wednesday, May 14, Richard Weinman; Thursday, May 15, Josie Kuhn; Sunday, May 18, the Feetwarmers; and Thursday, May 22, **ELLIOTT MURPHY**. Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room on Monday, May 19, at nine, consists of **HECTOR LAVOE, COSTA BRAVA**, and violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK**, the guest jazz soloist. . . . ¶ The Terrace Bar here is yet another worthy piano-bass platform. Pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and bassist **ALEX BLAKE** perform through Sunday, May 18, and on Tuesday, May 20, singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** will come in with his bassist, **BILL TAKAS**. Music nightly, except Mondays, after nine-thirty. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

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Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, the standard for jazz clubs everywhere. Olympian drummer **ELVIN JONES** guides his quintet through Sunday, May 18, and on Tuesday, May 20, pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and his group, **PROGRESS REPORT**, which features guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and bassist **RUFUS REID**, will begin a six-night visit. Monday night is still **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** night. Music after nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz, comedy, and students. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE & THE BOOGIE WOOGIE HEPCATS**, featuring guitarist **BILLY BUTLER**, who played on the recording of "Honky Tonk" with Bill Doggett in the mid-fifties, swing it through Sunday, May 18; and on Wednesday, May 21, singer **MICHELLE HENDRICKS** will arrive. Mondays and Tuesdays are comedy nights. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists or guitarists and bassists in it. The duos: **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, May 17; **NINA SHELDON** and **HARVIE SWARTZ** beginning Monday, May 19; and **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** every Sunday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

A Salute to Buddy Tate—Mr. Tate will be there, along with Ray Bryant, Phil Woods, David (Fathead) Newman, Irv Stokes, Phil Flanigan, and Eddie Locke. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 15, at 8.)

Siouxsie and the Banshees—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, May 15, at 8.

Jane Ira Bloom—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.

A Salute to Jimmy McHugh—With Daryl Sherman, John Pizzarelli, Jr., and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Yoko Ono—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Thursday, May 22, at 8.

Woody Herman—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, May 23, at 10.

Jaki Byard and the Apollo Stompers—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday through Sunday, May 23-25, at 10 and midnight.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Byron Browne (1907-61)—Ten abstract paintings from the fifties. Through Saturday, May 24. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Anthony Caro—Nudes in bronze and in charcoal drawings executed in his Pine Plains, Dutchess County, studio. Through Saturday, May 24. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

John Ferren (1905-70)—Colorful abstract geometric paintings dating from 1965 to 1969. Through May 31. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Howard Hodgkin—Abstract oil paintings on wood panels. Through June 5. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Henry Koerner—Paintings and drawings dating from the thirties to this year. Through Saturday, May 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Kasimir Malevich (1878-1935) **and Liubov S. Popova** (1889-1924)—Works on paper, watercolors, and drawings by two leaders of the Russian avant-garde early in this century. Through May 30. (Hutton, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Aiko Miyawaki—Abstract steel sculptures. Through Saturday, May 24. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Georgia O'Keeffe (1887-1986)—Paintings, pastels, drawings, and prints—more than forty works in all. Through June 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Arnulf Rainer—Paintings, drawings, and photographs from the seventies. Through May 30. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit show of Impressionist paintings done in England and France in the eighteen-eighties. Through June 14. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Mario Sironi (1885-1961)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Graham Snow—Wall constructions by a British artist who has a penchant for the obelisks and architectural follies of his homeland. Through July 31. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

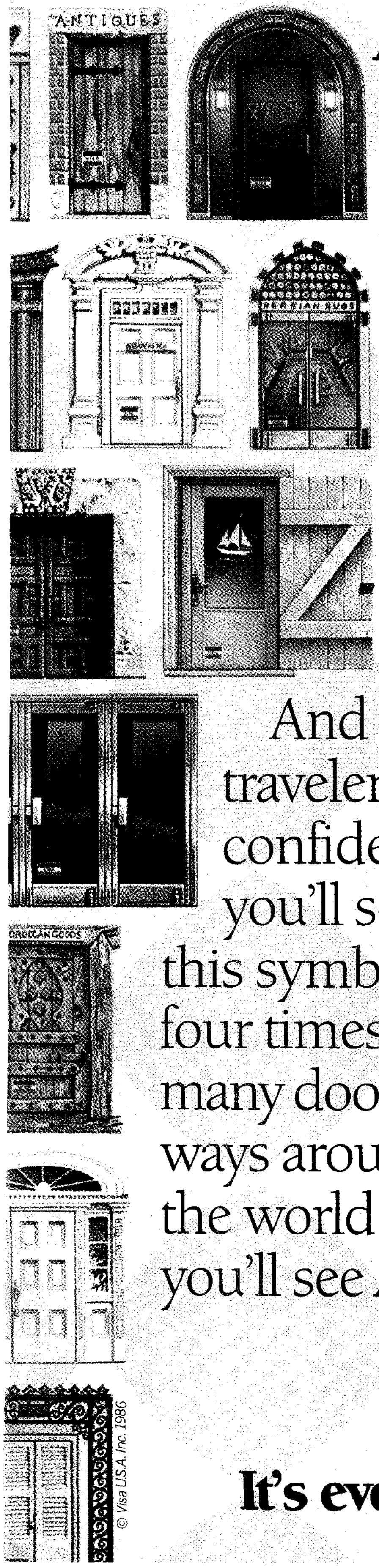
Theodoros Stamos—Paintings from the past forty years. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.)

Selina Trieff—Figure paintings and drawings. Through May 30. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. at 78th St.)

Jan Tschichold (1902-74)—Posters, books, and typographical designs by a designer known for theatre posters (from the twenties) and for the design (in the thirties) of the Penguin paperback. Through June 6. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Mary Ann Unger—A walk-through aluminum architectural work that will go to a Philadelphia park this summer. Also, three life-size figures. Through May 31. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **RACHEL ADLER**, 58 E. 79th St: Paintings and drawings from the twenties by such European artists as George Grosz, Amédée Ozenfant, and Jean Arp. Through June 7. . . . **HOFFELD**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Animal sculptures by American artists; Eli Nadelman and William Zorach are among those represented by works that date from 1915 to 1950. Through May 31. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MATHES**, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by the founders of Purism, Ozenfant and Le Corbusier, and their followers. Through May 31. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of about a hundred paintings and works on paper from the Princeton University Art Museum. These works—by Europeans and Americans—include a Degas "Dancers," Ammi Philips's "The Girl in Pink," and Wil-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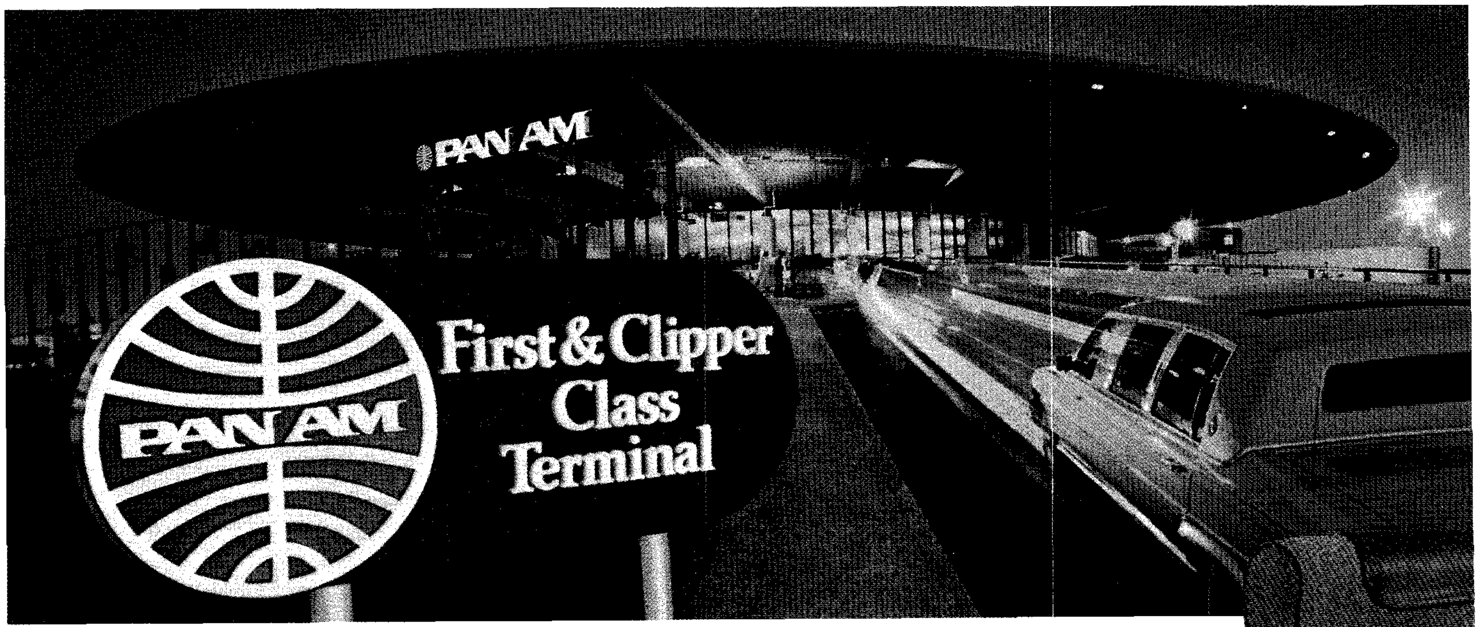

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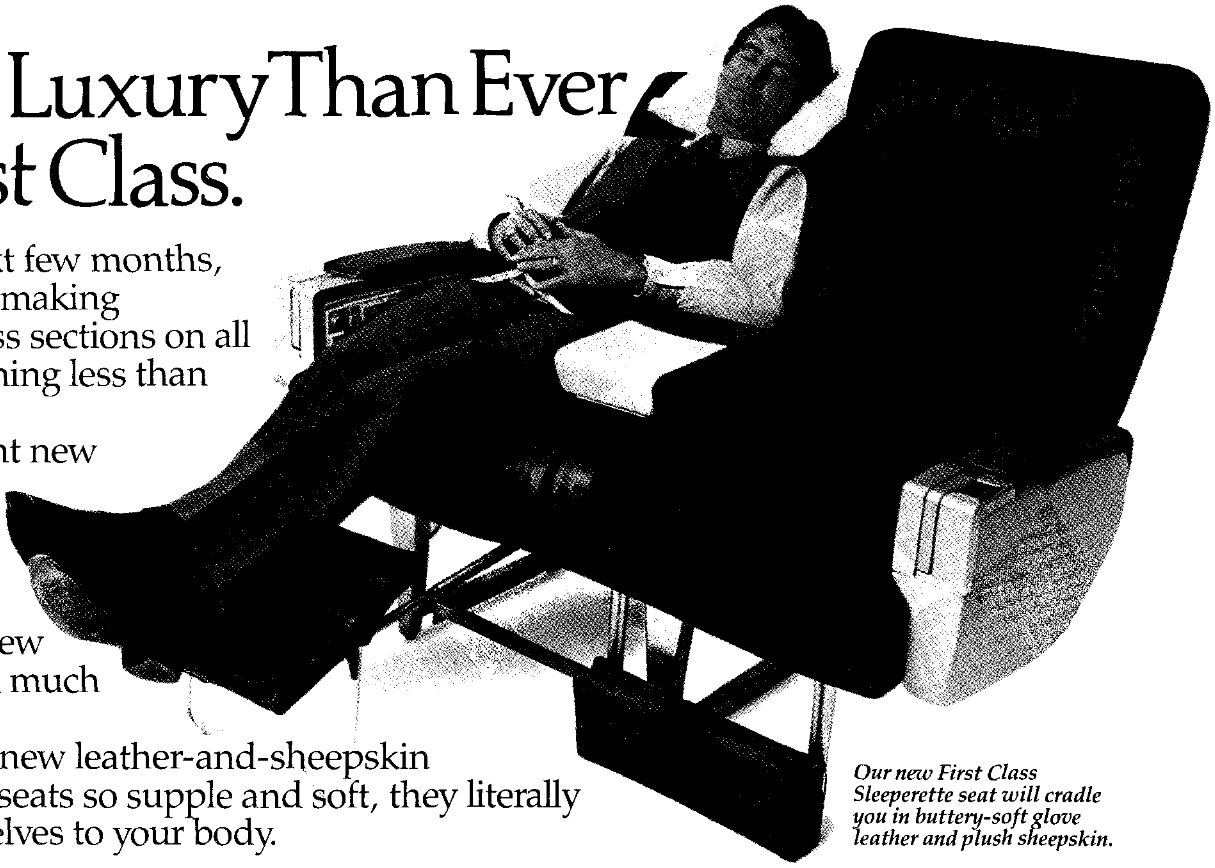

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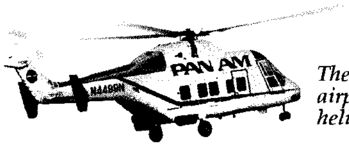

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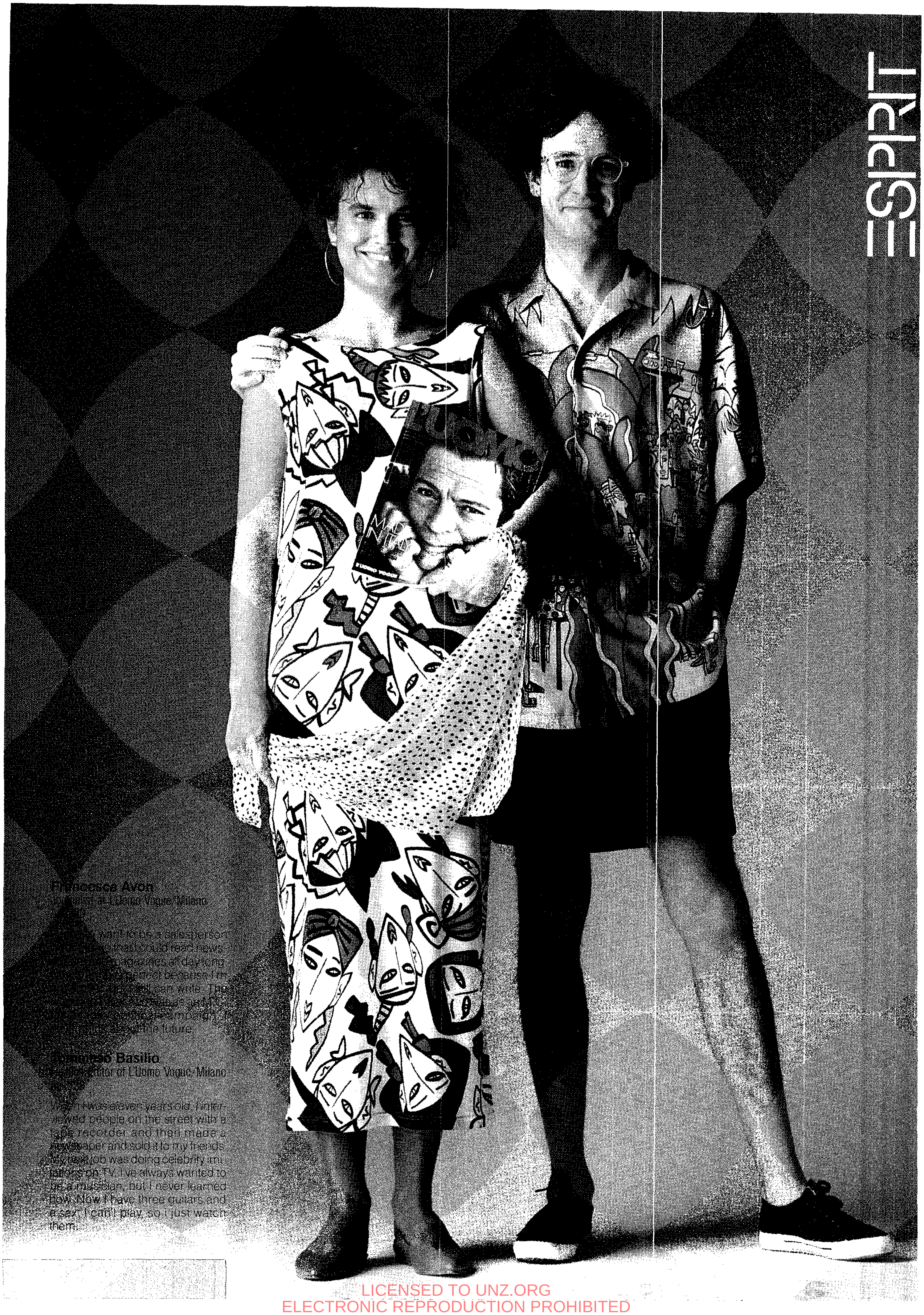

Francesca Avon
[illegible] at L'Uomo Vogue/Milano

[illegible] want to be a salesperson [illegible] that I could read news[illegible] magazines all day long [illegible] perfect because I'm [illegible] I can write. The [illegible] in the future.

[illegible] Basilio
[illegible] Editor of L'Uomo Vogue/Milano

When I was eleven years old, I interviewed people on the street with a tape recorder and then made a newspaper and sold it to my friends. My next job was doing celebrity imitations on TV. I've always wanted to be a musician, but I never learned how. Now I have three guitars and a sax. I can't play, so I just watch them.

lem de Kooning's "Black Friday." Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Saturday, May 17. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953) / **Seymour Lipton**—Nonobjective paintings. / Drawings in Conté crayon by a sculptor. Through Wednesday, May 21. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Norman Bluhm—A two-gallery show of voluptuous abstract paintings that bleed copiously from the brushstrokes. Through June 14. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St., and 113 Greene St.)

Louise Bourgeois—New abstract sculptures. Through June 7. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Frank Bowling—Recent impastoed abstractions. Through May 31. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning / **Elihu Vedder** (1836-1923)—Landscapes and portraits in oil. / Drawings in a variety of mediums. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—New furniture pieces carved from granite and wood. Through May 31. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Alan Davie—Paintings entitled "Meditations and Hallucinations," plus related drawings. Through May 31. (Gimpel, in a new location at 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Peter Dean—Neo-Expressionist paintings of landscapes. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kerr, 225 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Geometric pencil-and-crayon drawings. Through June 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gonzalo Fonseca—Sculptures carved from stone blocks which suggest archeological digs. Through May 31. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Gundelfinger / **Margaret Grimes**—Landscapes of western New Jersey, with special attention to arresting cloud formations. / Oils depicting Cape Cod in the summer. Through May 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lee Hall—Abstract landscapes on paper. Through June 4. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Hudson—Abstract polychrome bronze sculptures. Through June 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

R. D. Huggins and Diane Keaton—Joint works (hers the conception, his the execution) in oil on canvas which are based on interpretations of Christian tenets for children. Through Saturday, May 24. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Bryan Hunt / **Ellsworth Kelly**—Small-scale bronzes and drawings. Through May 31. / Monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through June 7. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Six sculptures by Mr. Kelly are on view at the Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St. Through June 7.

Alex Katz—Fourteen new large-scale paintings complement a retrospective of this artist's work at the Whitney Museum. Through Saturday, May 24. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Yves Klein (1928-62)—Monochromatic paintings, sponge reliefs and sculptures, and paintings with body imprints. Through May 31. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Palmer—Paintings from the early years of the artist's career, including a four-panel screen of Washington Square Park (1929). Through June 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Beverly Pepper—Large totemlike sculptures in stone, painted steel, and stainless steel. Through May 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Judy Pfaff—Bright-colored mixed-medium wall constructions, some more than ten feet long. Through June 7. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Two exhibitions. Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five during his life.) Through Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A loan show of fifty drawings, which are being shown in public for the first time. Through June 28. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St. Open Mondays.)

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Richard Pousette-Dart—Recent paintings, including reliefs. Through May 31. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Rebecca Purdum—Large, richly colored glazed-looking oil abstractions the artist paints with her hands and rubs and rubs and rubs. First one-person show in New York. Through May 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin—Handmade paper works that have been embossed with rows of small squares and covered with pastels. Through June 7. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maria Scotti / **Susanne Doremus**—Recent paintings. / Densely painted canvases with references to human figures. Through May 31. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—New abstract paintings. Through June 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Joyce Treiman—A series of lively Expressionist paintings involving one or more figures (the artist and a possible suitor) and, sometimes, an ocean liner. Through Saturday, May 24. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Peter Vogel—Electronic sculptures composed of speakers, transistors, light sensors, etc., and based on cybernetic systems. Through June 7. (Arras, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wasey—Animal sculptures cast in bronze and carved in wood or stone. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

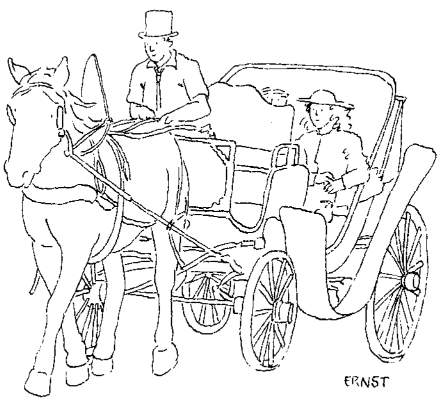
Elbert Weinberg—Twenty sculptures. Through May 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **DONSON**, 24 W. 57th St.: Handmade wood-block prints by early-twentieth-century Fauvists and Expressionists, among them Dix, Feininger, and Maillol. Through June 14. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St.: A show entitled "Free Space: Artists' Use of Floating Forms in Two-Dimensional Art" includes works by Lee Krasner, Sonia Delaunay, Manoucher Yektai, and others. Through May 29. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings reflecting the current interest in city (or town) street incidents, by contemporary realists, including Rackstraw Downes, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Wayne Thiebaud. Through Wednesday, May 21.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Edward Allington—Segments of monuments set up in unorthodox arrangements, accompanied by a squad of Venuses in one example and a company of sphinxes in another. Plus drawings. Through May 31. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Richard Beckett—Abstract constructions and large works on paper by a recent Guggenheim winner. Through May 31. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)



Tom Bills—Relatively small but sturdy pieces of sculpture made of steel inlaid with lead and weighing from five hundred to eighteen hundred pounds each. Through Saturday, May 17. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Phyllis Bramson / **Bruce Wall**—Fantasy paintings that include romantic Chagall-like couples floating in the air. / Paintings in which a three-dimensional hobgoblin who bulges out of the picture plane seems to be devouring the cityscape he is painted on. Through May 31. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Stephen Buckley / **Peter Nadin**—Abstract constructed paintings on wood and canvas panels. / Paintings. Through June 4. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Victor Burgin / **Beryl Korot**—A series of photographic works based on Edward Hopper's painting "Office at Night." / Canvases filled with scriptlike markings of a language invented by the artist. Through May 31. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Adam Cvijanovic—The view from the Empire State Building, a glimpse of the Staten Island Ferry, sunlight filtering into Grand Central Terminal—these and other Manhattan focal points are juxtaposed with Biblical and mythological themes in large-scale paintings. A sedan split down the middle and laid out on the Cutler gallery floor adds to the atmosphere. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

Dorothy Dehner—A retrospective, including watercolors, prints, and sculptures in wood, bronze, and Corten steel. Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Elaine de Kooning—Large and small canvases that were inspired by, and seem very similar to, the cave paintings in Spain and southern France. Through May 31. (Gruenebaum, 415 West Broadway.)

Elizabeth Dworkin—Abstract paintings. Through May 31. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Perle Fine / **Paul Russotto**—Works on paper from the fifties and sixties by a New York School artist. / Paintings. Through Saturday, May 24. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

George D. Green—Layered constructions, à la Stella, in which the sense of depth is sharpened by the artist's skill in painting trompe-l'oeil perspective. There are also large-scale related drawings. Through May 31. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Tom Holland—Bright-colored geometric abstractions painted in epoxy on aluminum and fibre glass. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Komar & Melamid—Large multipanel works embracing numerous art styles. Through Saturday, May 17. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Nancy Langer / **Phyllis Gaughran**—Abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings and collages. Through June 1. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Christopher Le Brun—Large paintings involving romantic classical figures—Pegasus, for instance. The artist is British. Through May 31. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Longo—Large-scale sculptures using mixed mediums, including iron castings and canvas paintings. Through June 4. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Clyde Lynds / **Scott Nemtzow**—Flat cement pillars, about six feet tall, which gleam with flickering lights that are generated by a trick of fibre optics. / More tricky lighting—holographic panels in which light is broken up into its component colors. Through Saturday, May 24. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Robert Mangold—Six large-scale paintings from the past year, and works on paper. Through Saturday, May 24. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Rosemary Naegele—Realist paintings of city buildings. Through Friday, May 23. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St.)

Albert Oehlen—Sombre paintings by a young German artist, including one depicting a stone cell with real mirrors collaged onto the walls. First one-man show in New

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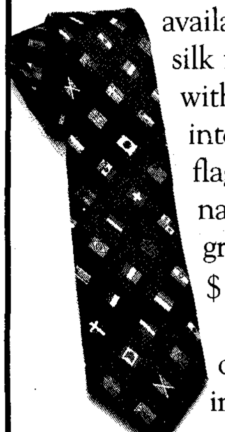

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York. Through Saturday, May 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

MARION RANYAK / MIRIAM SMITH—Landscapes of Nova Scotia, Greece, and nearby Rye. / Paintings and collages inspired by African and Oceanian studies. Through Saturday, May 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

RICARDO REGAZZONI—Numerous freestanding columns made of paperboard and covered in gold leaf, pencil drawings of the columns, and folding screens painted with columns. Through May 31. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

JOYCE ROBINS—New abstract bronze and ceramic sculptures. Through May 31. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

BABE SHAPIRO—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 17. (Allen, 110 Greene St.)

HUNT SLONEM / PHILIP AYERS—Colorful paintings of tropical birds, goldfish, monkeys, etc. / Urban realist paintings. Through June 7. (Semaphore, 462 West Broadway.)

GARY STEPHAN—Abstract acrylics from this year, plus abstract oils on Masonite done twenty years ago. Through May 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

KARL WIRSUM—A retrospective of cartoonlike paintings, sculptures, and prints by this pioneer member of Chicago's Hairy Who. Through Saturday, May 24. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.I.R.**, 63 Crosby St.: Sculptures by six emerging women artists from Vermont. Through May 31. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MILLIKEN**, 98 Prince St.: Realist-plus still-lifes by seven contemporary Dutch artists. Through June 4. . . . **SANDER**, 51 Greene St.: A whiff of Germany between the wars—paintings and drawings by Brockmann, Hoerle, Beckmann, Dix, and others, and photographs of artists, by August Sander. Through June 7.

OTHER GALLERIES

ANTONY GORMLEY—Life-size lead figures, plus sculptures of lead and terra-cotta. Through June 10. (Ala, 32 W. 20th St.)

MARSHAL HOPKINS—Small paintings by an artist with a quirky view of the world around him. Through June 1. (Cerigo, 202 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

RICHARD KALINA—Abstract compositions in black, white, and shades of gray, made up mostly of art-history references successfully synthesized. Through June 1. (Piezo Electric, 200 Avenue A, near 12th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ALLAN McCOLLUM—Painted-plaster vases. Through June 8. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GAYIL NALLS—Figurative drawings on handmade paper, and bowls cast in bronze. Through May 29. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

CARL PALAZZOLO—Abstract triptych paintings. Through June 7. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

RICK PROL—New paintings of decaying urban scenes. Through June 1. (B-Side, 543 E. 6th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Paintings and collages dated 1949 to 1952. Through May 31. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near 11th Ave.)

MARK SCHWARTZ / CLAIRE LIEBERMAN—Figurative paintings. / Abstract sculptures done in colored stone and slate; also, monoprints. Through May 31. (Baum, 109 Hudson St.)

RUSSELL SHARON—Minnesota landscapes by an artist who uses collaged pieces of red-painted wood to represent tree trunks in many of these works. Through June 1. (Bromm, 170 Avenue A, at 11th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

DAVID WOJNAROWICZ / STEVE DOUGHTON—Paintings in which nightmarish vignettes (tortured people, babies with outsize umbilical cords) intermingle with gigantic locomotives and other moving stock. / Sketchy drawings with a circus atmosphere. Through Sunday, May 18. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CULTURAL CENTER**, 310 W. 43rd St.: Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by ten women artists. Through May 28. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **P.S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: "Images of the Unknown," an exhibit of artists who avow a spiritual motivation for their work—for example, three visionary paintings by Joseph Parker, a recluse who lives in the desert, and a room-size piece by Ann McCoy in which the walls, ceiling, everything is painted a very dark blue, to make a sanctuary for her paintings and bronze preternatural figures. Through June 15. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BILL BRANDT (1904-83) / **PICASSO** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist taken by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Burden Gallery, 20 E. 23rd St., has approximately a hundred vintage photographs by Mr. Brandt. Through June 7. (Opens at 1.)

BERNARD FAUCON—Fresson prints. Through Saturday, May 24. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

STEPHEN FRAILEY—Photographs of various items superimposed on old photographs. Through May 29. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

BENNO FRIEDMAN / MARGARETTA K. MITCHELL—Silver prints on which the artist has drawn and painted. / Photogravures of dancers. Through Thursday, May 22. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

ELIOT PORTER / CHARLES HEANEY (1897-1981)—Black-and-white photographs of the Southwest, dating from 1939 to 1965. / Paintings and prints. Through May 31. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

DAVID ROBBINS—Photographic works. Through May 30. (Nature Morte, 204 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

JOHN THOMSON (1837-1921)—Albumin prints and carbon prints of the Orient by a travelling Scottish photographer whose predilection for capturing people and customs (a king of Siam, Buddhist priests, flower sellers)—in addition to recording more standard landscape views of, say, tea plantations and the mountains of Formosa—has led some to consider him a precursor of photojournalism. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Opens at noon on Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FACCHETTI**, 211 E. 3rd St.: Photographs concerned with television—either taken directly from the TV screen or of TV sets in various living rooms. Louise Lawler, Frank Majore, Bruce Davidson, and Anne Turyn are among those represented. Through May 25. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: More than a hundred prints of Africa by European photographers, dating from the mid-eighteenth century through the First World War. Through June 22. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A show of seventy works by Rodin. Through June 15. . . . ¶ A chronological arrangement of the school of Nuremberg's Gothic and Renaissance works of art, including oversize carved-oak statues of Christ and the Virgin by Veit Stoss, Dürer's sketch for a chandelier in the shape of a dragon and the finished chandelier itself, and brass sculptures by Peter Vischer the Elder. Through June 22. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. (Open daily except Mondays.

Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The permanent collection is the primary reason for a visit right now. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9, except May 15, when the museum will close at 8.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Recent work by Enzo Cucchi, including eight large paintings, a two-part sculpture, and drawings. Through July 6. . . . ¶ A show of approximately a hundred and twenty drawings and watercolors from the twenties by German realists. Starts Friday, May 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of works by Alex Katz, including paintings, wood and aluminum cutouts, and collages. Through June 15. A complementary show is at Marlborough Gallery, 40 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ An exhibit entitled "Sacred Images in Secular Art" includes paintings, sculptures, and photographs by a dozen contemporary artists; Italo Scanga, Audrey Flack, and Joel-Peter Witkin, among them. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Works by some of the preëminent American watercolorists of the past two centuries—John William Hill, Seth Eastman, Homer, Burchfield, Avery, O'Keeffe, and others. Through May 26. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-four paintings, drawings, and prints by Cézanne on loan from the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through July 14. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A record of the life and career of Bronislava Nijinska, a dancer, choreographer, and member of the creative-genius crowd early in this century. This record includes costumes designed for her by Natalia Gontcharova and Léon Bakst; set designs by Max Ernst and Joan Miró; and a musical score for her ballet "Le Baiser de la Fée," in the handwriting of Igor Stravinsky. The dancer herself is seen in photographs of Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, among others. Through July 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A loan show of fifty drawings by Ingres, who bequeathed them to a museum in his birthplace, Montauban. Through June 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs that document British rule in India from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Photographs by Beato, Frith, and Bourne are in the section devoted to that subject. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by Arbit Blatas re-create the Theatre de Lys's 1954 production of "The Threepenny Opera." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Drawings and models by British architects, primarily, spanning three hundred years—from Inigo Jones to Sir Edwin Lutyens. The subjects are generically called country houses but are known individually as Hampton Court Palace, Blenheim, Castle Drogo, etc. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—An exhibition of Sots Art, shorthand for unofficial works by Russian artists who managed to get out from under the thumb of the official Socialist Realism; all but one of the artists live here now, and all but one (a sculptor) are painters. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of English and American literary material that the Berg Collection has acquired over the past ten years—the typescript for Virginia Woolf's play "Freshwater" and correspondence between W. B. Yeats and Lady George, for example. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artists Al Loving and Howardena Pindell are each represented by eighteen paintings and collages. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—Lenora Champagne (performance), Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Susan Braham & Dancers, Thursday through Sunday, May 15-18, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Jim Neu (performance), Fridays, May 16 and 23, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Beth Lapides (performance), Saturdays, May 17 and 24, at 10:30. . . . ¶ Fred Holland (performance), Fridays through Sundays, May 16-18 and 23-25, at 9.

ARTISTS AS VIDEO/FILMMAKERS SERIES—Wednesday, May 14: Beth and Scott B, Jerri Allyn, and others; Thursday, May 15: Andy Soma, Sokhi Wagner, and others; Friday, May 16: Animation pieces by Braden Clari, Lorie Loeb, and others; and Saturday, May 17: Dance films by Pooh Kaye, Doris Chase, and others. (El Bohio Community and Cultural Center, 605 E. 9th St. 533-6835. All programs begin at 8.)

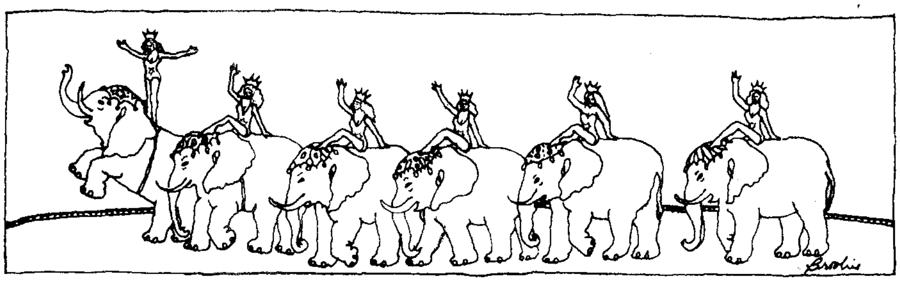
MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Michael Recchiuti conducting final performances of Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice." (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesday, May 14, and Friday, May 16, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of Mozart's "Così Fan Tutte," in English, staged by Albert Sherman, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra, conducted by Michael Spier-



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man. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 16-17, at 8. For tickets, call 787-1356.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—H. Wesley Balk's production, "The Magic Abduction and Cosi Marriage of Tutte Giovanni," adapted from Mozart operas. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 17-18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta directing a Copland-Orff program, with Sylvia Greenberg, soprano; Chris Merritt, tenor; Robert Galbraith, baritone; and the New York Choral Artists. The final concerts of the regular season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8; Friday, May 16, at 2; and Saturday, May 17, at 8.)

Horizons '86, Music as Theatre—Opening performances of a series of seven concerts that will run through Wednesday, June 4. Wednesday, May 21, at 8: Zoltán Peskó conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by György Ligeti, with Alison Hargan and Karen Beardsley, sopranos; Olive Fredricks and Joyce Castle, mezzo-sopranos; Peter Haage, tenor; and Dieter Weller and John Brandstetter, baritones. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 8: Oliver Knussen conducting the New York Philharmonic in a program of music by Conlon Nancarrow, Poul Ruders, Mauricio Kagel, Betty Olivero, and Morton Gould; with Kimball Wheeler, mezzo-soprano, and Fred Strickler, tap dancer. (Avery Fisher Hall.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Christoph von Dohnányi conducting. **CARNEGIE HALL:** Wednesday, May 14, with Franklin Cohen, clarinet; Florence Quivar, mezzo-soprano; and John Shirley-Quirk, bass. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 17, with Isaac Stern, violin. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL:** Friday, May 16, with Heinrich Schiff, cello. (Evenings at 8.)

Los Angeles Philharmonic—André Previn directing—A Mozart-Britten program, with Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Anne Howells, mezzo-soprano; Martyn Hill, tenor; the Los Angeles Master Chorale; the American Boychoir; and Mr. Previn, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ An Elgar-Previn-Prokofiev program, with Robert Cowart, English horn, and Ronald Leonard, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

Il Piccolo Teatro dell'Opera—Arturo Delmoni conducting members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic in a concert version of Puccini's "Le Villi." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Wednesday, May 14, and Friday, May 16, at 8. On Friday, Barrymore Laurence Scherer will give a pre-concert lecture at 7:15.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the final concerts of the season. With Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8, and Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting and acting as piano soloist in a Gershwin-Stravinsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 19, at 8.)

I Cantori—Bart Folse directing a program of nineteenth-century German music. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Sunday, May 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Y Chorale—Amy Kaiser directing. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing a program of baroque music, with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; Drew Minter, countertenor; and Thomas Beveridge, bass. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, May 20, at 8.)

Goliard Chorale and Chamber Ensemble—A program that includes the premières of two works, one a seventeenth-century piece. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

RECITALS

Robert Taub—Piano, in a program honoring Milton Babbitt's seventieth birthday. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

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Doreen DeFeis—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Leon Fleisher conducting an ensemble in a performance of the Ogden Nash version of Saint-Saëns's "Le Carnaval des Animaux," accompanied by slides of illustrations by Grandville, and Stravinsky's "L'Histoire du Soldat," with Jean Marsh, narrator, and Bil Baird's Marionettes. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With Thompson Hanks, tuba, and Joseph Anderer, horn. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, May 14, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Fundación San Telmo Trio—Chamber music by this group making its first appearance here. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 14, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—With Paul Sperry, tenor, and James Winn, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, May 15, at 8. Mr. Sperry and composer Nicholas Thorne will have a pre-concert discussion at 7:15.)

Speculum Musicae—A program of contemporary music, with Barbara Ann Martin, soprano, and Bruce Kramer, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—A program of new Spanish music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 16, at 8.)

Music for a While—The New York Consort of Viols and the Renaissance Wind Ensemble. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Saturday, May 17, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Thruston Johnson—Violin, with David Garvey, piano, and Whitney Tustin, oboe, in a program of French music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 8:30.)

Tomoko Shibata—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, May 17, at 9.)

Emily Corbató—Piano. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, May 18, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Nancy Bergman and Fred Sherry—Soprano and cello, with assisting artists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, May 18, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 3.)

Don Shirley—Piano, with Juri Taht, cello, and Kenneth Fricker, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8.)

Michael Newman and Laura Oltman—Classical guitarists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With guest conductor Paul Gallo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, May 18, at 8:30.)

Harpsichord Unlimited—Francesca Pannell, soprano; Elaine Comparone, harpsichord; Harold Jones, flute; and Edwin Alexander, bassoon. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Monday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Aurora—A program of vocal and instrumental music. (St. Ignatius Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Monday, May 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music—Johnny Reinhard, intoned voice/conductor; Teo Macero, alto saxophonist/conductor; the Kokopilau Symphony, conducted by John Jewett; and others. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Elizabeth Rich—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 21, at 8.)

Mozarteum Quartett Salzburg—An all-Mozart program. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

Mordecai Shehori—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, May 22, at 8.)

Cyprien Katsaris—Piano, in a Liszt-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 23, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Chicago, Wednesday and Thursday, May 14-15, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Seattle, Friday, May 16, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 17-18, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Oakland, Tuesday through Thursday, May 20-22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, May 23, at 7:30, and Saturday, May 24, at 1.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Sunday, May 18.)

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, July 28. The Shuvee Handicap, Saturday, May 17; the Saranac, Sunday, May 18; and the Acorn, Saturday, May 24. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, June 14. . . . **PIMLICO,** Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 17.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, June 16. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

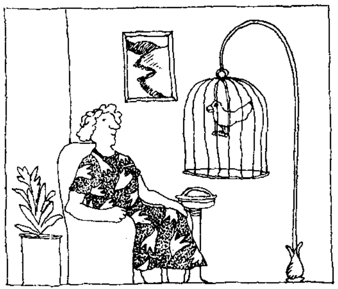
Prose Readings—Tammy Grimes, Linda Hunt, Eli Wallach, and Harris Yulin reading from the short stories of Nadine Gordimer, Muriel Spark, Moishe Nadir, and Mark Helprin. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, May 21, at 6:30.)

New York Armory Antiques Show—American, English, and French furniture and decorative accessories. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday, May 14, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, May 15-17, noon to 9; and Sunday, May 18, noon to 6.)

Walking Tour—"Upper Broadway," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, May 18, starting on the steps of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St., at 1:30. (For information about tickets, call 534-1672.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, May 18, from 1 to 5.)—Wednesday, May 14, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, May 15-16, at 10 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 10:15 and 2: Pre-Columbian art. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 20, at 7, and Wednesday, May 21, at 2: Latin-American art. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 17. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 22, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. Exhibition starts Friday, May 16.

A GIFT: THE PLEASURE OF READING Fifty-two Times a Year



Mother's Day

Father's Day

Graduation

For the person who reads, the person for whom reading is one of life's joys, what more welcome gift than *The New Yorker*? But what, exactly, is *The New Yorker*? Nobody so far has been able to define it. It is what Duke Ellington used to call "beyond category." It is an odd and special mixture of humor pieces, fiction, reporting, poetry, cartoons, essays, and reviews (books, theatre, films, music, art, dance): all done with style. Taken as a whole, the magazine can be seen as a high-spirited, intelligent running commentary on the main cultural, social, and political events of our time.

The New Yorker provides information that restores intellectual order, and entertainment that restores balance. It is not concerned with following trends or setting them, yet stays a step ahead of the news. It has a clear, steady view of what's going on, and can distinguish between what counts and what doesn't count. It is renowned as a literary magazine, and at the same time it covers the whole world journalistically. Its reporting and its fiction are among the country's finest; its reviews are among the liveliest; its humor pieces and its cartoons are among the funniest. The London *Observer* recently put it this way: "*The New Yorker* must be the best general magazine ever published."

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the later afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Dreamchild" (†) and "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through May 15: "Dangerously Close" (directed by Albert Pyun).
From May 16: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through the afternoon of May 22: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
From the evening of May 22: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy. From May 16: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (†).
Theatre 3: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 15: "Violets Are Blue" (†).
From May 16: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 15: "On Valentine's Day" (Ken Harrison), with William Converse-Roberts and Hallie Foote.
From May 16: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through May 22: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.
From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
To be announced.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Bliss" (Ray Lawrence).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†). From May 16: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).
Theatre 2: "Violets Are Blue" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 15: "The Color Purple" (†).
From May 16: To be announced.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Echo Park" (Robert Dornhelm), with Susan Dey and Tom Hulce. From May 16: "Death of a Soldier" (Philippe Mora), with James Coburn and Reb Brown.
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg. From May 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun). From May 16: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Ginger and Fred" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 15: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms.
From May 16: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†). From May 16: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 2: "Wise Guys" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 15: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun).
From May 16: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicolas Cage and Christopher Plummer.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through May 22: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†). From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Forest of Bliss" (1985), "Deep Hearts" (1978), and "Sons of Shiva" (1984), all directed by Robert Gardner.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Horse" (1941; Kajiiro Yamamoto; in Japanese). May 16-22: "Metropolitan Avenue" (Christine Noschese) and "I Remember Barbra" (Kevin Burns), both documentaries. May 23-24: A program of twelve Daffy Duck cartoons from the forties and fifties.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Smooth Talk" (†); and "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty). From May 16: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).
Theatre 2: A program of animated short films.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood). From May 16: "Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son" (Jaime Humberto Hermosillo; a Mexican film, in Spanish). From May 16: "Doña Herlinda and Her Son;" and "Funny Dirty Little War" (1983; Hector Olivera; in Spanish).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Brazil" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).
Theatre 2: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 4: Through May 15: "Dark of the Night" (Gaylene Preston). From May 16: "Ginger and Fred" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†). From May 16: "Violets Are Blue" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From May 16: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicolas Cage and Christopher Plummer.
Theatre 3: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Femmes de Personne" (Christopher Frank; in French), with Marthe Keller, Philippe Léotard, and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Absolute Beginners" (Julien Temple), with Ed O'Connell, Patsy Kensit, and David Bowie.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 15: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).
From May 16: "The Boy in Blue" (Charles Jarrott), with Nicolas Cage and Christopher Plummer.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Home of the Brave" (Laurie Anderson), with Anderson.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 15: A program of seven Greek films.
From May 16: "On the Edge" (Ron Nilsson), with Bruce Dern and John Marley.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Desert Bloom" (Eugene Corr), with Jon Voight and JoBeth Williams.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).
Theatre 2: "Smooth Talk" (†).
Theatre 3: Through May 15: "The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro. From May 16: "Vagabond" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).
Theatre 2: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 16: "Hard Choices" (Rick King).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).
Theatre 3: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda) with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 5: Through May 15: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy. From May 16: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.
Theatre 6: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms. May 16-22: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†). From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Critters" (Ste-

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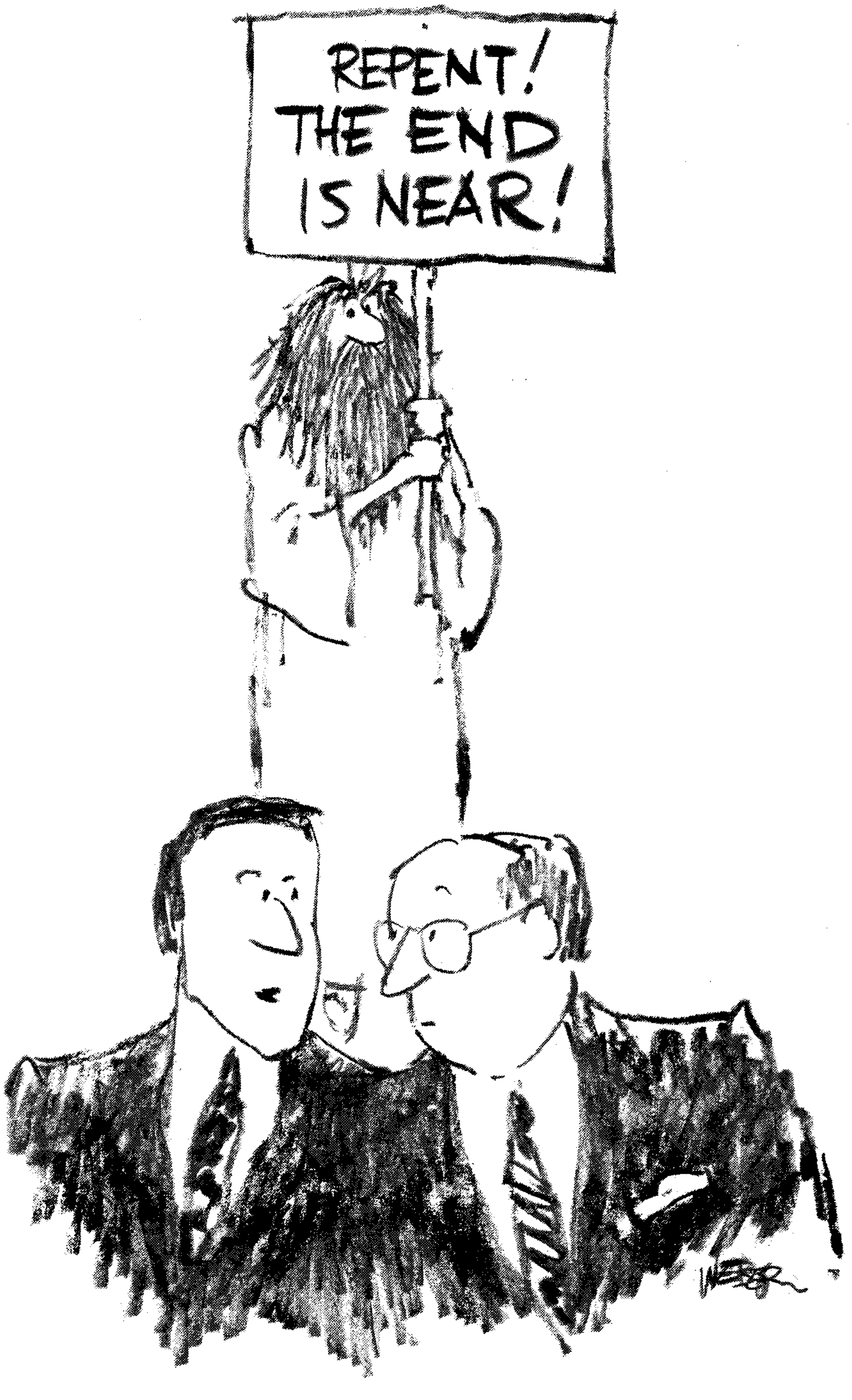
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phen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh. From May 16: "Ginger and Fred" (†).

Theatre 3: Through May 15: "Brazil" (†). From May 16: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen).

Theatre 4: Through May 15: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun). From May 16: "Stitches."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "Legend" (directed by Ridley Scott), with Tom Cruise.
Theatre 4: "F/X" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Money Pit" (Richard Benjamin), with Tom Hanks and Shelley Long.
Theatre 6: "8 Million Ways to Die" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Critters" (Stephen Herek), with Dee Wallace Stone and M. Emmet Walsh.
Theatre 3: Through May 15: "Pretty in Pink" (†). From May 16: "Blue City" (Michelle Manning), with Judd Nelson and Ally Sheedy.
Theatre 4: "Wise Guys" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through May 15: Theatre closed.
From May 16: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise and Kelly McGillis.

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Sweet Liberty" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Michael Caine, and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 2: "Fire with Fire" (Duncan Gibbins).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Police Academy 3: Back in Training" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Sleeping Beauty" (1959); a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jo Jo Dancer, Your Life Is Calling" (†).
Theatre 2: "Short Circuit" (John Badham), with Ally Sheedy and Steve Guttenberg.

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Getting Even." May 16-22: "Mountain Top Motel Massacre." From May 23: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "Murphy's Law" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson. May 16-22: "No Retreat No Surrender" (Corey Yuen). From May 23: "Cobra."

U. A. TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through May 15: "Dangerously Close" (Albert Pyun). From May 16: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 15: "In the Shadow of Kilimanjaro" (Raju Patel), with John Rhys-Davies and Timothy Bottoms. From May 16: To be announced.

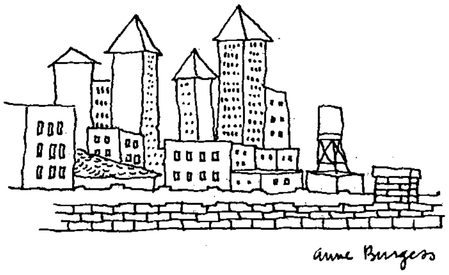
REVIVAL HOUSES

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 15: "Touch of Evil" (1958; directed by Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles.
May 16-17: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (1976; Nicolas Roeg), with David Bowie, Rip Torn, Candy Clark, and Buck Henry; and "The Hunger" (1983; Tony Scott), with Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon, and Cliff De Young.
May 18: "The Rose" (1979; Mark Rydell), with Bette Midler, Alan Bates, and Frederic Forrest; and "A Star Is Born" (1976 †).
May 19-20: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" (1971; John Schlesinger), with Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head; and "This Sporting Life" (†).
May 21-22: "Coming Home" (†); and "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino), with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Savage, and John Cazale.
May 23-24: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "A Man and a Woman" (1966; Claude Lelouch; in French), with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 14: "Invitation to the Dance" (1956; Gene Kelly), with Kelly; and "The Pirate" (1948; Vincente Minnelli), with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly.
May 15-17: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston; and "For Me and My Gal" (1942; Busby Berkeley), with Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, and George Murphy.
May 18-19: "Bathing Beauty" (†); and "Let's Dance" (1950; Norman Z. McLeod), with Betty Hutton, Fred Astaire, Roland Young, and Ruth Warrick.
May 20-21: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Sweet Charity" (†).
May 22-24: "You'll Never Get Rich" (†); and "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, and Nanette Fabray.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
May 14: "Irezumi" (1984; Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese); and "Woman in the Dunes" (1964; Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Eiji Okada.
May 15: "The Tempest" (1928; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with John Barrymore; and "Piccadilly" (1928; E. A. Dupont; a silent film).
May 16-17: "In the Name of the Pope King" (1986; Luigi Magni).
May 18: "Open City" (1945; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani; and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
May 19: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Secrets of Women" (1952; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Anita Björk and Eva Dahlbeck.
May 20: "The Gay Sisters" (1942; Irving Rapper), with Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "Escape to Burma" (1955; Allan Dwan), with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Ryan, and David Farrar.
May 21: "Mademoiselle" (†); and "The Balcony" (1963; Joseph Strick), with Shelley Winters, Peter Falk, and Lee Grant.
May 22: "Safety Last" (1923; Sam Taylor; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd; and "Speedy" (1928; Ted Wilde; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd.
May 23: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Time After Time" (†).
May 24: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood; and "The Killing" (†).

THALIA SOHO, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
May 14: "The Sea Gull" (1968; Sidney Lumet), with James Mason and Vanessa Redgrave; and "Marriage" (1945; Isidor Annensky; in Russian).
May 15: "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence; and "The Great Gatsby" (1974; Jack Clayton), with Robert Redford, Mia Farrow, and Bruce Dern.



May 16-17: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz.
May 18: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974; Ted Kotcheff), with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman.
May 19: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, and James Ellison.
May 20: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Providence" (†).
May 21: "The Dead Zone" (1983; David Cronenberg), with Christopher Walken and Brooke Adams; and "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan.
May 22: "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (†); and "Cousin, Cousine" (1976; Jean-Charles Tachella; in French), with Marie-Christine Barrault, Victor Lanoux, and Marie-France Pisier.
May 23-24: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "True Confessions" (1981; Ulu Grosbard), with Robert De Niro and Robert Duvall.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 14: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939; Howard Hawks), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant; and "Once Upon a Time" (1944; Alexander Hall), with Cary Grant and Janet Blair.
May 15: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe; and "The Seven Year Itch" (1955; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tom Ewell, Victor Moore, Evelyn Keyes, and Sonny Tufts.
May 16-17: "After the Thin Man" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke) and "The Thin Man" (1934; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.
May 18: "King Solomon's Mines" (1950; Compton Bennett and Andrew Marton), with Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and Richard Carlson; and "Mogambo" (†).
May 19: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Jarl Kulle.
May 20: "True Confession" (†) and "We're Not Dressing" (†).
May 21: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936; Richard Boleslavsky), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas; and "She Married Her Boss" (1935; Gregory La Cava), with Claudette Colbert, Melvyn Douglas, and Edith Fellows.
May 22: "The Last Picture Show" (1971; Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Ben Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and "Nickelodeon" (†).
May 23-24: "The Philadelphia Story" (1940; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, James Stewart, Cary Grant, and Ruth Hussey; and "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
THEATRE 1: May 15 at 2:30: "Morocco" (1930; directed by Josef von Sternberg). . . . ¶ May 16 at 2:30: "È Primavera" (1949; Renato Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 16 at 6: "Due

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Soldi di Speranza" (1952; Renato Castellani; in Italian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2: "Guardie e Ladri" (1951; Mario Monicelli and Steno; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Totò, Aldo Fabrizi, and Rossana Podestà. . . . ¶ May 17 at 5: "Dov'è la Libertà?" (1952-54; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Totò and Leopoldo Trieste. . . . ¶ May 18 at 2: "Due Soldi di Speranza." . . . ¶ May 18 at 5: "È Primavera." . . . ¶ May 19 at 2:30: "Guardie e Ladri." . . . ¶ May 19 at 6: "Dov'è la Libertà?" . . . ¶ May 20 at 2:30: "La Spiaggia" (1954; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Martine Carol and Raf Vallone. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6: "Domenica D'Agosto" (1950; Luciano Emmer; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vera Carmi. . . . ¶ May 22 at 2:30 and 6: "Street Scene" (1931; King Vidor). . . . ¶ May 23 at 2:30: "Domenica D'Agosto." . . . ¶ May 23 at 6: "La Spiaggia." . . . ¶ May 24 at 2: "Bread, Love and Dreams" (1953; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5: "Bread, Love and Jealousy" (1954; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Gina Lollobrigida and Vittorio De Sica.

THEATRE 2: May 15 at 3: "Le Rendez-vous de Minuit" (1962; Roger Leenhardt; in French, with no English subtitles), with Lilli Palmer, Michel Auclair, and Maurice Ronet. . . . ¶ May 16 at 3 and 6:30: Four films by Willard Van Dyke—"The Photographer" (1948), "Northwest U.S.A." (1945), "Land of White Alice" (1959), and "Rice" (1964). . . . ¶ May 17 at 2:30: "Godzilla" (1954; Inoshiro Honda; a Japanese film, in English). . . . ¶ May 17 at 5:30 and May 18 at 2:30: A program of 1985 award-winning short student films. . . . ¶ May 18 at 5:30: "Godzilla." . . . ¶ May 19 at 3: "Le Rendez-vous de Minuit." . . . ¶ May 19 at 6:30: "Naked Spaces—Living Is Round" (1985; Trinh T. Minh-ha). Mr. Minh-ha will be present. . . . ¶ May 20 at 3: "Mural, Murals" (1980; Agnès Varda; in English and French, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 20 at 6:30: "An Emotion-Picture" (1981; Agnès Varda). . . . ¶ May 22 at 3 and 6:30: "American Rebel" (1985; Will Roberts), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 23 at 3: "Way Down East" (1920; D. W. Griffith; a silent film), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess. . . . ¶ May 23 at 6:30: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; Lewis Milestone), with Lew Ayres and Louis Wolheim. . . . ¶ May 24 at 2:30: "Nothing Sacred" (1937; William Wellman), with Fredric March, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger. . . . ¶ May 24 at 5:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932; Ernst Lubitsch), with Herbert Marshall, Kay Francis, and Miriam Hopkins.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through May 18: "Kirribilli Wharf" (1976; Bill Fontana), an audio installation. Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday, 11 to 5, and Sunday, noon to 6. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BATHING BEAUTY (1944)—Esther Williams had one contribution to make to movies—her magnificent, athletic body—and for over ten years M-G-M made the most of it, keeping her in clinging, wet bathing suits and hoping the audience would shiver. This first starring extravaganza is simple compared to her later big splashes; it features Red Skelton and a nitwit plot about a man enrolling in a girls' college. George Sidney directed; with Basil Rathbone, Helen Forrest, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Regency; May 18-19.)

BRAZIL—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. With Robert De Niro, Katherine Helmond, Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/10/86.) (8th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through May 15.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 15.)

COMING HOME (1978)—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Then the movie, which started out to be about how the Vietnam War changed Americans, turns into a movie about a woman who has her first orgasm when she goes to bed with a paraplegic, and the porny romanticism of this affair has a morbid kick to it. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. With Robert Carradine and Penelope Milford. (Cinema Village; May 21-22.)

DOWN AND OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. With Elizabeth Peña, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Festival, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 15. . . . ¶ Olympic Quad; May 16-22.)

DREAMCHILD—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

8 MILLION WAYS TO DIE—With Jeff Bridges and Rosanna Arquette, directed by Hal Ashby. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Loews Orpheum; through May 15.)

F/X—Robert Mandel directed this ingenious suspense film about a movie special-effects wizard (Bryan Brown) who lets himself be bamboozled by a couple of men from the Justice Department's Witness Relocation Program; they hire him to stage the fake assassination of a Mafia boss (Jerry Orbach), so that this gangster can give evidence against his associates and be relocated without fear of reprisals. Bryan Brown underplays niftily, and he's joined by a second hero—swaggering Brian Dennehy, as a rogue cop. He grabs the movie in his choppers and shakes it up. Despite the film's high body count, it's not the kind of thriller that leaves a viewer feeling debauched. With Diane Venora, Joe Grifasi, and Jossie deGuzman. (2/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

GINGER AND FRED—This Fellini movie is about two mediocre dancers (played by Giulietta Masina and Marcello Mastroianni)—small-timers, curiosities—who, in the nineteen-forties, entertained Italian vaudeville audiences by imitating the Astaire-Rogers numbers. Now they are being reunited, in Rome, for an appearance on a Christmas TV Special. This situation serves as a pretext for Fellini to vent his disgust at TV. He appears to be condemning TV for being a green slime that's absorbing everything, and denouncing it, too, for passing him by. With Franco Fabrizi and Frederick Ledebur. The script is by Fellini, Tonino Guerra, and Tullio Pinelli. In Italian. (4/21/86) (Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting May 16.)

HANNAH AND HER SISTERS—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan, her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies has been drained away here. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher, Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself. (2/24/86) (Beekman, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Murray Hill; through the afternoon of May 22.)

JO JO DANCER, YOUR LIFE IS CALLING—Richard Pryor produced, directed, and is the star of this semi-autobiographical movie, which opens with Jo Jo the cokehead comedy star preparing to free-base and bursting into flame. Then, as he lies swathed in bandages in the burn ward, he thinks back over how he got there. But Pryor doesn't have the skills to tell his story in this form. As a standup entertainer, he sees the crazy side of his sorrows; he transforms pain and chaos into comedy. As a moviemaker, he's a novice presenting us with clumps of unformed experience. It isn't even raw; the juice has been drained away. He was himself—demons, genius, and all—in

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Richard Pryor Live in Concert" and, though to a lesser extent, in "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip." Here, trying to be sincere, he's less than himself. The script was written by Rocco Urbisci, Paul Mooney, and Pryor. With E'lon Cox as the eight-year-old Jo Jo, Carmen McRae as his grandmother, Diahnne Abbott as his mother, Scoey Mitchlll as his father, Paula Kelly and Billy Eckstine as the grownup Jo Jo's friends, Fay Hauser, Barbara Williams, Debbie Allen, and Tania Boyd as his wives, and Art Evans, Wings Hauser, Marlene Warfield, and J. J. Barry. (5/5/86) (Manhattan, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through May 22.)

The Killing (1956)—Stanley Kubrick had made two pictures before this one, but this shrewdly worked-out suspense film, which he made at the age of twenty-seven, is the real beginning of his career. Centering on a racetrack robbery, it has fast, incisive cutting; a nervous, edgy style; and furtive little touches of characterization. Sterling Hayden is impressive as the ex-convict who plans the crime. With Elisha Cook, Jr., Marie Windsor, Coleen Gray, and J. C. Flippen. Adapted by the director, from Lionel White's novel "Clean Break." (Thalia; May 24.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Mademoiselle (1966)—Jeanne Moreau as a sex-starved pyromaniac schoolteacher, in a script by Jean Genet that punctures Kate Millett's argument for him. Tony Richardson directed this exquisitely photographed, elaborately bizarre, ridiculous, and tedious movie. (Thalia; May 21.)

Mogambo (1953)—Clark Gable as a mighty hunter in Africa, in a remake of "Red Dust," which he'd starred in twenty-one years before; Ava Gardner plays the old Jean Harlow role—the wisecracking, tough broad—and Grace Kelly does her hot-ice bit as a ladylike prig (the old Mary Astor role). Gable certainly doesn't have the animal magnetism he had in the earlier version, but when Gardner and Kelly bitch at each other, doing battle for him, they're vastly entertaining anyway. The director, John Ford, got a little carried away with African wildlife, but this sexual melodrama never takes itself too seriously. With Donald Sinden, Dennis O'Dea, and Laurence Naismith. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 18.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

Nickelodeon (1976)—Peter Bogdanovich intended a slapstick homage to early fly-by-

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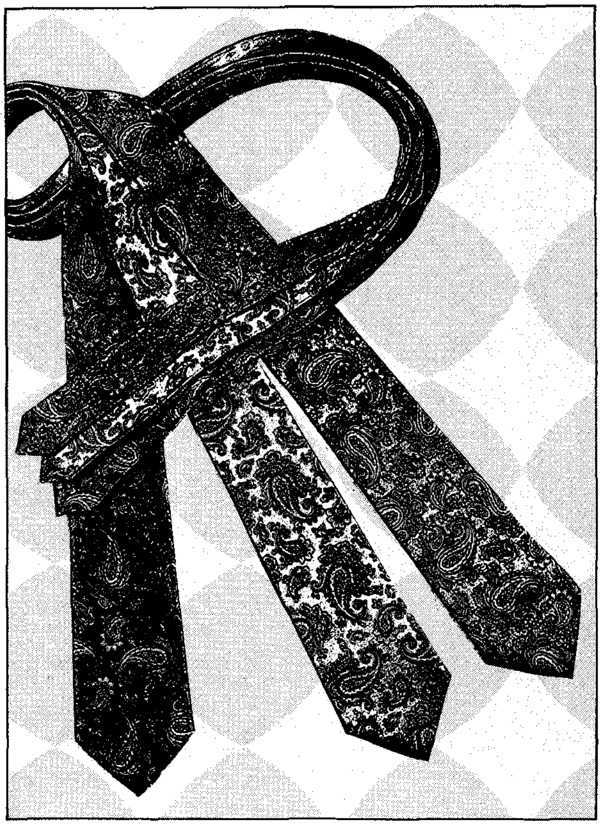

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night moviemaking. The result is sustained clutter: "Once in a Lifetime" played at the wrong speed—a movie with a large cast (Burt Reynolds, Ryan and Tatum O'Neal, Brian Keith, and Stella Stevens) and everyone on his own. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 22.)

One Sings, the Other Doesn't (1977)—Agnès Varda brings a Disney touch to this account of women finding their independence. The lives of the singer Pomme (Valérie Mairesse) and Suzanne (Thérèse Liotard) between 1962 and 1976 are supposed to indicate the evolution of modern women's consciousness, but these two don't seem to have any consciousness—the way Varda skims over their lives, they could be butterflies or duckies. The sunshiny simplicity of the feminist movement celebrated here is so laughable that you can't hate the picture. You just feel that some of your brain cells have been knocked out. In French. (Thalia SoHo; May 22.)

Pretty in Pink—The spoiled-rotten richies are mean to Andie (Molly Ringwald), a poor-girl high-school senior who lives in a dinky, rattletrap house on the wrong side of the tracks. But she's the opposite of trashy: blessed with quiet good taste, she's proudly conventional. And so she wins both a college scholarship and the rich boy of her dreams. This picture isn't actually about teen-agers—it's closer to being a pre-teen's idea of what it will be like to be a teen-ager. In its sociological details, it might have been made by little guys from Mars. With the winsome comedienne Annie Potts as Andie's closest friend, Andrew McCarthy, Jon Cryer, Harry Dean Stanton, and James Spader. Directed by Howard Deutch. (4/7/86) (Embassy; through May 15.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais, working in English, directed this intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, the elderly writer drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. He's lean and wiry, turkey-faced, a tough old bird; he bounces through his bitchy role, savoring every mean syllable. The movie is widely regarded as a masterpiece, and it was chosen as the greatest film of the seventies by an international jury of critics. (Thalia SoHo; May 20.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. The movie is more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Smooth Talk—It has lovely touches in its first half, when the director, Joyce Chopra, shows us the restless and narcissistic fifteen-year-old Connie (Laura Dern), who acts seductive and teases boys her own age or a year or two older, because she doesn't know what else to do about the way she feels. Tom Cole, who wrote the script, expanding the brief Joyce Carol Oates story "Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?," has a fine ear for teen-age talk. But the movie's texture is thin from the start, and the second half isn't just stretched out—it's a little screwy. The Oates story is a young girl's sex-and-horror fantasy; unaccountably, Chopra and Cole try to turn this material into a coming-of-age movie with a happy resolution. With Sarah Inglis, Margaret Welch, Mary Kay Place, and Treat Williams. (3/24/86) (Lincoln Plaza. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 15.)

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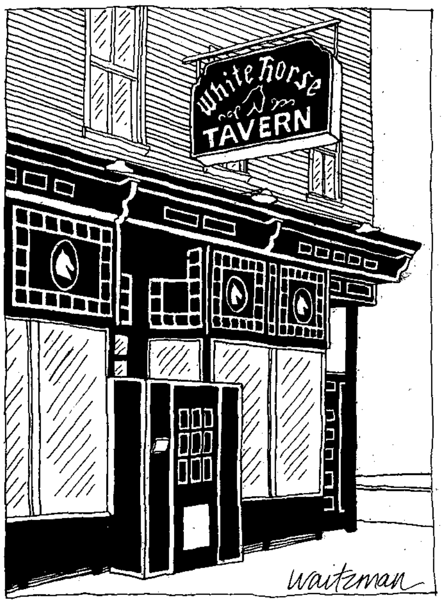
A Star Is Born (1976)—The Barbra Streisand–Kris Kristofferson musical version, with the milieu switched to the rock world, is sentimental without being convincing for an instant. Those in the mood for an emotional extravaganza can swoon and weep, and giggle, too. Directed by Frank Pierson; adapted by John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, and Pierson. With Paul Mazursky and Gary Busey. (Cinema Village; May 18.)

Sweet Charity (1969)—Based on what is possibly Fellini's finest film, "Nights of Cabiria," about a gullible, softhearted prostitute, this big musical, starring Shirley MacLaine, may have been too ambitious a project for Bob Fosse's début as a movie director. It's a disaster, but zoom-happy Fosse's choreographic conceptions are intensely dramatic, and the movie has some of the best dancing in American musicals of the period. With Sammy Davis, Jr., Paula Kelly, Chita Rivera, and Ricardo Montalban. Peter Stone did the screenplay, based on the version Neil Simon did for Broadway; with songs by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Regency; May 20-21.)

This Sporting Life (1963)—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a bullheaded professional rugby player in this savage scramble, directed by Lindsay Anderson. Rachel Roberts plays the woman who cannot love him. (Cinema Village; May 19-20.)

Time After Time (1979)—H. G. Wells inadvertently unlooses Jack the Ripper on San Francisco in the twentieth century and then tries to catch up with him to transport him back to the century where he belongs. Wells falls in love with a somewhat liberated young lady of our time. A sweet, inventive romantic comedy, starring Malcolm McDowell, David Warner, and Mary Steenburgen. Directed by Nicholas Meyer. (Thalia; May 23.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can. The camera is meant to be the mirror of Carrie's soul, but we look in that mirror for so long that finally all we see is Geraldine Page acting. The movie is intended to be a hymn, but all Foote and Masterson can do is give some of the characters a limp, anesthetized grace. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)



True Confession (1937)—It rarely turns up, though it's one of the most likably delirious of Carole Lombard's screwball comedies. She plays an extravagant, compulsive liar—a young wife whose confession to a murder fools even her prim lawyer husband (Fred MacMurray). John Barrymore, who had brought out Lombard's slapstick talent in "Twentieth Century," plays an eccentric, tippling criminologist and swipes the picture. The characters of the husband and wife are too simplified and their comic turns too forced, but Barrymore and the general giddiness keep the picture going. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. With Una Merkel and Edgar Kennedy. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

Vagabond—Directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza; starting May 16.)

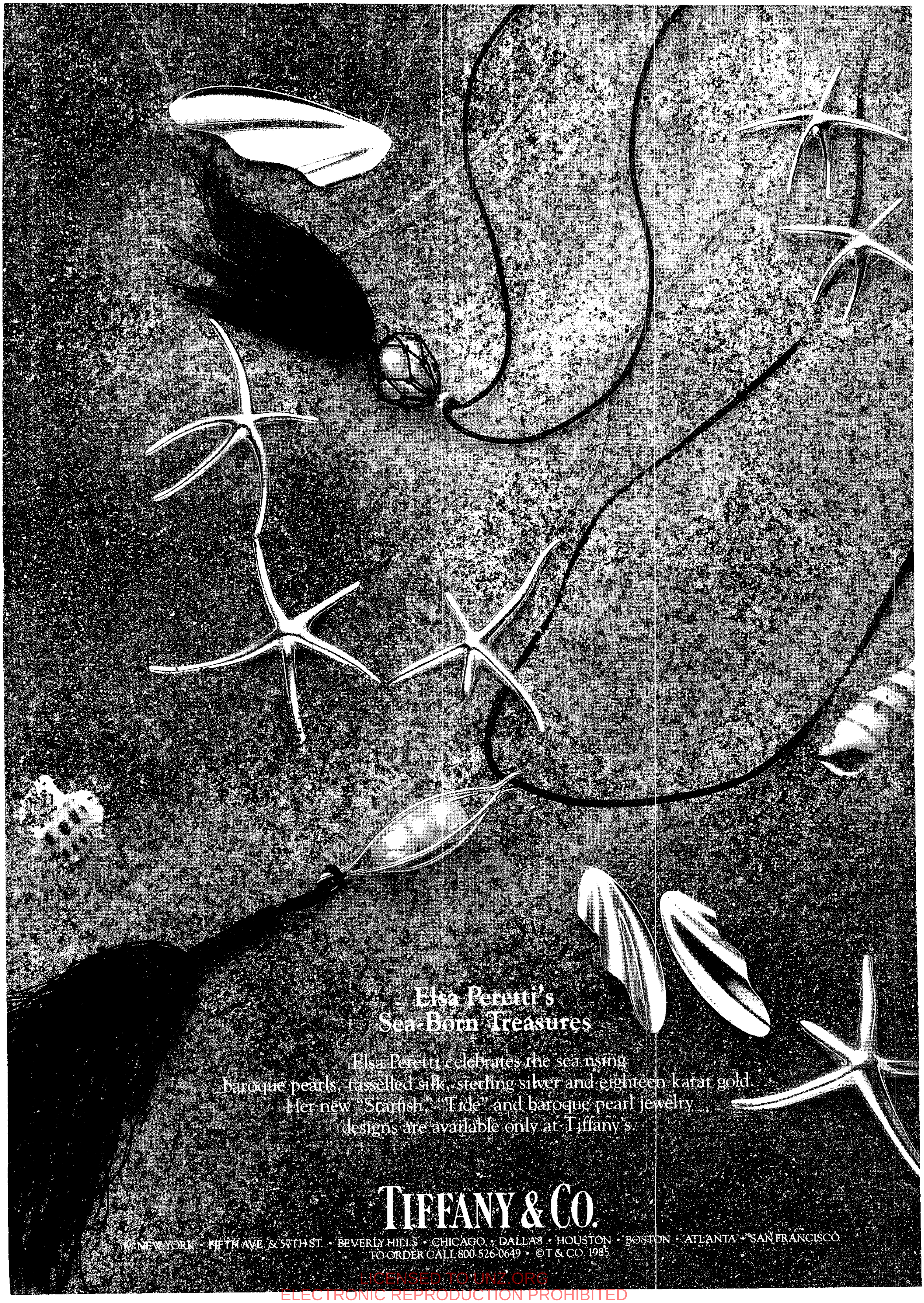
Violets Are Blue—A slim, undeveloped movie in which Sissy Spacek, as a globe-trotting photojournalist, is a vaporous figure standing in for all the women who got into what they once thought were the glamorous occupations and find themselves shading thirty-five or forty and alone. The movie raises the question: Can this modern woman who has given up the simpler, more basic satisfactions go back to her home town (Ocean City, Maryland) and retrieve the man she left behind? That is, can she have everything—the excitement of her work and the solidity represented by Kevin Kline as the editor of the local paper? And does this man who has been a useful, contented stick-in-the-mud for so long really want to ditch his responsibilities—which include a wife (Bonnie Bedelia) and a son (Jim Standiford)—and become a risk-taker? The director, Jack Fisk, uses the oceanside-resort-town locale, with its sailboats and its amusement park, to get the love scenes between the two retro-adolescents moving, but all he can accomplish is to keep the movie lightweight and pretty. Bedelia, who has the advantage of playing anger, comes through with a lovely performance. The picture doesn't really get started—to the degree that it ever gets started—until she's around. Based on an idea by Marykay Powell, who was the producer; the script is credited to Naomi Foner. (5/5/86) (Coronet. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 15. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; starting May 16.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." Bing Crosby is the sailor; the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 20.)

Wise Guys—With Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Embassy.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, and Osa Massen. (Regency; May 22-24.)

Pierre Cardin



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THE
NEW YORKER

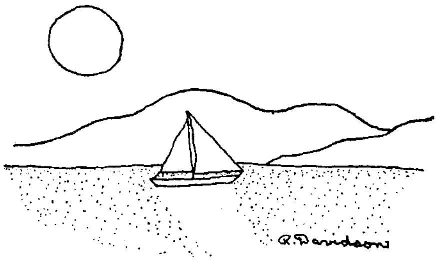
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

The other day, I flew to Texas, and on the last leg of my trip, from Dallas to Austin, one of the flight attendants committed the error, more than once, of announcing our destination as Houston. This offended some of my fellow-passengers—caused a couple of them to yelp in distress. Texas is many different places, and local chauvinism is a basic industry throughout the state. The year 1986 is the year of Texas's hundred-and-fiftieth birthday—its sesquicentennial. The earnest celebrating began several months ago, but the fervor has subsided as certain new facts of life in Texas have become more vivid. Houston, for instance, which for decades boomed and sprawled without much thought given to the negative potential of boom and sprawl, is now experiencing severe hardships and permanent readjustments—consequences of the gradual decline and then the sudden collapse of the price of crude oil. My specific reason for going to Texas was to listen to several interesting thinkers meditate aloud during an event called Texas in Transition: A Sesquicentennial Forum. This daylong discussion, which one participant—Jim Hightower, the Texas Commissioner of Agriculture—described as "this sesquicentennial dialogue and high-level hog-calling contest," took place on the eighth floor of the Lyndon Baines Johnson Library and Museum, in a red-carpeted atrium that had potted schefflera and ficus trees, television cameras and bright lights, and seating for two hundred and fifty people.

The transition that Texas is going through is the transition from mythology to a not terribly comforting reality. Henry Cisneros, the Mayor of San Antonio, who participated in a panel discussion of "Change, Chaos and Culture," pointed out that the critical public issues that Texas must address in the near future "will no longer be the problems of the range but they will be the problems of how we build highways and schools and educate our people and live together in the cities of our state." Movies and television and books have given the world images of Texas that are, of course, limited in their scope. Instead of thinking of Texas as it actually exists—an urban state (it has three of the ten most populous cities in the country, and fifteen years from now only California will have more people) and a not altogether prosperous state (it has a per-capita income below the national average and a larger poverty population than New York State's, and fifteen years from now half the young people in Texas will be black or Hispanic)—most non-Texans, when they hear the word "Texas," conjure up the brash vulgarity of Jett Rink in "Giant" or the sinister rapacity of a J. R. Ewing or an H. L. Hunt or the folklore that has come to us from J. Frank Dobie. For a number of reasons, it has been more convenient to consider Texas in these terms than to consider a Texas with the diversity, pluralism, and spiritual amplitude of, say, New York City. Europeans, it seems, have customarily imagined Texas to be a magnified metaphor for America. One irony of this particular myth is that the Texas sesquicentennial commemorates not the beginning of statehood but the founding of the Republic of Texas, which fought for and won independence from Mexico. Or, as one participant in the sesquicentennial forum observed, "Texas is not really a member of the United States but an affiliate."



There were three panel discussions, and the panelists included twenty or so writers, educators, and public officials (like Jim Hightower and Henry Cisneros). A theme that echoed throughout the day was that Texas has been blessed with a prodigious natural inheritance—hydrocarbons, and also arable and grazeable land—but that the uncertain value of this inheritance (the only certainty being that the value has declined) now requires the citizens of Texas to examine their self-worth. Texas, one speaker said, "has to decide to decide" on the answers to some of the questions that confront it. "Texas has been able to build off the bounty of the earth," said Mayor Cisneros. "California, on the other hand, in the last forty years or so, anyway, has relied on the bounty of its people. . . . I don't think we're prepared to invest in our people yet. We haven't really crossed over the threshold of some very critical decisions about whether we really value all our people in Texas."

The novelist Larry McMurtry, who had just been announced as the winner of the Pulitzer Prize in Fiction for his novel "Lonesome Dove," was another participant in the discussion of "Change, Chaos and Culture." "We are one of the most optimistic states in an optimistic nation," McMurtry said. "There have been so many givens in this state. There is so much here that essentially only had to be used and exploited—that didn't have to be planned, particularly." Such chronic optimism, he continued, has drawbacks. Does winning a Pulitzer Prize this year mean that he is duty-bound to win it again next year and the year after? And if he fails to win public prizes should he then decide to switch careers? "Texas does have to come to grips with the basic psychological fact that societies are not necessarily and inevitably progressive—that things don't always get better and better."

And so the high-level hog-calling proceeded. There was barbecue for lunch and a Tex-Mex buffet in the evening—reminders that the native spirits of both Lyndon Johnson and Antonio López de Santa Anna were present for the occasion. One of the afternoon panelists, an economist from Dallas, read excerpts from unsympathetic out-of-state editorials that have appeared recently about the decline of oil prices and its effect upon Texas. A lot of non-Texas money found its way into Texas pockets during the late seventies and early eighties, with the dramatic rise of petroleum and everything that depended upon it. This happened for a multitude of reasons, but among them was not that a Texas cabal had seized control of the planet. The money also found its way into many pockets outside Texas. During the energy crisis, a popular bumper sticker that could be seen in Texas and other energy-producing states said, "Let the Yankee Bastards Freeze in the Dark." And, now that the world has turned, there has emerged a corollary sentiment, which, expressed in bumper-stickerese, says, "Let Texas Rot in the Sun." Meanwhile, every month, tens of thousands of refugees—seeking, like Texas's original colonists, not religious or intellectual freedom but economic betterment—leave their homes in Mexico and Central America and wind up in what may geographically be Texas but, more significantly, is the United States. If Texas does rot in the sun, it is not Jett Rink and J. R. Ewing and H. L. Hunt who will suffer.

The afternoon session at the L.B.J. Library dragged on rather too long, it felt at moments, but that was because it had evolved into a town meeting, characterized by spontaneity, bombast, imaginativeness, pomposity, posturing, heartfelt self-expression—the gamut. One frequently uttered thought was that Texas might ultimately find a way out of its present mess if the state would devote extraordinary resources over the next few decades to educating its young citizens—an expensive undertaking—and this led to brave and honest calls for Texans to outgrow their unwillingness to tax themselves. (In Texas, at the moment, there are no personal or corporate income taxes.) One member of the audience proposed that Texas would be a whole lot better off if it had fewer traffic lights. There were eloquent statements and unintelligible non sequiturs—in other words, all the rewards and burdens of pure democracy. Finally, Ronnie Dugger, the writer and editor who in 1954 helped to found *The Texas Observer*, rose and made plain that the topic of the day—Texas in Transition—was, above all, not a local matter.

"There is much that is serious, valuable, and worthwhile, but there can also be something almost quaint, in our meeting here like this talking about Texas in transition, when the overriding question for any of us, Texans or Polynesians, is whether there will be anything to transition to," Ronnie Dugger said. "If we could simply choose what transition to be in, I would choose that—while preserving and celebrating our uniqueness as a state and working together on our present chances and problems—we stop thinking of ourselves as if our Texas borders in any way protected us from television, refugees, hungry and unemployed Mexican workers, revolutions, tourists, terrorists, domestic monopolies, the international oil cartel, wars in Lebanon or Angola or Nicaragua, or missiles in Russia. Texans, we are Americans. Americans, we are human beings. That is the real transition that is happening, and should be."

So much, therefore, for the belief, wherever it persists, that there is nothing wrong with Texas that a twenty-five-dollar-per-barrel rebound in the price of oil (and maybe a fivefold rise in the prices of wheat and cotton and sorghum) would not repair. Evidently, Texas, a hundred and fifty years after establishing its independence, has joined the real world.

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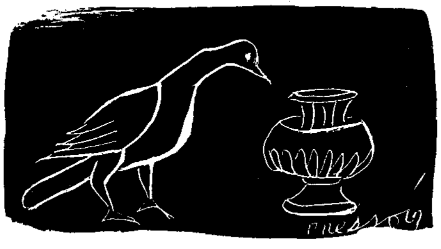
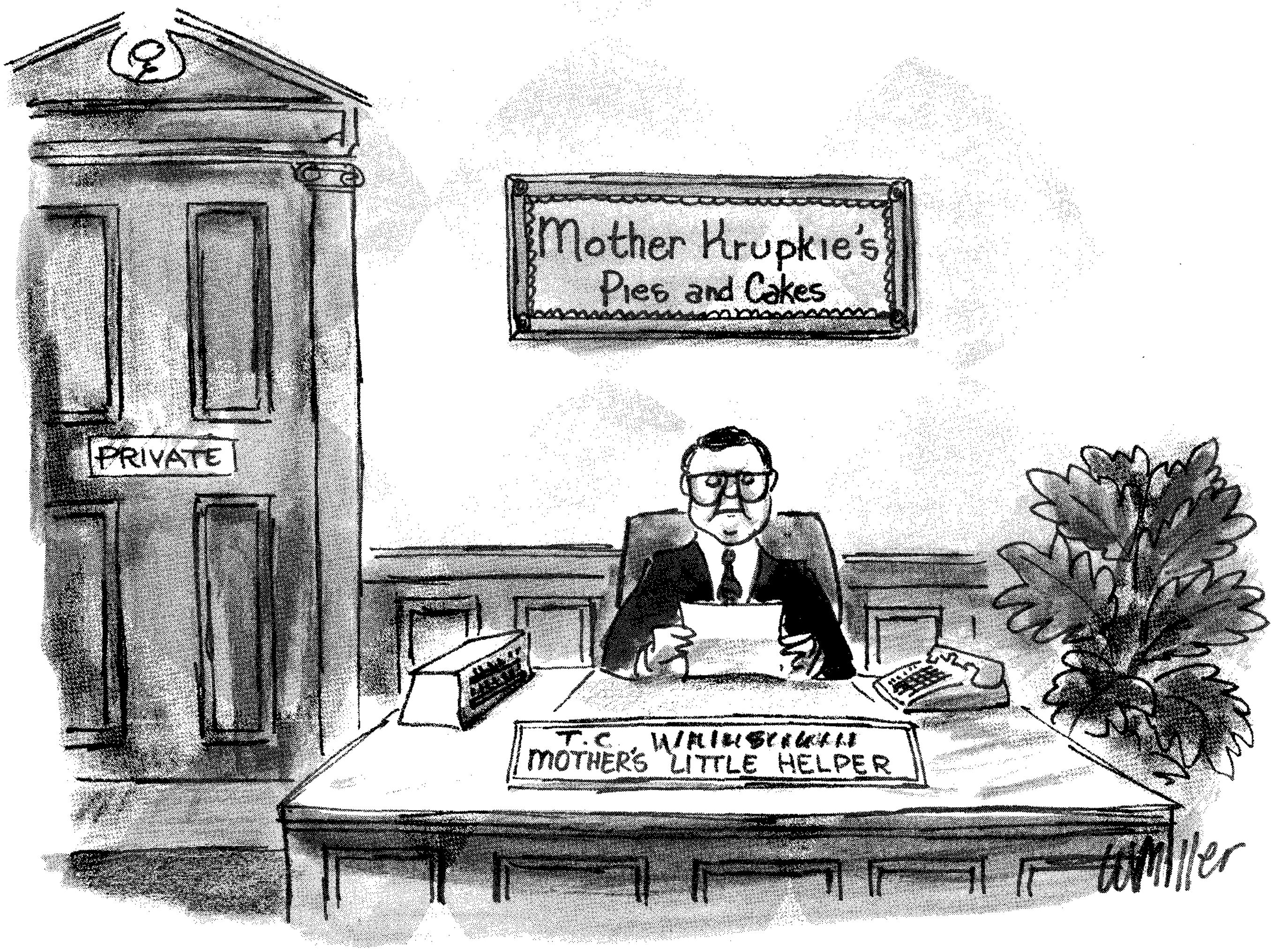
Nature

SCIENTISTS have been hunched over lab benches for several decades now in an attempt to untangle the mysteries of the double helix—the Ladder of Life, as some call it, or the Escalator of Evolution, as it is known to others. At first, most of their discoveries related to phenomena with only small cult followings, such as albinism and various illnesses. But lately, employing the awesome power of sixty-mile-long tunnels of speeding protein beneath the Swiss Alps, they have begun to probe deeper, playing with the very Legos of Life. A whole range of previously unexplainable phenomena, including unwillingness to write home from college, lust, and the feeling that one really could concoct a better screenplay than *that*, turn out to have genetic explanations. Researchers have discovered that the strongest urge (a red and noticeably enlarged link in the Chain of Creation) is the desire to leave one's job in the city, move to the countryside, and take up an idyllic rural life. The body has erected a number of ingenious natural defenses against this desire; for instance, it is now posited by responsible scholars that the invention of the ballet was biologically necessary in order to provide some attraction unique to the city which would prevent the overpopulation of Vermont. Like all members of our species, we feel this primal pull most strongly at this season, and so we've been getting as close to nature as is possible in the big city.



Over at the Tavern on the Green, in Central Park, some Boy Scouts built a log cabin the other day. The cabin was supplied by Wilderness Log Homes, a Wisconsin firm, which also supplied a good deal of lunch. ("This was the only place we could think of where we could build a log cabin and also have drinks," one public-relations specialist said.) Paul Maxon, the president of Wilderness Log Homes, told us he had learned to build the structures while he was living in the Gila National Forest of southern New Mexico. " 'Gila' like the monster," he said. "I'd read 'Walden,' and I wanted to get back to the simple life—this was 1972. After about two and a half years, I said to myself, 'Hell, I don't like this. I want to make some money.' I didn't *like* making my own granola. I needed a *nice* car." So he moved to Wisconsin—he currently lives in Sheboygan, not far from a former undertaker who grossed over a hundred million dollars last year selling shredded cheese in plastic bags for use on tacos—and set up his company, which



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is among the foremost names in log cabins.

The log-cabin industry, Mr. Maxon told us, accounted for twenty-five thousand homes last year. "It is possible there are more log homes now per capita than at any time in American history," a second P.R. man said. "That is something I think. I'm going to start looking it up soon and making sure." The Boy Scouts and some construction workers flown in from the Pittsburgh office of Wilderness Log Homes built the cabin, which measured twelve by sixteen feet (the company's models run up to twenty-eight hundred square feet), before lunch was over. We noticed one Boy Scout in particular, for merit badges coated his sash as graffiti coat the No. 3 train. "I have sixty-three—you only need twenty-one for Eagle Scout," he told us. His name is Vincent LaPadula, and he lives in Staten Island. "There are a hundred and nineteen different merit badges altogether, and only, like, two guys have ever got them all. Right now, I'm working on rifle and shotgun, and plant science."

Champion

IN the eight days preceding the opening, on May 5th, of the Shearson Lehman Brothers Tournament of Champions, at Forest Hills, the winner of the tournament, Yannick Noah, twenty-five years old, six feet four, elegantly built, and seeded fourth, after Ivan Lendl, Boris Becker, and Joakim Nystrom (he is No. 7 in the world, after Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, Becker, Jimmy Connors, and Stefan Edberg), had a very strenuous life. On April 27th, the day after he beat Wilander in the semifinals of the Volvo Monte Carlo Open, Noah's wife, the former Swedish model Cecilia Rodhe, telephoned him at 4 A.M. Monaco time from New York's Lenox Hill Hospital and told him she had just given birth to their second child, a girl. (They have a two-year-old son, Joakim.) A few hours later, Noah played Nystrom in the final and lost. The next night, after winning the doubles final, he flew to Kiel, in West Germany, where he had promised to replace Lendl the following day in an exhibition match with Becker—a match he lost. The day after that, Noah went to his birthplace, Sedan, France, to attend, together with his grandfather Marcel Perrier and his parents, the dedication of four municipal tennis courts named after him. His other grandfather, the late Simon Noah, who was the chief of Etudi, a village in Cameroon, was murdered last year in a political coup. (It was in Yaoundé, the capital of Cameroon, that Arthur Ashe, on a tennis tour, spotted Yannick Noah, aged eleven, hitting tennis balls in remarkable style.) Noah then caught a plane from Brussels to New York, where he arrived just in time to pick up his wife and new baby at the hospital and take them home, to a loft he owns in SoHo. The following afternoon, he flew back to Europe—to Lausanne, where he had made a commitment to play in the Ebel Cup exhibition tournament, which he won, beating Switzerland's Heinz Gunthardt. After that, he flew back to New York and got ten hours of sleep preparatory to setting out, the following afternoon, May 5th, for Forest Hills, to practice for his first match, scheduled for the tournament's second day. Late in the morning, at home, he telephoned for a limo to meet him a couple of blocks away, in front of Guignol's, on Varick Street, a restaurant he opened a few months ago with four under-thirty friends, including Philippe Cotten, a former country-music drummer, who became Guignol's maître d', and Bernard Frigière, who used to have his own restaurant on the Île de Ré and is now Guignol's chef. Still at home, and now with little Joakim on his lap, and his wife and new baby alongside, Noah had his usual breakfast: cornflakes, fried eggs, juice, and fruit. Then—wearing his endorsement-contract whites (Le Coq Sportif sneakers, with their laces undone, and socks, warmups, and custom-made T-shirt bearing his own crest, the red, green, and yellow of the Cameroon flag in a "Y" design) and, on his left fourth finger, his gold wedding band and also a heavy gold ring with the initials SN, which had belonged to his grandfather; with his endorsement racquet bag slung over his left shoulder; and with his hair not in the Rastafarian braids he had worn a few years ago but back in reggae-style uncombed locks—Noah walked to his restaurant and looked it over. Guignol's holds about eighty people and is open only for dinner, Monday through Saturday. The tables had fresh white cloths on them. The chairs, painted gold and upholstered in red velvet, were cleanly brushed. Philippe was on the telephone at the bar. Bernard was eating a huge lunch with a bottle of red wine. Noah asked about a ceramic mask he had brought from Monte Carlo for the restaurant. Bernard pointed out that it had already been put up on the wall near the entrance, opposite comedy and tragedy masks, together with antique mirrors and beat-up-looking paintings from the Paris Flea Market depicting various scenes among French royalty in days past.

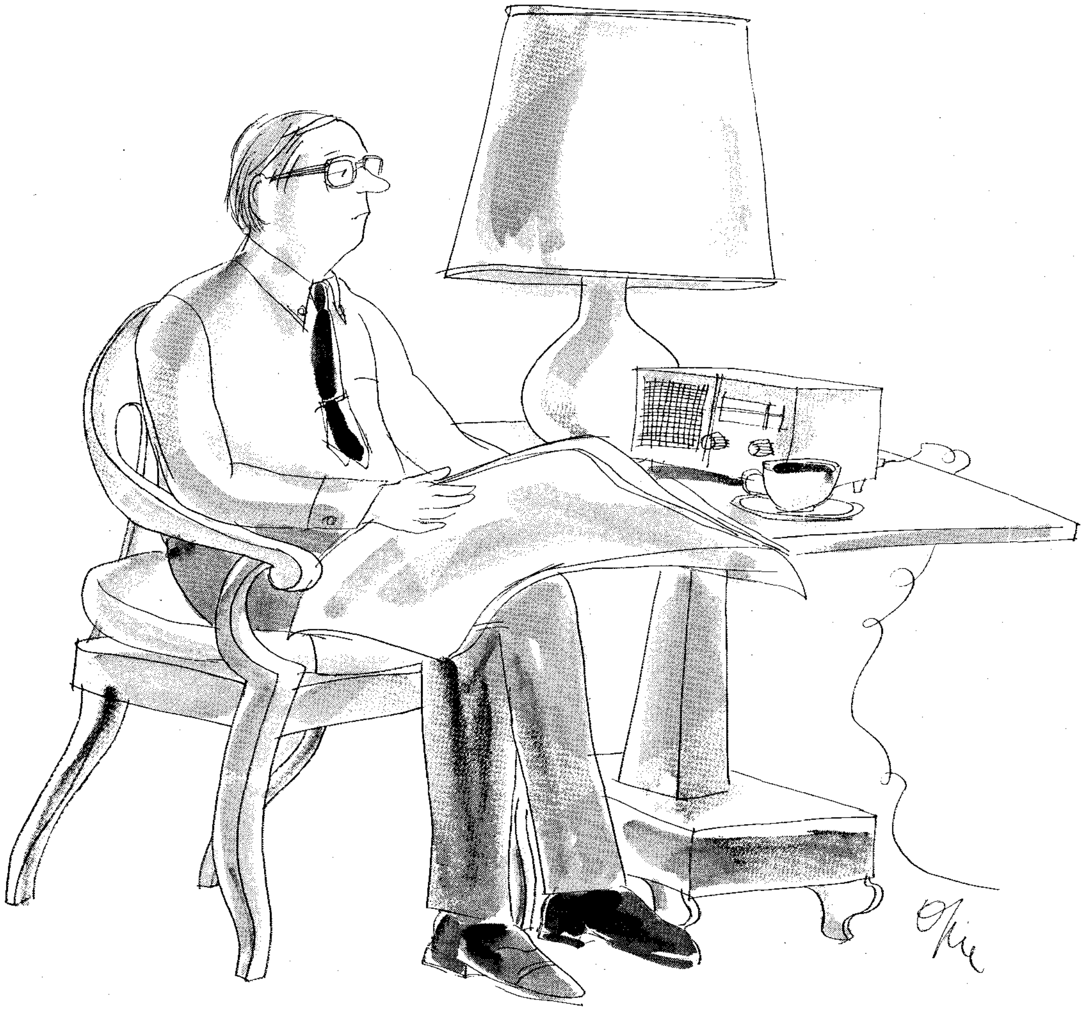
Bernard asked about the new baby, and Noah said that she was great but was still unnamed, and that he and his wife were considering Tara Bianca Catharina. His grandfather Simon Noah would have been happy to know about her, he said, because his grandfather, even though he had been pleased that his grandson was making money playing tennis, had felt that it was much more important for Yannick to have kids—lots of kids—because Yannick was in the direct line of succession to become the chief of the Cameroon village. Noah said that he felt very close to his babies. So many people don't see their children while they're growing up, Noah said, and he didn't want to miss all that.

Philippe got off the phone and asked how the exhibition match in Kiel had gone.

Noah said he had lost to Becker, and remarked that Becker was a good kid, a pretty smart kid, but might be too young, at eighteen, to handle his fame. He went on to say that the behavior of the German crowd at the match was a little bit crazy—the way the people clapped in unison, or made other noise, just to distract Noah. "It was madness," he said. "They kind of forgot we were just playing an exhibition match, to show them some skills."

Philippe asked if he was tired.

Noah said, "This time, yes," but added that he was looking forward to practicing. "I enjoy it," he explained. "Just being out there. When I play, it's a great feeling. You're privileged to have this power, to make people feel good, and I was brought



"And now, to conclude the Washington report, R. W. Apple, Jr., chief Washington correspondent of the New York 'Times,' Steven V. Roberts, congressional correspondent of the New York 'Times,' and Leslie Gelb, national-security correspondent of the New York 'Times,' will offer their own arrangement of 'Shine On, Harvest Moon.'"

up to win, win, win. But what I *enjoy* is the playing."

"And practice?" Philippe asked.

"The great thing about practice is that you're playing on a level where you don't have to work hard, you're just playing to keep in shape. I'll practice for two hours. My body needs that. To sweat a little and have the energy go out. I really enjoy these sessions."

"*Let me know when it's the twenty-fourth.*"

• •

Noah told his colleagues he'd be back that night, and might bring along some other players. He then got into the limo, put on "Mistral Gagnant," a tape of the French singer Renaud, and listened to it all the way out to the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills. He checked in at the tournament office, changed upstairs, in the men's locker room, into pale-blue boxer shorts and a dark-blue T-shirt, and went out to Practice Court No. 1, at the end of a row of clay courts, all of which were dry, cracked, dusty, and dug up by slides, stops, chops, and the like. While he was waiting for his practice partner—Thierry Tulasne, of France, who had just lost in the final of the U.S. Open Clay Court Championship, in Indianapolis—he opened his carrying bag, dug through a mess of stuff, including racquets (Le Coq Sportif), T-shirts (clean and dirty), and a jump rope, and took out a large pair of scissors, with which he trimmed some insole pads to fit into his sneakers. A strong wind was blowing, making the canvas of the yellow-and-white striped tents on the grounds thump noisily and the various national flags posted on the wire fence along the courts flap with a vengeance. A young man wearing white shorts and a blue T-shirt bearing the words "Bahamas International Open 1985" came over and shook hands with Noah. He was Blaine Willenborg, twenty-six years old, from Miami Shores, Florida, and he was going to play doubles in the tournament. Unsmiling, grim, he asked Noah if he wanted to hit with him while waiting for Tulasne.

"Sure," Noah said, with a friendly smile.

They warmed up with backhands and forehands that seemed to fly back and forth at about a thousand miles an hour, wind or no wind. They hit drop shots, overheads, volleys, and backhand drop-shot volleys in long rallies. Then they played some games, with Noah relaxed and kidding around but running for every shot. Willenborg didn't vary his grim expression except when he berated himself for hitting out or hitting into the net—then it changed to anger. He tried to attack often, coming to the net. When Noah passed him, Willenborg looked grimmer. When he passed Noah, Willenborg still looked grim. Then it seemed that Noah was trying to get Willenborg to laugh. Noah returned a blazing shot down the line with a peculiar drop shot that made the ball appear to do a little dance before it died, unreturned. "Topspin drop shot," Noah said, grinning. Willenborg gave a tiny smile, and Noah looked happy to see it.

Tulasne at last turned up. He is twenty-two years old and half a foot shorter than Noah.

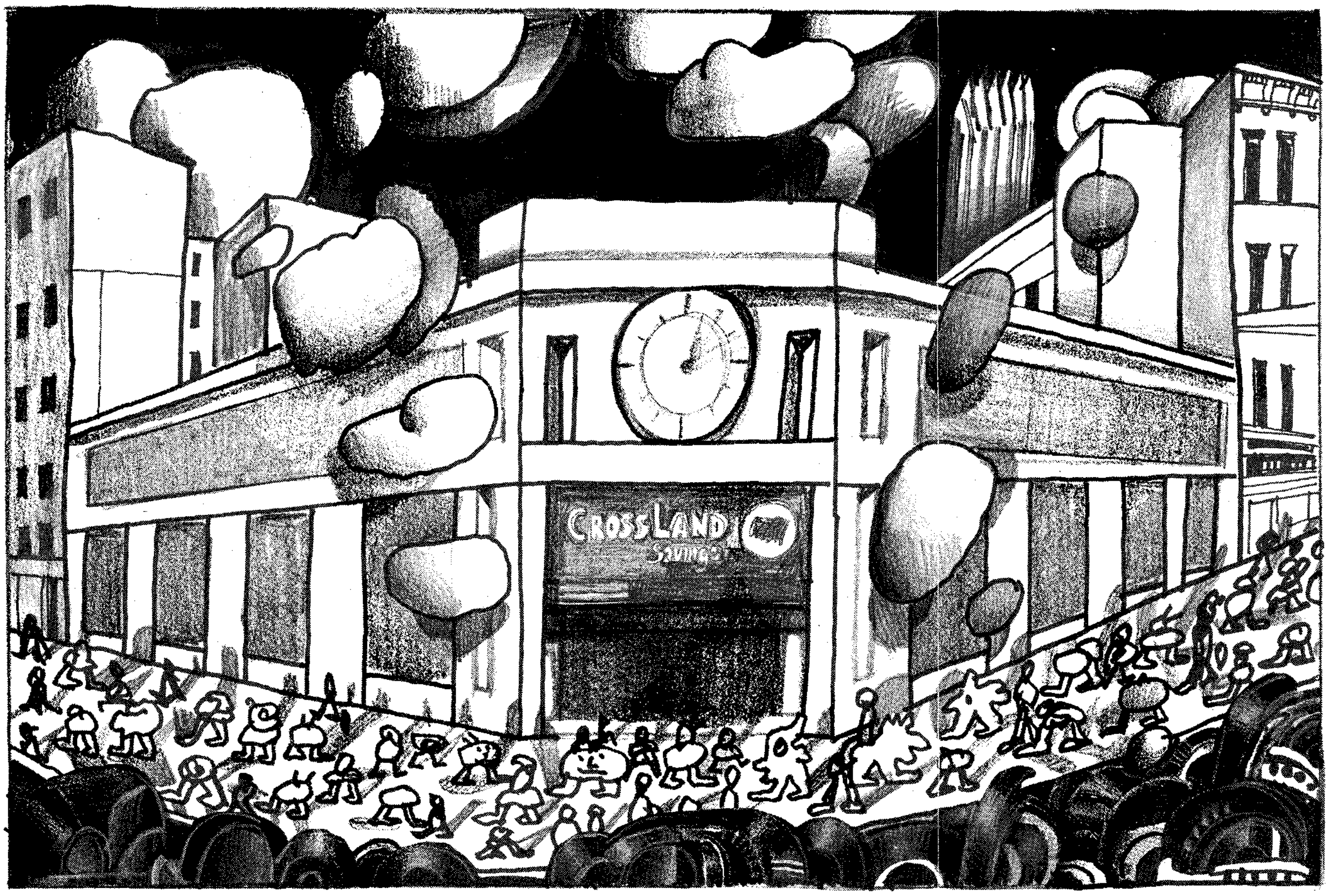
"*Ah, ma biche, ma biche!*" Noah called, waving wildly to him and then giving him a hug.

"*C'est un grand jour,*" Tulasne told him. "*Je suis classé Numéro Treize!*"

More hugs, laughter, congratulations. They made disapproving faces at the dusty court and told each other it was *pas bon*. Then they warmed up and played a set, both relaxed and making spectacular shots, with Noah hitting miraculous serves while he held five balls in one hand, getting away with more little dancing drop shots, laughing, saying after Tulasne hit out that he was "*trop loin de la ligne de fond,*" laughing again, sweating, letting the energy go out. After a couple of hours of practice, Noah showered, put on his contract clothes once more, and, accompanied by Tulasne, got back into the limo for the return trip to Manhattan.

"*Maintenant,*" Noah said, smiling and putting on the Renaud tape again, "*je vais voir mes bébés.*"

BANK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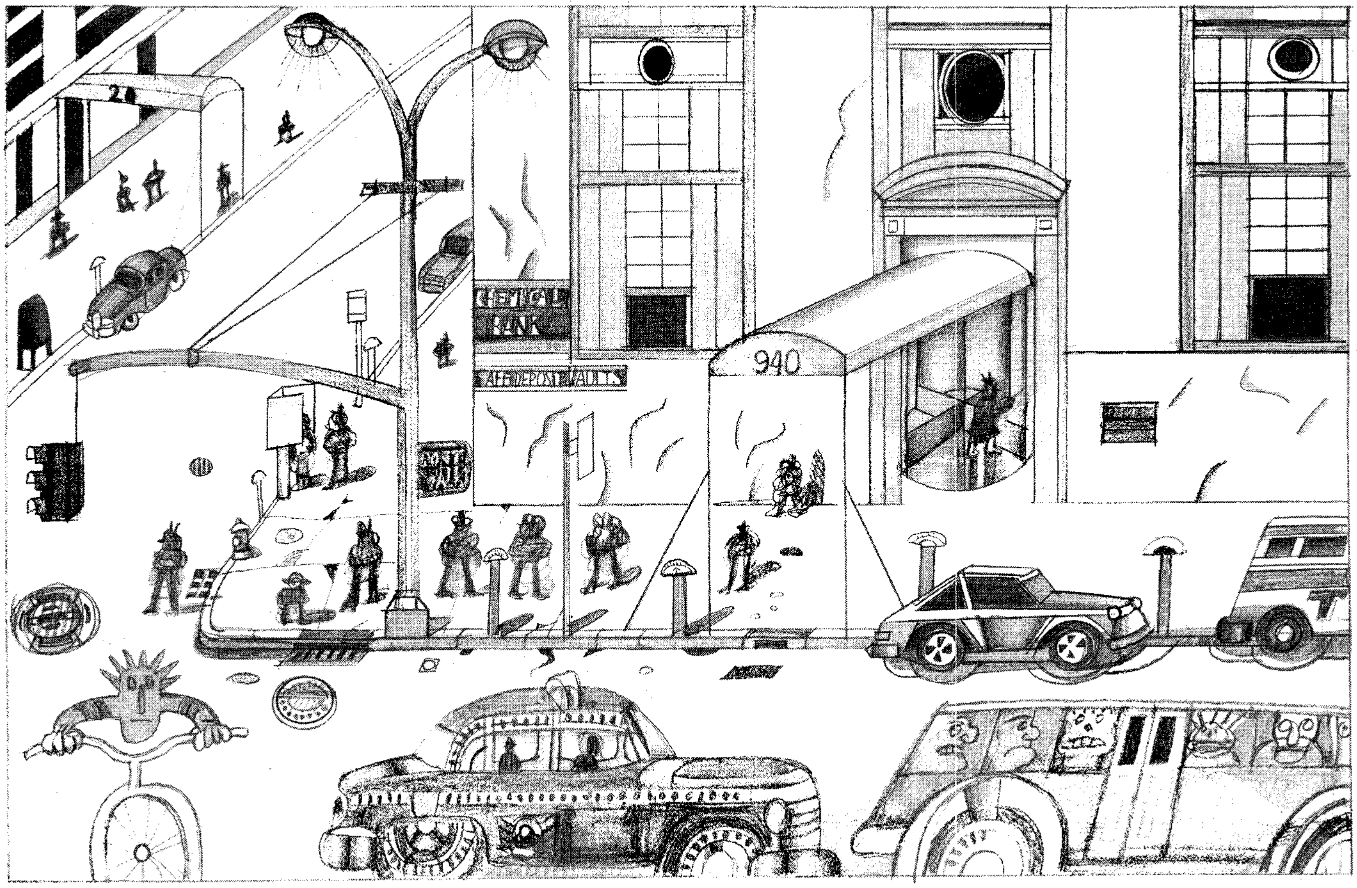
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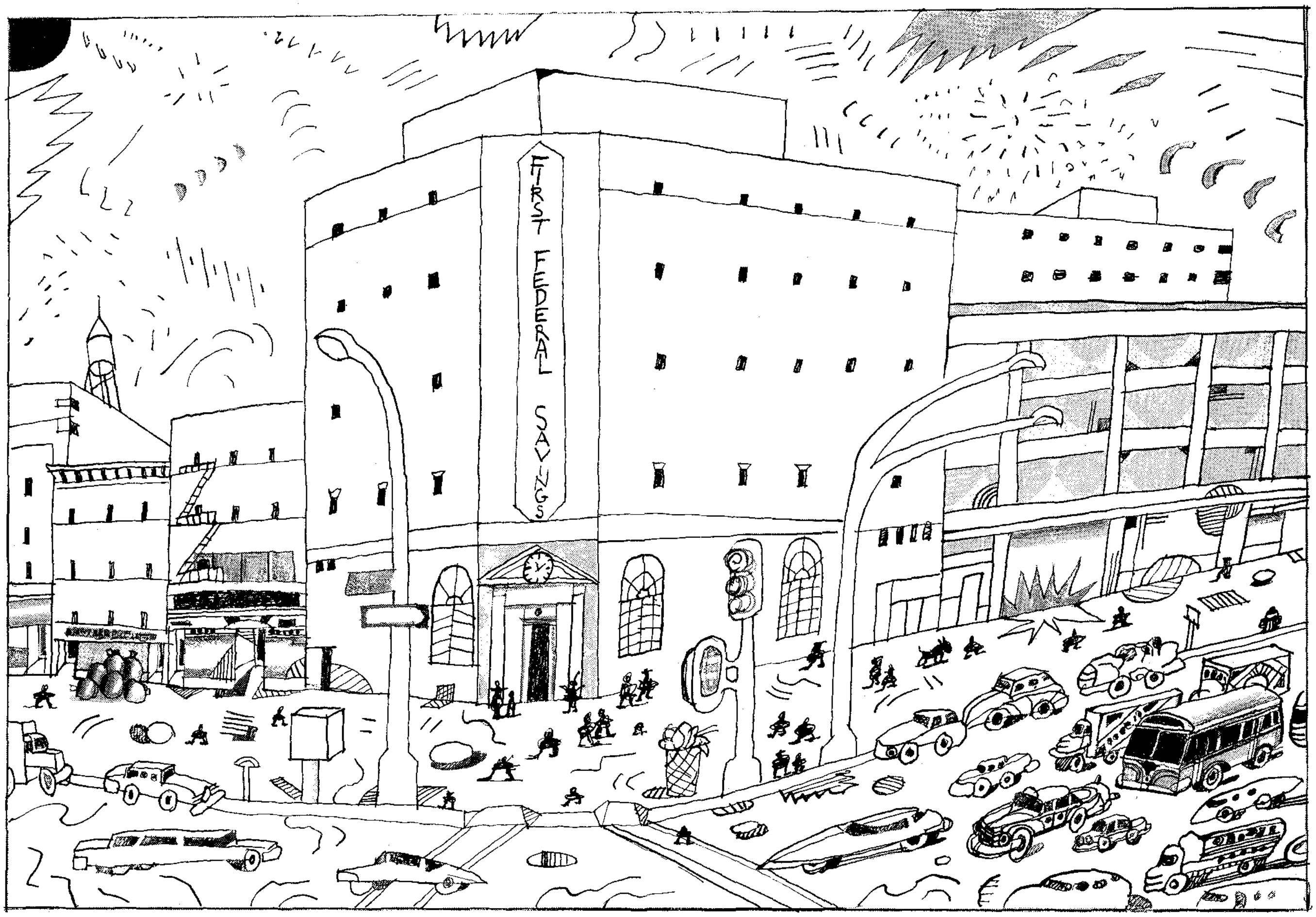
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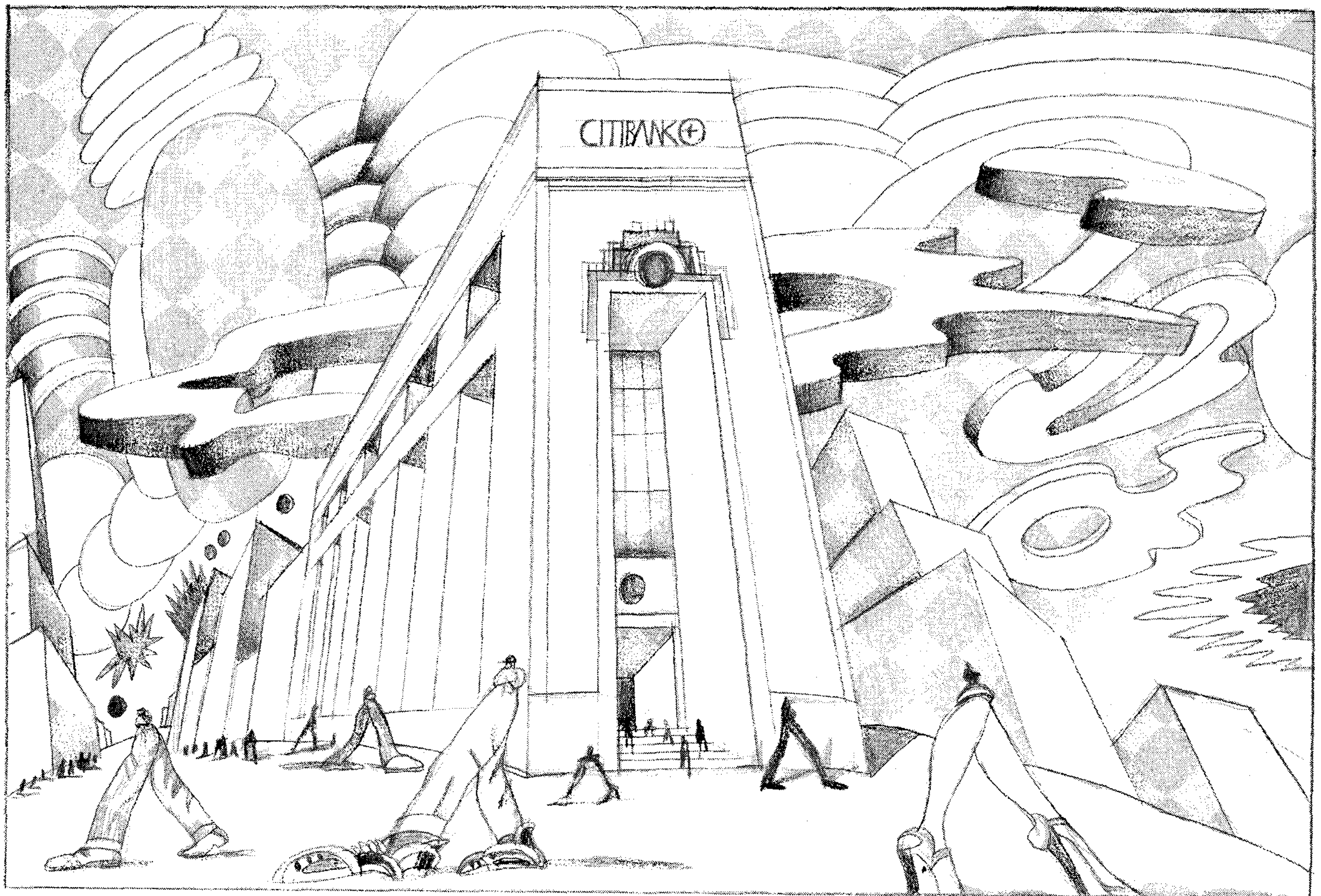


STEINBERG

GREAT WITS

"ALL your favorite paintings look like teeth," said Anne. "Straight lines, thin people."

"Thin?" said her father.

"Well, there's no fat on a tooth." Her father, who liked paintings from the Middle Ages and some from the Renaissance ("As long as the people in them aren't sexy and don't swirl around," Anne once pointed out), was a dentist.

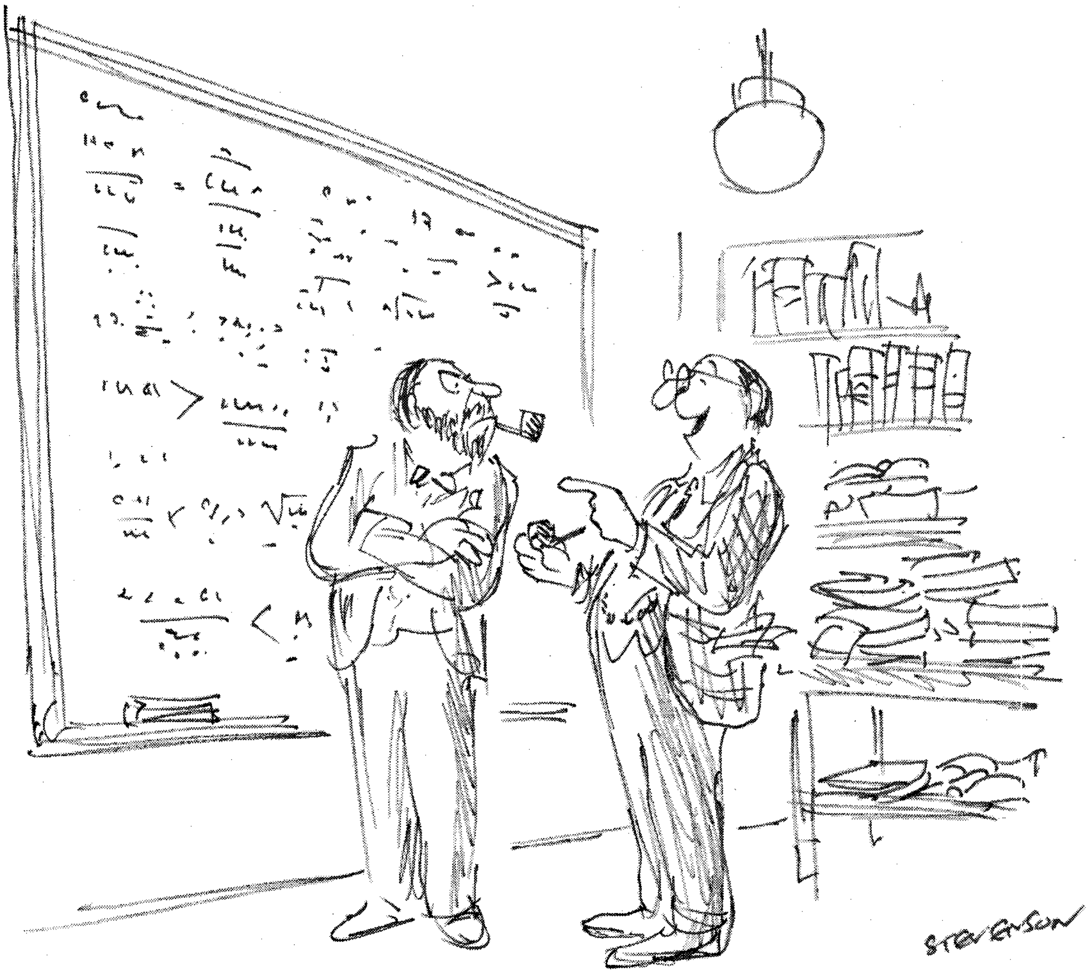
"*Enamel*," Anne said out loud. The rest of the dialogue had been in her mind, for she was alone. She was standing in front of Giovanni Bellini's painting of St. Francis at the Frick Collection, a few blocks from Hunter College, where she was a sophomore. The moment—Anne the student standing in front of the Bellini and discoursing with her absent father—happened years ago, in fact, and now when Anne thinks back on it she finds it curious that she can remember a long-gone imaginary conversation this way, when she's confused about more important events back then. Surely, though, that was the year when her family moved to the new apartment—the year of the party.

In the painting, St. Francis was standing barefoot outside his cave, surrounded by boulders. They did look like teeth, at least a little, and the way Anne searched the painted stony ground, anticipating the pleasure of spotting St. Francis's sandals—she never could remember exactly where they were: under his desk, of course—was something like a dentist's eager scrutiny (she almost laughed at what her mind was coming up with) at the moment when detail was about to tell the truth.

Her father, she knew, would have shrugged at the comparison. They both loved this painting, but he scorned most of the art she had come to care for in a passionate semester of Art History. Even in this inner dialogue, when she was so witty and quick, she couldn't get him to pay attention. Yet her father, Dr. Katz, carried on a correspondence about Hans Memling with the curator of a museum somewhere, and he belonged to an organization of amateur art lovers whose members took turns presenting laboriously prepared papers. Though he denounced whole centuries of art, he wasn't ignorant or unintelligent—or if he was, that wasn't the problem between them. Anne thought she was always angry with him because he wasn't logical, yet that seemed like a strange reason to be angry.

At about the time Anne stood in front of St. Francis, her father was writing a paper on the Flemish painter Hugo van der Goes, for the next meeting of the club. He was working on it in his study at the new apartment. One of the reasons that the Katzes had moved to a larger apartment, only three blocks from their old one, on Ridgewood Avenue in Brooklyn, was to get this room for him, although they'd also gained separate bedrooms, finally, for Anne and her younger brother Jeffrey; Anne had been undressing in the bathroom for years. Not that the study had eased the crowding much. It was only an alcove off the living room, and now her father had put so many papers and cartons on the desk that he'd had to set up a card table on which to work.

Anne was at the Frick that day to discuss paintings not with her father but with her mother, who had never been there. Anne had been talking about the Frick Collection at home ever since she was urged to go there by the Art History professor, but her mother said she didn't like art museums. Anne had made her mother feel bad about that, even though she herself, wandering through the distinguished old mansion, often spent as much time playing house in her imagination as she did looking at art. Finally, her mother had promised to meet Anne there, on a day when she had to come to Manhattan for an appointment with an ophthalmologist. Then they could travel home to Brooklyn together on the subway. Anne still lived at home with her family,



"*That just shows how little* you *know.*"

SMOKING SECTION
Dana Fradon

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and rode the subway to college and back every day.

Anne had come to the museum early, after her last class. She'd told her mother where to look for her, but now she hurried back toward the entrance just in time to see her mother come in the front door, smiling tensely and standing up straight. Anne had been the taller one for several years now, but she was still surprised whenever she saw her mother all at once, head to toe, and noticed how little she was. Mrs. Katz smiled and came straight toward Anne, and was disconcerted when the guard at the turnstile told her that she must first check her coat—though Anne, too, was pointing toward the cloakroom.

"You found it," said Anne, when her mother finally came through the turnstile.

"I didn't have any trouble finding it," said her mother. They set out down the corridor.

"How were things at the doctor's?"

"He's very nice," said Anne's mother. She had never seen this doctor before.

"Does he think you need new glasses?"

"Yes, but I'm not going to get them," her mother said. "I don't like getting used to new glasses. And they're expensive."

"But if you need them?"

"Oh, I probably can do without them. I'm getting along now, after all."

Anne turned impatient. "Then why did you go to see him—if you weren't going to do what he said? What's the point?"

Her mother was silent. It was not a good start. Anne stopped in front of Vermeer's "Officer and Girl"—the casually elegant soldier, his back to them, and the radiant woman in a fragile white cap. She waited for her mother to exclaim over the painting.

"I've been thinking about Daddy's study," her mother said. "I don't see how we can have all those people in, if he won't clean it up."

Anne persisted. She pointed out some of the details in the painting—the elegant design of the girl's sleeves, her happy eyes. It was her third-favorite painting in the collection, but she didn't feel able to say that.

"It's very real," said her mother tentatively.

"But that's not all," Anne insisted, trying to remember exactly what she had learned about it. "Look at it. Just look at it."

"Well, I *said* it's good, Anne," said her mother, who had turned away from the Vermeer.

They looked at several more paintings, but her mother didn't seem much interested, and finally Anne led her to a bench in the Garden Court, with its plants and skylight, and they sat down. "I'm tired," said her mother. Anne was silent. Then her mother said, "How long do you think it will be before the drops wear off?"

"He put drops in your eyes?"

"Of course he did. How could he examine my eyes without putting drops in? My old ophthalmologist always put drops in."

"You mean you can't *see*?"

"Of course I can see," said her mother. "But things are blurry. I'd have told you, but I knew how much you wanted to show me the museum."

Anne tried and failed not to answer. "So if I took you dancing and you had a broken leg, I suppose you'd just dance?" she asked bitterly. "And if I cooked you a meal and you were throwing up—" She held back tears. "How old do you think I am? Three?"

They got up and went to the cloakroom for their coats. Anne's mother put on her coat, shifting her purse from hand to hand, while Anne watched and did not help her, and then when Anne's coat and books came out she shook off her mother's assistance and thrust her arms into the sleeves, yanking hard, though to do it she'd had to let her pocketbook and her pile of textbooks drop noisily to the museum floor. The guard looked at her, frowning, and called, "Miss! Please!"

IN Anne's memory, her mother's visit to the Frick Collection comes about a week before her own display of temper at the Forty-second Street Library—that is, a short time after the move and before the party. Anne had been sent to the library by her father to look up a minor fact about Hugo van der Goes, or perhaps about the times in which he lived. The fact had been written on a three-by-five card that was lost, according to Anne's father, when her mother finally straightened up the study herself, in preparation for the party—so the guests, she said, would not slosh drinks on important papers. Jeffrey, by the way, says Anne's memory is wrong. He insists that their father's paper on van der Goes was written years earlier, and that he himself borrowed from it for a report on a European painter he'd had to do in junior high.

"The teacher had never heard of Hugo van der Goes," says Jeffrey now. "I remember perfectly. She thought I invented him." This can't be right, because then Anne, who is three years older than her brother, would have had to be in high school at the time her father wrote the paper, but this is the memory Jeffrey has.

College students were permitted to consult books that had to be brought from the stacks, and high-school students were not: Anne is sure about that. Anne had used books from the library stacks before, when she'd written a term paper on Socrates in Freshman Composition. Now she filled out a slip with the title, author, and call number of the book her father had asked her to consult and waited on line. A man accepted slip after slip from the people ahead of her and sent them down in the pneumatic tube—it seemed avid, sucking in the folded papers—to the library workers in the stacks below.

Once she got the book, it would be easy to find the fact her father needed. He was in a hurry—was he presenting the paper that very night?—and he was going to meet her here at the library, on one of the main staircases, in front of the painting of Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his daughters.

"I'm sorry," said the attendant when Anne reached the desk. "High-school students aren't permitted to request books."

"I'm not a high-school student," said Anne, who was always being taken for someone several years younger.

"Do you have a college I.D.?"

"Why do I have to show you anything?" asked Anne, who had her I.D. with her, right there in her wallet. "I've seen you take book requests from a dozen people while I've been standing here, and you didn't ask for one single I.D."

"Well, they weren't high-school students," said the man.

THE GARDEN

A calendar picture,
something macabre:

a singular anatomy,
your body: of flower beds
and vegetables in rows
on an armature of bones;
oak-bark hair and an elm forehead,
veins like melon vines
and squash-blossom-yellow lights
to show the curvature of skin,
delphinium shadows, lacy
asparagus plant-tops twining
like a delicate something
or other,
and eyes—what should the eyes be?
violets? buds of silence?
and here and there,
pathways and whispers,
wind and breath,
the sparrow pulse secreted
in a bluish pine; and at the end,
fans-of-coral feet—elaborate,
middle class, a suburb of the world.

And the basement chambers
where the spirit is,
a darkness with its floral
fingers in the light—the in-here,
where you are, the guessed-at—
whispers here disturb the dusk,
the bluff along the river
alight in the half-dark,
unclearly alone,
a buried heaven in a hanging shadow.

Now the hound-wind, love-and-argument,
butts the up-above, and the cypress-tree spine
and skin and the poplar-leaf codes
of the underworld intone their tethered fears,
their fixities of memory. The garden
is sinister with wind. Wind
woos the garden with winter
and its ethereal light, and blurs
the secret alphabets
of the suburb of the world
and of a buried heaven.
In that wind,
the garden weds its shadows,
its frail noises to the black moment.
Death loves us as if we were cannon.

—Harold Brodkey

"Neither am I!"

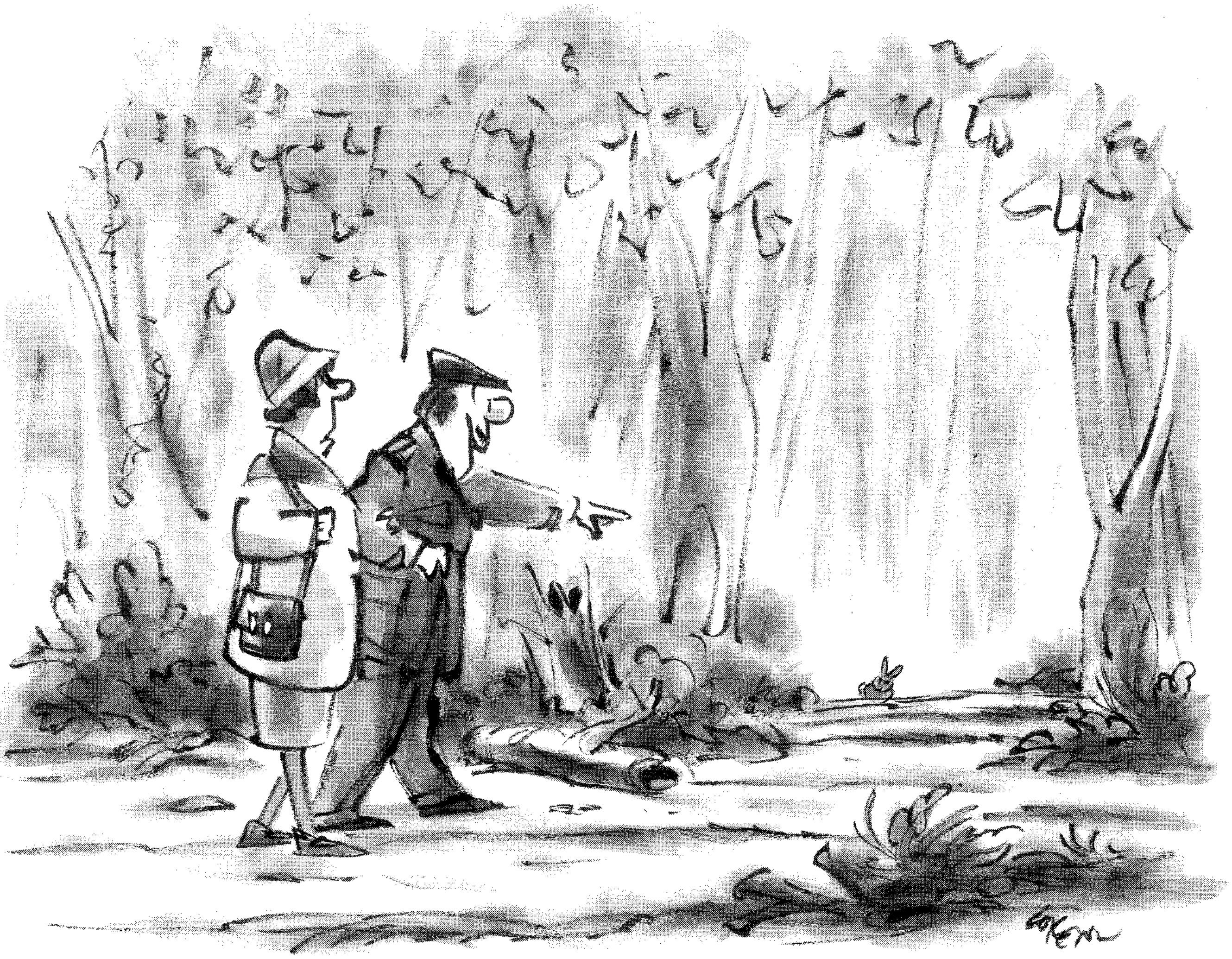
"I'm sorry, Miss," said the attendant. "You look young to me."

"I fail to see," said Anne—but she was starting to cry; *why* did that always happen?—"what gives you a right to single me out. Is it just because I don't use mascara and wear high heels, or something?"

The attendant would not answer. Anne shouted at him. Someone behind her called out that she was holding up the line.

"I bet some of those other people *weren't* college students," Anne argued. "You just don't know a college student when you see one."

"If you'll just show me some identi-



"Please, Randolph. Grown men don't call them 'bunny rabbits.'"

• •

fication . . ." said the man. But she couldn't.

Nor could she explain to her father, later, why not. She walked away, finally. Then, because she'd allowed herself plenty of time, she had to stand in front of the picture of Milton for forty minutes before he came pounding up the stairs, his short legs pumping hard.

"Did you get it?" he said.

"No."

"No? You couldn't *find* it? Didn't you look in the index?"

"They wouldn't let me see the book. The man thought I was in high school."

"What do you mean, high school? Why would I send a high-school student to the Forty-second Street Library?"

"I was smart enough to do it when I was in high school," Anne said.

"No, you'd have been too shy. You'd have walked around that big desk three or four times and gone home. Why didn't you show them something to prove you're in college? Don't you have a receipt from the bookstore or something?"

She breathed in and out once, and tried not to speak too loudly. "I have an identification card. But I didn't *want* to show it because it made me mad that he didn't believe me. He didn't ask one other person to show an I.D. I watched for a long time."

He stared at her. He had brown eyes, which seemed to bulge, the whites prominent, when he was perplexed or frightened. "You wouldn't show it? You had it but you *wouldn't*?" He looked at her, she thought, as if she'd begun to take off her clothes right there on the staircase.

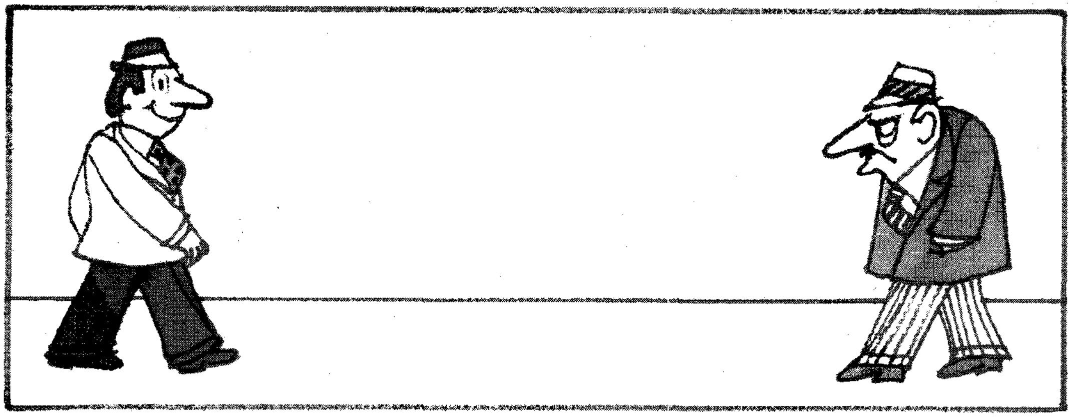
"I hope it isn't going to ruin your talk," Anne managed to say.

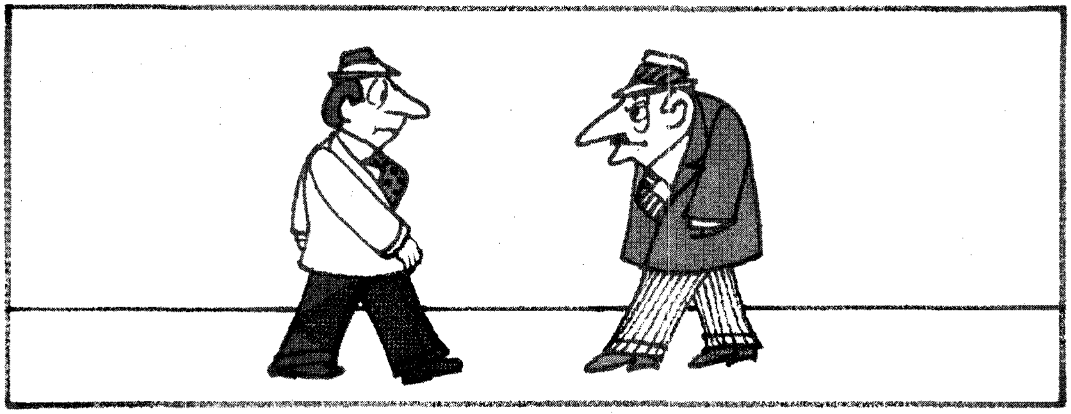
"I've got to go," he said. "Of course it isn't going to ruin my talk. I don't let little things make a difference. You just can't *be* like that." He turned away. "Tell Mommy I don't know what time I'll be home—not that she's interested, the way she threw away that important index card, as if it were garbage!"

He ran down the stairs, his feet pounding again.

"Tell her yourself!" Anne called after him, but he was out of earshot.

THE main idea of the party was that they'd finally moved to an apartment large enough to have a party *in*. Up to that time, even having Aunt Sylvie, Uncle Mike, and Aunt Ruthie, who came every Sunday, was difficult. Anne's mother had to set up two card tables in the living room, with a large tablecloth—it was beige—spread over both of them. Now they had a dining area off the kitchen, and Anne's parents had bought a dining-room table with a leaf. The table was





moved into the living room for the party, to which both family and friends had been invited, including friends of Anne's and Jeffrey's. Dr. Katz's two brothers drove all the way up from Philadelphia.

Anne's mother bought a new rose-colored dress for the party. She was afraid to shorten it herself, because it had inverted pleats, so she took it to a dressmaker in the neighborhood, who turned up the hem and, while she was at it, tightened the neckline, which gaped a bit on Mrs. Katz's narrow chest. The bodice had tucks in front, which, Anne had commented, gave the dress more character than those her mother usually chose.

Anne's mother now insists that all the food for the party was brought in, but Anne's memory is that though the platters of cold cuts came from a delicatessen, her mother made the salads herself—green salad, macaroni salad, and fruit salad—along with her specialty, potato pudding. On the afternoon of the party, Anne came home from buying the fruit and found her mother in the kitchen ironing a dress—a different dress, not the rose-colored one.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Anne, putting the bags down on the table and starting to take out the smaller bags of fruit.

"I changed my mind," her mother said. "I decided not to wear my new dress. I don't like the way it looks on me."

"What are you talking about?" said Anne. "There's nothing wrong with it."

"It makes me look as if I'm trying to hide my age. The style is too youthful for me."

"Oh, that's nonsense," said Anne.

"Well, Daddy said so," said her mother. "I tried it on for him this morning."

"Oh. So it was fine until *he* looked at it."

"Anne, don't get sarcastic," her mother said. "He thinks it's the color, or maybe the fussiness on the chest. He used that word—'fussiness.' "

"There's nothing wrong with that dress, Mother," said Anne. "It's simple and it suits you. You tried it on for me before you took the tags off, remember?"

"Maybe it was a mistake to have it altered. Maybe the neckline has a different effect now."

"Oh, it does *not*. You're being perfectly silly."

"Anne, I don't see why you have to yell at me and criticize me about this," said her mother. "It's a very small matter, after all, what I wear." She unplugged the iron and stood it on its mat on the stove top, coiling the wire around the handle. She laid the old dress—it was brown, Anne remembers—over a chair, so she could fold the ironing board. She seemed overpowered by the contraption, and Anne stepped forward, seizing it to put it away in the broom closet, but took it a moment too soon and pinched her mother's finger under its collapsing leg.

"It's all right," said her mother, thrusting her finger to her mouth as a child would, while Anne stood there apologizing—angrily apologizing—and holding the ironing board in front of her like a shield. Her mother stood still for a moment, then carefully slid her outstretched arms under the newly ironed dress, and carried it to her bedroom.

"I MAY not hang around here," Jeffrey said casually to their father a few hours later. Then the doorbell rang: the first guest.

"Not stay?"

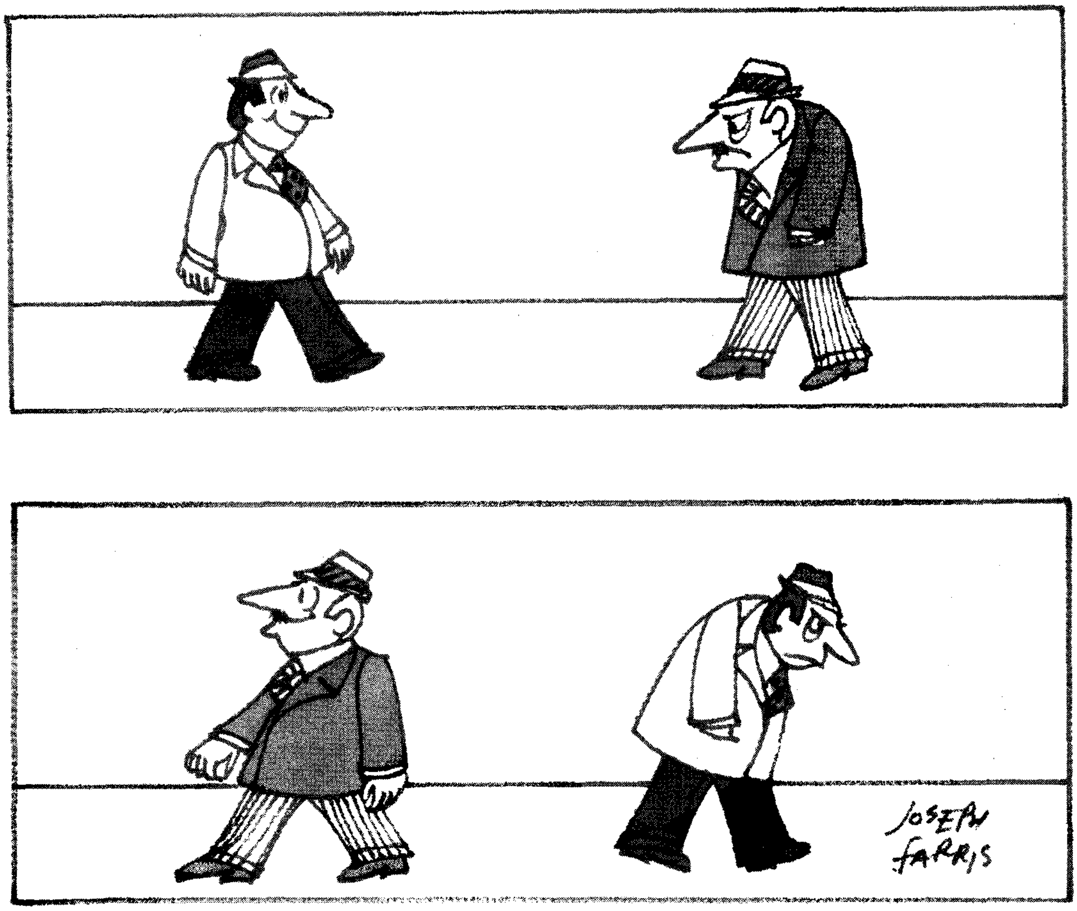
"Well, a friend of mine has something he wants to show me. I said I might come over."

"Something to show you? It can't wait?"

Jeffrey went to answer the door. "I guess not," he called back, looking over his shoulder at his father and Anne.

"Hi," Anne heard him say next.

Anne knew her brother wouldn't really leave, but her father came over to stand next to her, as they waited to greet the first guest, and whispered, "Maybe you should hide Jeffrey's coat. Who is this friend, all of a sudden? He could have invited him. There's plenty to eat."



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"Oh, Daddy, stop it," said Anne. It seemed silly to be lined up this way, so she went back to the kitchen, where her mother was frowning with concentration as she measured coffee into a borrowed electric percolator. The brown dress, to tell the truth, was becoming to her. She looked like a very serious person, Anne thought—Marie Curie or someone of that sort, someone who moved precisely and listened to the inside of her mind.

"You look nice," said Anne. Her mother raised a warning finger in the traditional gesture of one who may lose count, but slowly, so she seemed to ask merely for a little pause. "Seven," she said in a friendly, acknowledging voice. She dipped the measure once more into the coffee can. "Eight."

The food was wonderful, everyone was sure about that. Anne spent the next two hours letting people in, showing them the apartment, taking coats, and carrying trays. She had never been so happy at a party—most of the time there was nothing to do at other people's parties and she never knew what to say. Tonight, though, she could tell that everyone thought she'd been about to ask a terribly sensitive question or make a brilliant joke when she'd been called away by the doorbell. Everyone wanted her back.

Now and then, she ran through the living room to see her friend Harriet in a lively conversation with someone—Jeffrey, or her father's receptionist, or Aunt Ruthie. Harriet and Anne had been classmates since junior high.

When the doorbell finally stopped ringing, Anne fixed herself a corned-beef sandwich on a single slice of bread, folded over. Not bothering with salad or potatoes, or even a plate, she carried it through the crowded room to a corner where Harriet was now talking to Dr. Katz, and leaned against the back of an overstuffed chair to listen.

Both Harriet and Dr. Katz were eating vigorously while they talked. They had big sandwiches, which they held tightly, close to their mouths, in order not to let bits of coleslaw drop out. They looked a little alike, Anne thought. They were both short and broad, and Harriet, too, had those wide-open eyes with small pupils—her father's were brown and Harriet's were blue—which seemed to be stretching to take in a quick-paced film flashing before them. Her father and Harriet were having an argument.

"The Middle Ages!" her father was shouting. "Of course the Middle Ages. In *particular* the Middle Ages! You don't think it was crazy in the Dark Ages to be an artist, with nobody having enough to eat and Ostrogoths all over the place?"

"But wait a minute, Dr. Katz," said Harriet. "I don't think that's what you meant before by crazy."

"Of course I know what I mean by crazy."

"No, that's not what I *mean*," she said. "I don't think what you just said fits with what you said before."

"All I said *before*," said Anne's father, with exaggerated patience, "was 'Great art is sure to madness near allied.' " Now Anne began to understand—it was one of her father's favorite quotations, and in fact one of his favorite ideas: that artists are mad. She'd never been able to make sense of it (the art he liked always seemed safely sane) and she had often suspected that he continued to argue the position partly because she disagreed with him. Her art professor had once talked about the subject in class, and Anne had felt relieved when he said that plenty of geniuses were comfortable members of society. Look at Holbein, he said. Or Velázquez. Anne didn't think she was a genius, but it had bothered her to think that the possibility might be closed forever, since she knew she'd never become lonely and strange, turning away from her family or displeasing her teachers.

"Which was when *you* said," her father went on to Harriet, "that the only composition you wrote that the teacher liked was the week you thought you were out of your mind."

"The paper about my grandmother," said Harriet to Anne. "And always before, I've done worse when he let us pick our topics. It was the week she had the stroke, and I was beside myself, driving my mother back

THE BLACK RIVIERA

There they are again. It's after dark.
The rain begins its sober comedy,
Slicking down their hair as they wait
Under a weeping willow or eucalyptus:
Larry Dietz, Luis Gonzalez, the Fitzgerald brothers,
And Jarman, hidden from the cop car
Sleeking innocently past. Stoned,
They giggle a little, with money ready
To pay for more, waiting in the rain.

They buy from the black Riviera
That silently appears, as if risen,
The apotheosis of wet asphalt
And smeary-silvery glare
And plush, inner untouchability.
A hand takes money and withdraws,
Another extends a sack of plastic—
Short, too dramatic to be questioned.
What they buy is light rolled in a wave.

They send the money off in a long car
A god himself could steal a girl in,
Clothing its metal sheen in the spectrum
Of bars and discos and restaurants,
And they are left, dripping rain
Under their melancholy tree, and see time
Knocked akilter, sort of funny,
But slowing down strangely, too.
So, what do they dream?

They might dream that they are in love
And wake to find they are,
That outside their own pumping arteries,
Which they can cargo with happiness
As they sink in their little bathyspheres,
Somebody else's body pressures theirs
With kisses, like bursts of bloody oxygen,
Until, stunned, they're dragged up,
Drawn from drowning, saved.

In fact, some of us woke up that way.
It has to do with how desire takes shape.
Tapered, encapsulated, engineered
To navigate an illusion of deep water,
Its beauty has the dark roots
Of a girl skipping down a high-school corridor
Selling Seconal from a bag,
Or a black car gliding close to the road top,
So insular, so quiet, it enters the earth.

—MARK JARMAN

• •

and forth to the hospital. Remember, it was the paper I showed you on the train the other day? Well, I was just telling your father I got an A on it. It's the first thing that guy has liked all term. And I just can't figure it out. You know, I wrote it in the waiting room, late at night—it took me about fifteen minutes. And your father says that art and madness— You know, Dr. Katz, I wasn't exactly *mad*, even that night."

Anne had read the paper and had thought it beautiful, but she knew she wouldn't feel easy, either, with success that came unpredictably, without effort.

" 'Great art is sure to madness near allied,' " quoted Dr. Katz again, now to Anne. "It's from Alexander Pope," he said to Harriet. "I read it in college."

Anne, who had been hearing her father repeat the line since childhood, realized she had something important to say, but her mouth was full, and Harriet was already talking. "Besides," she was saying, "I still don't think that was the way they did things in the Middle Ages. In the course I had last spring—"

"The true artist," said Dr. Katz, "cannot control himself. He must practice his calling, at any cost."

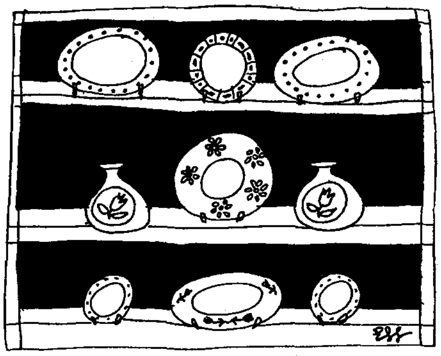
"Daddy," Anne finally broke in, "I've been meaning to tell you this for a week. You know what? All my life I've been hearing you quote that line, and it's *wrong*."

"What do you mean, wrong?" Her father looked straight at her.

"I read it. I happened to read it in my Survey of English Lit. course. It's not 'great art,' it's 'great *wits*.' 'Great *wits* are sure to madness near allied.' And it isn't Pope at all. It's Dryden. It's from 'Absalom and Achitophel.' It's about the Jews, actually—that must be why you liked it. Except that it's really about England, of course. It's about a rebellion. I was so amazed when I read it. It was as though I found your *slippers* or your *bathrobe* or something in the middle of my English book."

"No, that can't be right," said her father quickly. "I don't remember anything like that. It must be a different line. I know it's from Alexander Pope."

"Daddy, you're just *wrong*. Why can't you just admit you've been wrong?"



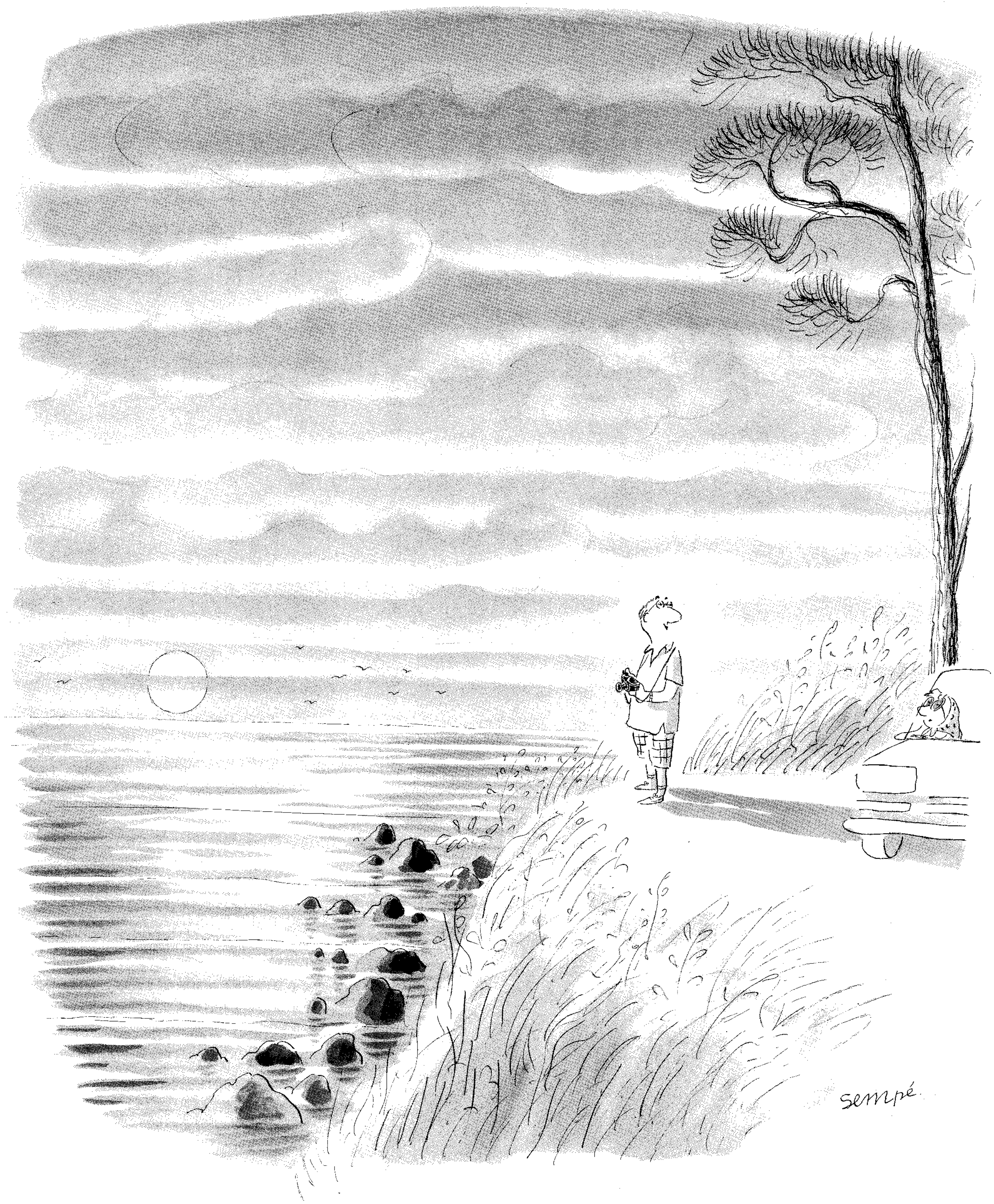
"Great wits?" said her father. "That doesn't even make sense. Great wits—people who make jokes? Crazy people don't make jokes."

"No," Anne said. It was delicious to have the chance to explain something she'd learned herself so very recently. "It's a different meaning of 'wits.' It means intelligent people. Great minds."

"Well, I'm sure I never read anything like that," said her father. "Pope meant geniuses—artists. I'm not an artist, Harriet. I don't have the *privilege* of genius—the freedom. But at least I don't—"

"Well, I'm no genius either," said Harriet. "But I can't stand it that I've tried so hard, and I'm doing fine in all my other courses but I just can't seem to please this man, and then I hand in this thing that's *nothing* and he writes me this love letter in the margins all of a sudden. Now, how am I supposed to duplicate that? Wait for my grandmother to have another stroke, God forbid?"

Alone, Anne thought, she and Harriet could have figured it out—they could work out anything. They'd spent countless long afternoons sitting and talking on Harriet's bed, which was made up as a couch because it was in her family's living room, and falling silent whenever someone walked



"Got it!"

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through the room—quite often the person they'd been discussing, unless they'd been talking about Anne's parents. For hours, as the room darkened around them, they blamed people—in their families, mostly—for lack of logic, for a superstitious refusal to change, for lives made disorderly by constant struggles to reach order for its own sake. When it grew dark, Anne and Harriet would stand up. Each time, they started the afternoon sitting up straight on the couch, with their legs stuck out over the edge, but by the end they'd have slumped down, after the couch had inched slowly away from the wall and its three pillows had collapsed. Then, before Harriet walked Anne halfway home, they'd straighten the corduroy cover, shove the couch back into place, and plump up the pillows and put them back in their row.

"Really," said Harriet to Anne and Dr. Katz now. "It might have been better if he'd hated that paper, too."

"Harriet, maybe for once, when you wrote about your grandma, you made some sense," said Anne's father. "I don't know about you, but my kids—always thinking their parents can't teach them anything. Maybe that's what the teacher liked—that you showed a little concern for your grandmother, for an older person."

"Oh, no. I don't think so," said Harriet, not much disturbed.

But Anne, totally surprised, was almost incoherent. "How do you know what Harriet writes? How can you say such things?" she cried at her father. "And that's not what she means. You haven't even been listening. No wonder you think artists are crazy—you can't make any sense yourself."

Now her father shouted. "Here I am having a reasonable discussion with Harriet, and you have to put your two cents in!" Aunt Ruthie, across the room talking to someone, glanced up at them, and so did a friend of Jeffrey's. "You!" her father went on. "You don't even know the meaning of self-control. You have no control over yourself at all—but this is not losing control in a way that makes something beautiful, something for us all to enjoy. What do you do instead? You cry in the library because they make a perfectly ordinary request of you. You yell at your mother all the time. You couldn't even talk to that man in the library—he probably wasn't even a librarian, a man with a degree, he was probably just a high-school graduate himself. You can't keep control of yourself—just like your mother."

"Like *Mother*?" Anne must have spoken loudly enough for her words to be made out across the room, because she saw that her mother, who was offering a tray of pastries to one of the guests, had turned around to look at her.

"Just like your mother," her father said. "Always losing control of herself. She buys a dress in a ridiculous color, designed for someone trying to attract a man—"

"I'm not the least bit like Mommy," Anne protested. "Just because you make some remark about her perfectly O.K. dress, she goes out among her guests in some dowdy old thing—I'd *never* do that. I'd never let you get to me like that."

But her mother had heard. Anne knew it, saw it happening, but couldn't stop her flow of words, even though she knew they weren't true, even though she had time, for she had been watching her mother coming toward them, with the tray steadied against her flat brown chest, and looking at their group—the goal toward which she was moving through the crowd—with anxious care.

In all the years since the party—almost fifteen years now—Anne's mother has never dropped the notion that she looked dowdy that night. This, by the way, is the point at which Anne's memory of the party—and of that time in her life—stops. For a long while, she winced when she thought of that period, and tried to make herself think of something different. Later, she would go through the events once again in her mind, unable to stop, returning over and over to what had happened—or to her memory of what had happened. Sometimes she would change things in her imagination, on purpose. She would divert her mother, coming with the tray—would make her turn aside, distracted by greedy Aunt Sylvie grabbing for a sweet. Or she'd change what she'd said—at one time, it became important to have been clearer, to have argued back sensibly to her father. "It's all based on a misunderstanding of Plato," she'd say to him inwardly, "this traditional equation of art and madness." Or, in her mind, she'd defend herself—but affectionately, lightly. "Oh, Daddy, don't you see? When you lose control, you lose it. If it's O.K. for those artists, it's O.K. for me."

Lately, when Anne thinks about these events, she's less uncomfortable. She doesn't change them in her mind. She doesn't know why, because they're still painful. Perhaps it's because she has thought about them so many times that she knows when the pain is coming and can brace herself for it. She rather loves them all, the people in the memories—her parents, even herself—though she has no mercy on any of them. She sees that all of them always did everything wrong.

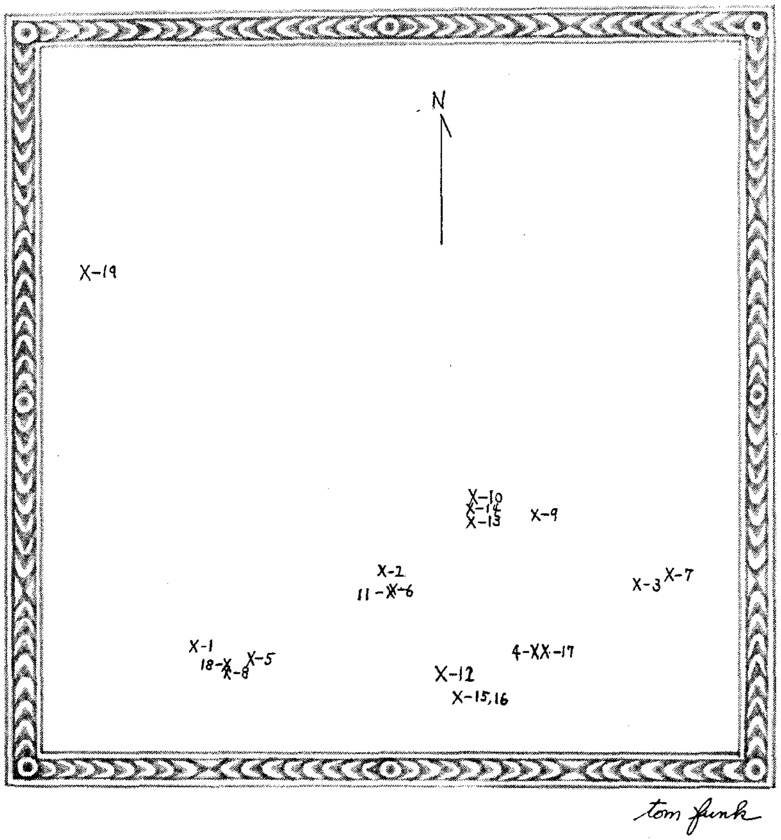
—Alice Mattison

The Devil Tamed

A REPORTER AT LARGE

A MISSING PLANE

II—IDENTIFICATION



THE United States Army's Central Identification Laboratory, in Honolulu, is a small unit whose primary mission is the identification of the approximately twenty-five hundred Americans killed during the Vietnam War whose remains have yet to be recovered from Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Because of poor relations between the United States and Vietnam, there have been few turnovers in recent years, and the CIL has broadened its mission to include the recovery and identification of American servicemen killed in the Korean War and in the Pacific theatre during the Second World War. In April, 1982, one officer, four sergeants, and a civilian employee went to Papua New Guinea, where there are more American planes missing than in any other country on earth. The CIL team spent the period between April 23rd and April 29th on a ridge on the side of Mt. Thumb, a peak in the Owen Stanley Range nearly forty miles from Port Moresby, the capital of Papua New Guinea. When the team returned to Honolulu, on May 12th, it hoped it had recovered the remains of all twenty-two men listed on the manifest of a B-24 that had hit Mt. Thumb on March 22, 1944.

It is a ten-minute drive from the airport to the CIL, which in 1982 occupied half of a two-story cream-colored cinder-block building (No. 1027) and all of a one-story cream-colored cinder-block building (No. 1028) next door. The buildings are on a down-at-the-heels pier in the international section of the Honolulu port, in the midst of an expanse of blacktop used for unloading and storing cargo. The CIL's windows look out on containers filled with heavy machinery and pallets stacked with lumber—some of the least scenic vistas in the city. Most of the CIL's offices and its conference room are on the ground floor of No. 1027 (Army auditors are known to work overhead but are never heard and scarcely ever seen), and most visitors to the CIL are received in No. 1027. Building No. 1028, which was a United States Customs building in a previous incarnation, is surrounded by a barbed-wire cyclone fence. Affixed to one of its doors—the door that faces No. 1027 and is used most often—is a sign that reads:

NO SMOKING
IN RESPECT FOR THE DECEASED
PLEASE
REMOVE HEADGEAR
RESTRICTED AREA
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

In No. 1028 are the office of Tadao Furue, the CIL's physical anthropologist; an identification-specialist's cubicle; a clerk-typist's cubicle; a small photography lab; and a good-sized records room. The walls of the records room are papered with maps of the world, of Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Korea, and Papua New Guinea. Fifty-two locked file cabinets, more than three-quarters of them containing records pertaining to the Vietnam dead, cover most of a linoleum-tile floor. The majority of the building's floor space, however, is taken up by one high-ceilinged room. The room, known as "the lab floor," is almost sixty feet long and fifty feet wide, and Building No. 1028 is often referred to as "the lab." It was on the lab floor that the remains brought back from Papua New Guinea would be identified.

The remains from the B-24 on Mt. Thumb had been found in eighteen different places, called X numbers. The first remains were recovered at 8:34 A.M. on April 24th, the day the team began to dig; they were assigned the number X-1 and were put in a large clear-plastic Ziploc bag along with a tag reading X-1. The remains recovered a half hour later, at X-2, went into another bag, tagged X-2, and so on. If any teeth or personal effects were found at an X number, they were put in smaller bags (labelled with the appropriate X number), and these went into the large tagged plastic bags. On April 25th, one of the team members believed he had found two remains at one spot; one set (X-15) was close to the surface, the other (X-16) a few inches below the surface, but they had gone into a single large plastic bag, tagged X-15, 16. Before the team left Mt. Thumb, the eighteen bags had been packed in seven olive-drab waterproof bags. Before the team left Papua New Guinea, these seven bags had been packed into three CIL footlockers. Just before the team's return, Leslie Stewart, an identification specialist, and a sergeant had taken eighteen collapsible stretchers from a storage shed behind Building No. 1028, had set each olive-drab stretcher on the lab floor on waist-high stretcher stands,

"Mr. Hendy here is from the world of entertainment."

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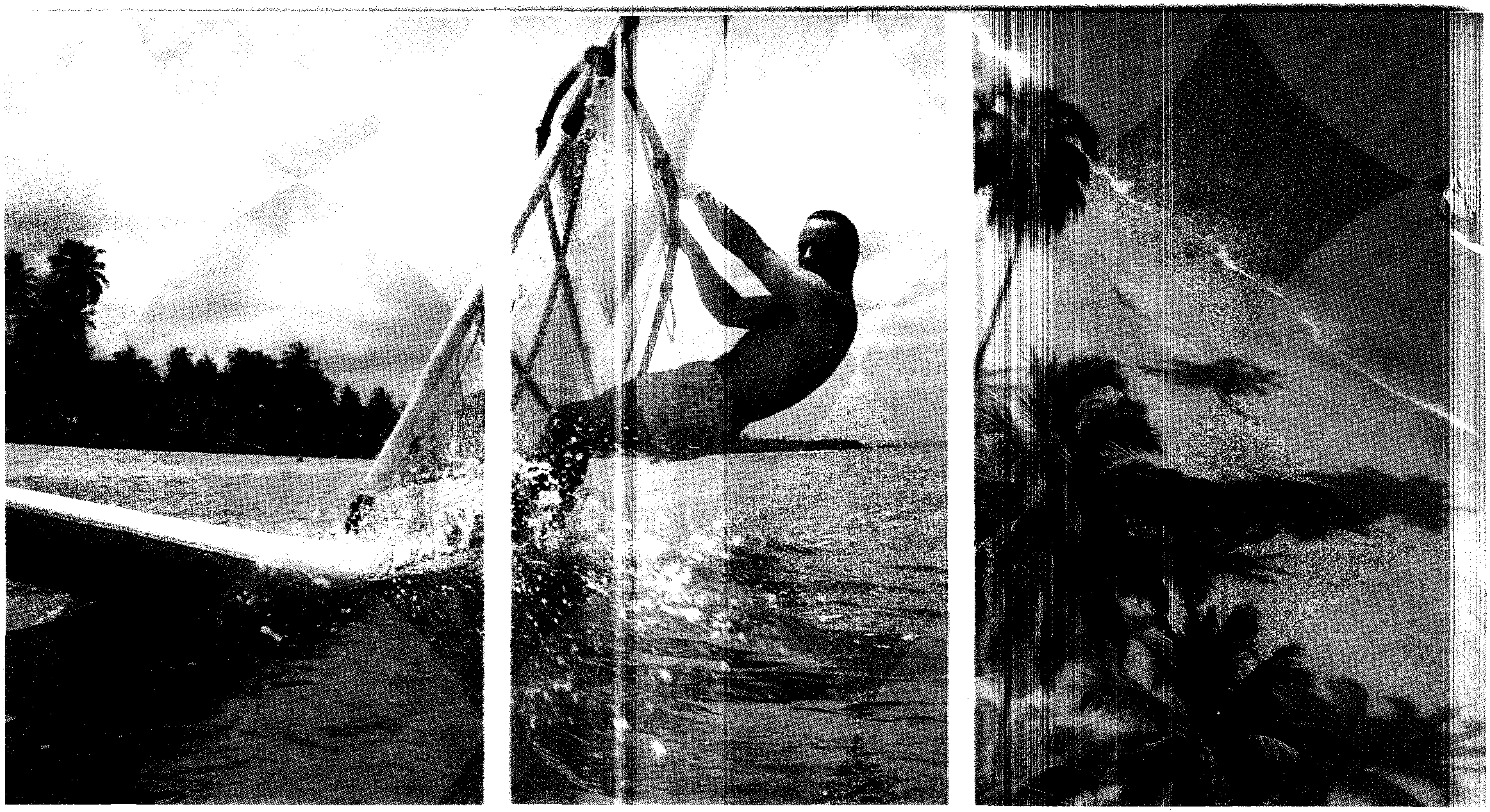
and had covered each stretcher with a white sheet. Now they and several members of the team opened the footlockers and then the olive-drab bags and put one large plastic bag on each stretcher. At the back end of the lab floor were a number of storage racks; on them were stretchers holding remains that could not be identified or were awaiting processing. The remains from the Mt. Thumb B-24 were to spend a few weeks on the storage racks, but for most of the next eight months they were to be on the lab floor.

On May 13th, Leslie Stewart and two other men started to wash the remains from the B-24 in two sinks in a corner of the lab floor. Screens were placed over the drains to prevent any possible loss of valuable material. Each large plastic bag was opened separately and its contents washed in cold water. The men used their fingers and soft brushes to remove the soil in which the bones had lain for thirty-eight years. The bones were fragile. If there were any teeth in a plastic bag, they were cleansed with toothbrushes. When the men were finished with the remains from X-1, they placed them to dry on the stretcher that had been tagged X-1, and went on to unpack and wash the bones from X-2. The washing and drying took about two weeks. Stewart then laid out the remains on each of the eighteen stretchers so that the bones occupied their normal positions relative to the other bones of a human skeleton.

THE CIL owns two complete skeletons—perfect specimens, of the sort bought from medical-supply firms to teach aspiring doctors and physical anthropologists anatomy. On a lab skeleton, all two hundred and six bones of the human body, which are originally ivory in color, have been bleached white, and the bones have been wired together. All twenty-six vertebrae and twelve pairs of ribs, all fifty-four wrist, hand, and finger bones, and all fifty-two ankle, foot, and toe bones are present and accounted for: the specimens had died of natural causes. Two facial bones (the maxillae) form the upper jaw and serve as the foundation for the sixteen upper teeth. A large horseshoe-shaped facial bone (the mandible) forms the lower jaw and supports the sixteen lower teeth. If any teeth are missing, the chances are they have fallen out. Most medical-supply firms in the United States acquire specimens in India, from poor communities whose residents cannot afford dentists.

The difference in appearance between the lab-specimen skeletons and the bones that Stewart had laid out on the eighteen stretchers was quite comparable to the difference between the B-24 when it took off from Port Moresby on March 22, 1944, for Nadzab, a major airbase about two hundred miles away, and the B-24 less than half an hour later, after it had crashed into the side of Mt. Thumb. When the CIL team saw the B-24 in April, 1982, a few of its large parts—one wing, both tail fins, all four propellers and engines—were fairly intact and recognizable, but some parts had been damaged almost beyond recognition and others, most of the left wing, for example, were never found; they had probably been consumed in a fire that started after the crash.

The B-24 had flown into the mountainside at a speed of approximately a hundred and fifty miles an hour. As a result of the impact, a large number of the bones had broken. In addition to the trauma originally suffered by the bones on March 22, 1944, even those that were intact after the crash had deteriorated during the thirty-eight years they spent in the wet soil of the tropical rain forest. (The intervening years had been kinder to the metal parts of the plane.) The small bones, such as the phalanges, metatarsals, and cuneiforms of the feet, are always among the first to disappear in such circumstances. Few were found. The hipbones, which consist of the ilium, the ischium, and the pubis—three separate bones that unite during adolescence—are usually called the innominates, because they bear no resemblance to any other object. The innominates are heavy and tend to en-



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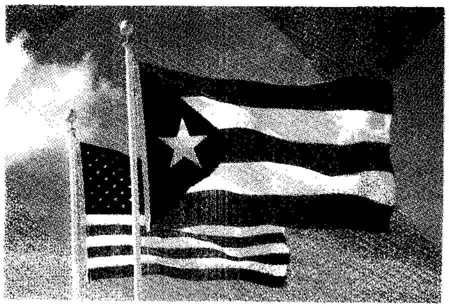

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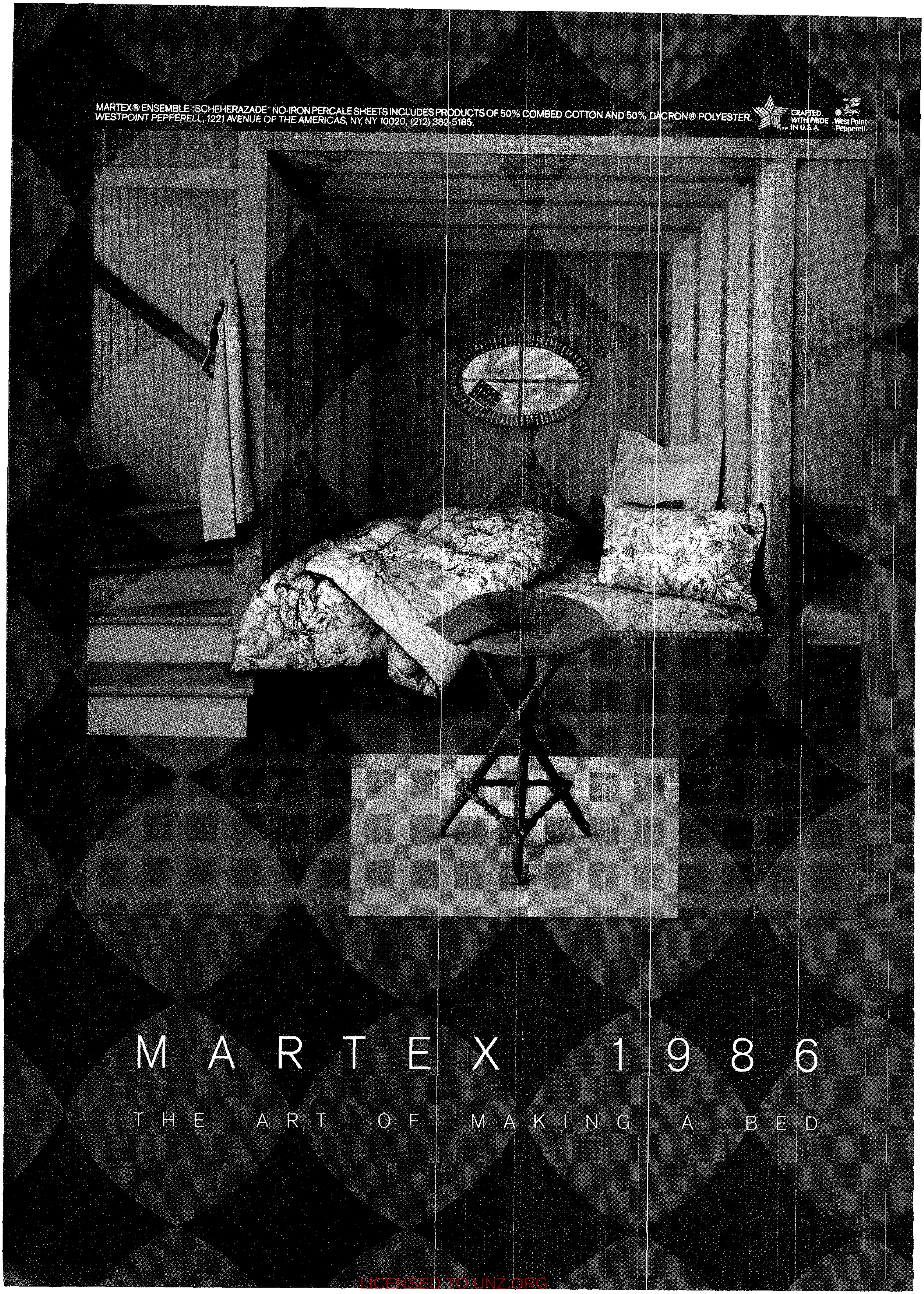
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THE ART OF MAKING A BED

dure. The twelve long bones of the upper and lower limbs—the right and left arm bone (the humerus), the right and left bone on the thumb side of the forearm (the radius), the right and left bone on the little-finger side of the forearm (the ulna), the right and left thighbone (the femur), the right and left shinbone (the tibia), and the right and left calf bone (the fibula)—are also quite durable. Long bones consist of a shaft and two ends; the ends are thinner and disintegrate before the more compact shafts. Many long bones were missing from these remains. Some had perhaps been washed away after the crash: the plane had come to rest on a steep hillside, and there was a stream below the hillside.

In the first half of June, when Tadao Furue looked at the remains on the eighteen stretchers, his immediate reaction was that there were indeed remarkably few bones, and that those present were in remarkably poor condition. With twenty-two individuals on the plane, there could have been four thousand five hundred and thirty-two bones if they had all been recovered. There were fewer than a thousand. Four of the stretchers—X-2; X-4; X-15, 16; and X-17—appeared quite crowded. Many were rather bare. There were fewer than twenty-five bones each on X-5 and on X-9. Leslie Stewart had put any jawbones and teeth that had been in the plastic bags at the tops of the stretchers. Teeth are by far the longest-lasting parts of the human body (dental enamel is one of the hardest substances found in the natural world) and are the most valuable in the identification of skeletal remains. If each of the twenty-two passengers had had thirty-two teeth and if all these had been recovered, there would have been seven hundred and four teeth on the stretchers; there were a hundred and eighty-one. Furue wished he had more bones to work with: it is much easier to identify an individual if you have two hundred and six bones or a hundred bones than if you have twenty. He also wished there were more teeth. He could see that the team had recovered no teeth for a number of the men who had been on the plane.

The remains on the stretchers had been found by the team in a small area of the crash site and were commingled—a frequent occurrence in plane crashes. The purpose of laying out the bones on each stretcher in proper anatomical order is to provide an early visual awareness of commingling. It was easy for Furue to see that there were the remains of at least three men on X-2, because there were duplicates and triplicates of bones that an individual has only one of—for example, two right femurs and three left femurs. There wasn't just copious commingling on crowded stretchers, like X-2 and X-17; there was obvious commingling on fully half the stretchers, including some that were almost as sparsely populated as X-5 and X-9. There were only sixteen bone fragments (besides some skull portions) on X-19, yet these included portions of three right humeri and two right femurs.

THE first step taken by a physical anthropologist in identifying commingled remains is called segregation—the uncommingling of the remains. In remains from a crash like this, with such extensive commingling of bones in very poor condition, segregation is by far the most difficult and time-consuming part of the identification process. An adept student of physical anthropology may learn in a few days or weeks the difference between an intact right tibia and an intact left tibia and the difference between the sixth and the seventh thoracic vertebra on a specimen skeleton. It might have taken such a student years to ascertain whether some of the pale-brown weathered bone segments on the eighteen stretchers were part of thoracic or lumbar vertebrae—an ability that Furue had acquired during three decades spent identifying the victims of plane crashes and other disasters.

Tadao Furue (pronounced Fur-ROO-eh), a Japanese citizen who was fifty-seven years old in May, 1982, had studied anthropology at the University of Tokyo, had received his Bachelor of Science degree in 1950, and had become an assistant in the Department of Anatomy of the Nara Medical College. In 1951, General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters had needed a physical anthropologist for five months to identify some Korean War casualties. Furue had asked for a leave of absence and had accepted the temporary job. It evolved into something more permanent: he has now been working for the United States Army for thirty-five years. From 1951 until 1977, he was a "contract" employee and lived in Japan. In the nineteen-sixties, difficult cases from Indo-China were sent to him. He was also assigned to Vietnam and to Thailand on a number of occasions, for periods of up to three months, to identify remains from the Vietnam War. In 1977, he moved to Hawaii, with his wife and daughter, and went to work for the CIL as a Department of the Army civilian employee. Furue, who has had more experience in identifying military remains than any other physical anthropologist in the world, says that his work, and particularly segregation, has several requirements to which he lays claim: "nerves of steel," "great tenacity," and "a strong personality."

"If some of the other physical anthropologists I've worked with had seen the eighteen stretchers, they might have written a report to the effect that 'Due to the nature of the crash, individual identification is not possible, therefore it is recommended that the commingled remains receive a group burial,' " he says. "You can't look at shattered bones and either panic or mentally give up. You have to tell yourself that it may take weeks or months to piece fragments together and fit loose teeth into the proper sockets. It takes time to put a puzzle together. I think of my work as solving a high-dimensional jigsaw puzzle."

You also have to like hard cases, Furue adds. He thrives on them, which is just as well, because the CIL receives hard-to-identify remains not only from all branches of the military but also from civilian disasters. Two hundred and forty-one servicemen, most of them marines, were killed when a building that the marines were using as a barracks at Beirut International Airport was blown up by Middle Eastern terrorists on October 23, 1983. The remains of two of the men who couldn't be identified by identification specialists at the United States Army Mortuary in Frankfurt, Germany, the largest military mortuary in Europe, were hand-carried to the CIL in a small card-file box. Furue was able to identify them as two young lance corporals who had been assigned to the arms room at the time of the incident.

Tadao Furue is a perfectionist. He first reviewed Stewart's preliminary work, correcting some errors that had been made in laying out the remains. Right and left humeri and right and left femurs had been reversed, and partial femurs had been mistaken for partial tibiae and other bones. Stewart had put together with surgical tape only a few long bones that were broken into two pieces. Furue started piecing together many other long bones, as well as vertebrae and the cranial and facial bones of the skull. It was indeed slow, tedious work. He began to commit to memory the bones on each stretcher and to decide which bones on each had once belonged to one individual. Furue is familiar with the procedures followed by the CIL's search-and-recovery teams in the field. He respects the fact that the bags containing bones (and often teeth and personal effects) represent an initial form of sorting. For this reason, the contents of each bag are kept separate while they are washed and laid out on the stretchers.

The greatest single aid in the preliminary stage of segregation, so readily visible on Stretcher X-2, is duplication—and, in this instance, triplication—of bones. After Furue had inspected the remains on X-2, he asked for two additional stretchers, which were tagged X-2A and X-2B. What made it unusually easy for him to see that most of the bones on X-2 belonged to three individuals was the disparity in the length of the limb bones: variation in bone length is a second significant factor in segregation. In Furue's informed opinion, one man had been of medium height. The bones that Furue believed to be his were pieced together and laid out on Stretcher X-2. A second man had been extremely tall. The bones that Furue believed to be his were laid out on X-2A. The third had been extremely short; his bones were put on X-2B. Age is a third critical element in segregation. Furue could tell that the man on X-2 had been in his late twenties and the men on X-2A and X-2B in their early twenties. If segregation consisted of merely examining the pieced-together bones on one stretcher and dividing them up on three stretchers, it would be only a moderately difficult, time-consuming, nerve-racking enterprise. Some of the bones found at the X-2 site didn't belong on either X-2 or X-2A or X-2B, however, and some of the bones that were originally on other stretchers (it eventually turned out) did.

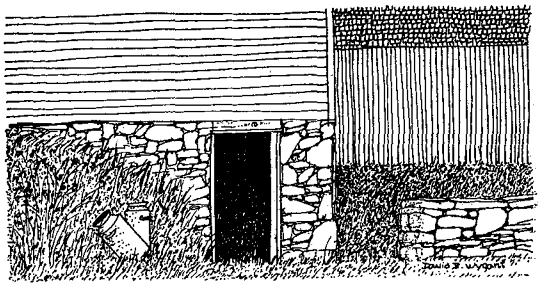
The work of sorting out the femurs that Furue found on X-2 gives an indication of what was involved in this one aspect of segregation. There were two right femurs. He allocated one to the medium-tall man on X-2, the other to the very tall man on X-2A. There were three left femurs. A very long one was put on Stretcher X-2A; it matched X-2A's right femur. Bilateral symmetry is another principle used in segregation. People's left and right arms and legs generally look alike because the bones in their left and right arms and legs do. (Exceptions to the rule include baseball players, and especially pitchers—something that Furue had learned when he was a university student and had the opportunity to examine and measure the arms of the members of a well-known Japanese baseball team.) Furue put a very short left femur on Stretcher X-2B, which at this stage had no right femur. Usually, an individual with short arm bones has short thighbones. The scale of the left humerus, radius, and ulna on X-2B accorded with the very short left femur, as did the scale of such other bones as the left and right clavicles (the collarbones) and the right scapula (the shoulder blade).

Furue realized that the third left femur originally on X-2 didn't belong to the medium-tall individual whose bones were now on X-2. It didn't resemble X-2's right femur, and it differed in appearance from the other bones. It seemed to belong to a man who had been shorter than the man on X-2, though not quite as short as the man on X-2B, and one whose build had been heavier than that of either of those two men, whose bones indicated that they had been of medium build. While Furue is segregating commingled remains, he evaluates each individual's build. Even the spongy inner-bone texture of this third left femur was different from the texture of the other bones on X-2. Bone texture is another aid in segregation. "Bones and teeth will surrender many facts about a person's physical attributes and his cultural patterns, so a good bone detective must make multidimensional observations," Furue says.

When Tadao Furue turned his attention to Stretcher X-10, he concluded that most of the bones on it belonged to two people. The one whose bones he left on X-10 had been a man who was quite short and of medium build; the one whose bones he shifted to Stretcher X-10A had been about the same height, but his bones showed he had been far heavier. There was a partial right femur and almost a whole right femur on Stretcher X-10. Furue left the partial femur there, because it corresponded to the other bones on X-10. He saw that the almost intact right femur was too short and too slender for either the individual on X-10 or the one on X-10A. After examining the remains on every stretcher on the lab floor, he found its place: it matched the very short left femur on X-2B perfectly. That left the individual on X-10A without a right femur, but only temporarily: X-10A got a right femur from X-6.

Meanwhile, Furue had been segregating the bones on X-4 and X-17, which had been dug up by a CIL sergeant on separate days but at spots that were not much more than a yard apart. Furue determined that most of these bones belonged to three individuals—to two rather tall men of medium build (they were designated X-4 and X-4-17) and to one who had been quite short and of medium build, X-4-17A. There had been four left femurs on X-4 and X-17. One went to X-4, one to X-4-17, one to X-4-17A, and one to X-6. There had been three right femurs at X-4 and X-17. One went to X-4 and one to X-4-17. The third right femur didn't match the other bones on X-4-17A. It was the bone of a thinner man and went to X-6.

Thus far, X-4-17A lacked a right femur. It acquired one shortly. Furue had made up his mind that most of the bones on Stretcher X-14 belonged to two individuals—a thin man of medium height, who was designated X-14, and a very tall, thin man, designated X-14A.

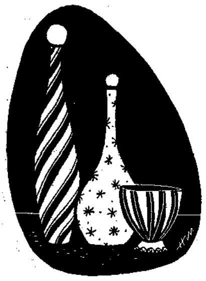


There were two left femurs on X-14—one for X-14, the second for X-14A—and three right femurs. One of these was for X-14, another for X-14A; the third wound up on Stretcher X-4-17A: it matched the left femur already there.

When Furue got to Stretcher X-19, he determined that most of the bones were those of two individuals, X-19 and X-19A. There was a partial femur and an almost complete femur on that stretcher. The partial femur, which he pieced together with a fragment of femur from Stretcher X-13, went to X-19A, a slight man of medium height. The almost complete right femur went to X-19, a rather short, heavily built man. The third left femur that had been on X-2 finally found its place—on X-19, where it matched the right femur in size and symmetry. Movement between Stretchers X-2 and X-19 proved to be a two-way proposition: both X-2 and X-2B got partial right humeri from X-19. There was some additional transferring of femurs, but one bone that X-2 never did get from any other stretcher was a left femur.

Furue's identifications have so rarely been challenged by the families of those whom he has identified, and so rarely submitted to other physical anthropologists for verification, that he feels he must be extremely severe with himself. "I have only one sister, who lives in Japan, but I imagine that in the lab with me I have a vicious twin brother, another Tadao, who questions everything I do," he says. "When I am segregating remains and I switch a bone from X-6 to X-10A, I can almost hear my twin brother asking, 'Are you sure that's reasonable?' I look at the rough crash-site sketch made by one of the sergeants in the field and redraw it to scale and verify where each X number was recovered. X-6 and X-10 were fourteen feet apart. Perfectly reasonable. I also study the photographs taken by another sergeant in the field. I may ask him whether a certain bone was found above or below the surface, or in exactly which position. Before I move a bone from one stretcher to another, I mark it with the number of the stretcher on which it started out, so I won't lose track of it, and if I move, say, a left femur, I make sure that it doesn't fit on any of the other stretchers—even those that already have left femurs that seem to belong where they are. I try to create my own system of checks and balances."

Had Furue decided only that there were three individuals on X-2, three on X-4 and X-17, two on X-10, two on X-14, and two on X-19, thereby adding six stretchers to the original eighteen on the lab floor, he might have had twenty-four stretchers, but as he was adding six X numbers he subtracted two. There were about twenty bones or partial bones (plus some partial jawbones and a few teeth) on Stretcher X-5. These bones included a right humerus, a right radius, a right ulna, and a left humerus. There was approximately the same number of bones (and some additional jawbone fragments and teeth) on Stretcher X-8, including a left ulna and a left radius. There were some tiny bone pieces on Stretcher X-18—the largest was a portion of an innominate measuring approximately two inches by four—and still more jawbone fragments and two teeth. To Furue, the remains on the three stretchers appeared startlingly alike; he was convinced that they all belonged to one man, whom he designated X-5.



The skeleton is the body's internal framework. Its primary function is that of support. Just as beams hold up buildings, the skeleton holds the human body erect. Unlike buildings, however, the body doesn't stay still. Where bones meet bones, joints—"articulations," in the language of physical anthropology—make the skeleton flexible and give it movement. Most bones articulate with other bones in one or more places. At its proximal (or upper) end, the humerus articulates with the scapula. At its distal (or lower) end, it articulates with the radius and the ulna; this articulation is the elbow joint. The radius and the ulna articulate with each other at both their ends. X-5's right humerus and right ulna articulated: they fitted together perfectly. When bones do not articulate, it is obvious; trying to force them to do so is as futile as trying to open a door with a key that doesn't fit the lock. Articulation is a cardinal principle of segregation—one that Furue used as often as possible while he was uncommingling the bones on all the stretchers on the lab floor. Furue would have been able to articulate more bones if so many of those that were present had not lacked ends. In the case of X-5, he couldn't articulate the three long bones of the leg—these meet up in much the same fashion as the arm bones—because X-5 had only a fraction of a left femur and a partial right fibula.

Tadao Furue spent a week piecing together X-5's left and right innominates, major portions of X-5's skull, and its axis—as the second cervical vertebra is known. In 1982, Furue was the only full-time physical anthropologist employed by the United States Army to do identification. The Army didn't have an odontologist, a specialist in the science of teeth, assigned to work full time on identification. Furue had made himself proficient in odontology and took pride in his ability to segregate commingled teeth and to fit into their proper sockets teeth that have been found loose. By the time he finished with X-5, he had not only pieced together portions of the maxillae and a number of upper teeth from X-5 and X-8, and portions of the mandible and lower teeth from X-8 and X-18, but had also taken loose teeth from Stretcher X-1 (the remains numbered X-1, X-5, X-8, and X-18 had been recovered by different sergeants on different days in close proximity) and put them in their proper places—one in X-5's right maxilla, the other in X-5's left maxilla. Furue spent more time on X-5 than on any other set of remains, and recalls this work with special satisfaction. As a high-school student, Furue had planned to be an engineer, but after seeing "Modern Times," Charlie Chaplin's satirical movie about the dehumanizing effects of technology, he decided he wanted to work in a profession that was less mechanical. A remains like X-5 always makes him glad he chose to become a physical anthropologist. "I'm bewitched by the beauty of bones," he often says. "They're not mass-produced cast material. Each set of bones has its own individuality, and so does each set of teeth. Even after a man has lost his life and has lain on a far-off island with others for thirty-eight years, his bones and teeth are often unique, so I may be able to make a human contribution. I may be able to keep him from being forever unknown."

In June, when Furue first saw the remains from the B-24 laid out on the eighteen stretchers at the CIL, he had believed that it would take him three months to identify the remains, if there were no interruptions. There were interruptions, and segregation proved even more difficult than he had originally assumed. When he finished segregating the remains, not a single stretcher on the lab floor had the same bones it had started out with. Originally, Furue had believed that Stretcher X-1 held the remains of only one individual, and had believed the same of Stretcher X-7, but even these stretchers had eventually had skeletal fragments removed: X-1 had provided X-5 with part of the right innominate and with two teeth, and X-3 had supplied X-7 with a right ulna and X-9 with a piece of the left scapula. Even some of the smallest bones had been moved—X-14 contributed a fragment of the right innominate and of the first lumbar vertebra to X-13.

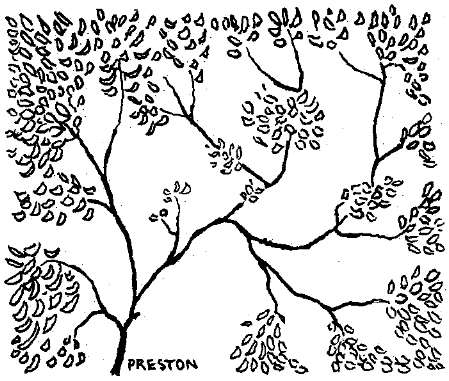
After segregation, there were twenty-two stretchers on the lab floor. Furue had known since the team's return that there were twenty-two men on the manifest of the B-24: the CIL is a small organization and such news travels fast. About forty years earlier, he had read Arthur Conan Doyle and had been impressed by his fictional detective Sherlock Holmes, because Holmes was properly wary of easy assumptions. Twenty years earlier, he had learned that manifests were fallible. While he was working in Japan, he had identified the remains from a Second World War plane crash that was recovered during the mid-nineteen-sixties. There had been twenty-three men on the plane's manifest. When Furue segregated the remains, he discovered that there had been twenty-four men aboard. The twenty-fourth man had been a hitchhiker and was subsequently identified. Furue hadn't found a single bone on any of the original eighteen stretchers from the B-24 which suggested the presence of an unmanifested passenger.

The twenty-two stretchers were numbered X-1, X-2, X-2A, X-2B, X-3, X-4, X-4-17, X-4-17A, X-5, X-6, X-7, X-9, X-10, X-10A, X-11, X-12, X-13, X-14, X-14A, X-15, 16 (Furue had found some commingling on that stretcher, but most of the bones belonged to one individual, not two, and three bones that didn't were now on X-12), X-19, and X-19A. Many stretchers held fewer bones than they had in June. The stretcher that was the most strikingly bare was X-19A. There were six bones on X-19A—a partial left tibia, a partial left ulna, a small section of the left femur, a portion of the right femur, a major portion of the right innominate, and a modest section of the left innominate. There wasn't a tooth on X-19A.

The CIL's hours are from 7 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. Monday through Friday. Furue often stays on alone until the late afternoon, goes home for dinner, and returns to the lab to work into the night. He often works weekends. "X-19A was the hardest case to sell to my evil twin brother," he recalled afterward. "My first impression of the remains, in June, was that there were at least twenty individuals on the stretchers. After several months, I gradually became sure that there were twenty-one. If there had been, I would have finished much sooner. I spent three days in late November checking to see if the six bones on X-19A could possibly belong on one or more of the other stretchers. They couldn't. X-19A's partial right femur and right innominate were morphologically inseparable. No other femur could conceivably match that innominate. Nor could the combination of that femur and innominate fit into the remains on any of the twenty-one other stretchers. The right partial innominates on seventeen stretchers duplicated the sizable part of the right innominate on X-19A. Four other stretchers completely lacked right innominates, but all four had right femurs that duplicated X-19A's partial right femur. On the evening of the third day, as I paced the deserted floor of the lab, I said to myself, 'If I've segregated the remains brought back from Mt. Thumb perfectly, if I've reduced the commingling to zero, each stretcher should now have on it all that the team recovered of what were once twenty-two human beings.' "

FURUE's next concern was to determine from the remains on the twenty-two stretchers precisely what those human beings' physical characteristics had been on March 22, 1944, just before the B-24 crashed into Mt. Thumb.

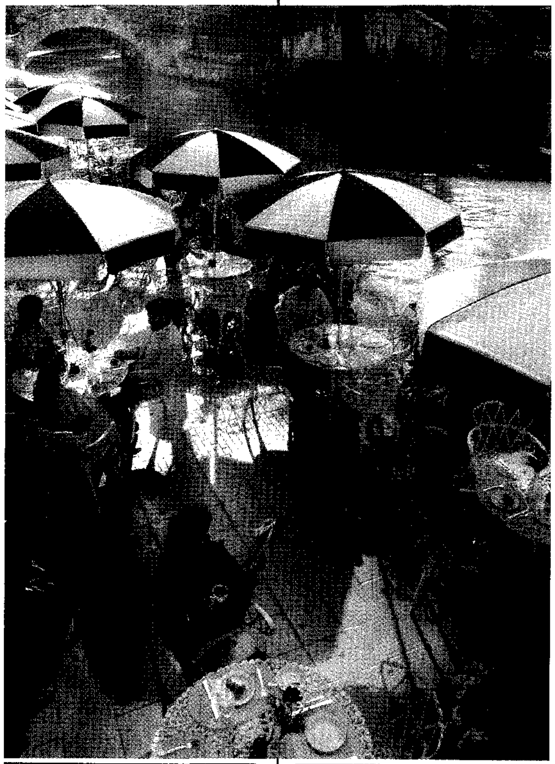
There are five primary characteristics that an experienced physical anthropologist can read from unknown skeletal remains. Some bones (particularly those that form the pelvis) disclose sex. The skull and teeth reveal whether an individual is a Caucasoid, a Negroid, or a Mongoloid (the three major races). In March, 1977, the Vietnamese had turned over what they said were the remains of twelve American pilots to a special commission of prominent American citizens. According to the Vietnamese, these pilots had been shot down over the North between 1965 and 1968, had died in captivity, and had been buried in several cemeteries around Hanoi, one of which was named Van Diem. Furue determined that one of the twelve was a Southeast Asian Mongoloid man who had been at least fifty years old. The special commission had been told that among the people buried in Van Diem were two hundred and fifty civilians killed in American bombing raids on Hanoi. The remains were presumably those of a Vietnamese civilian.



In early June, Furue had checked to make sure that the remains on the twenty-two stretchers at the CIL were all those of white males; they were. The three other primary characteristics that Furue could ascertain from the bones, which he had used to a significant extent in segregating the remains, would be essential in differentiating them. One was age. The bones of the human body are not fully formed in childhood. In children, most bones—including the long bones—consist of a diaphysis (or shaft) and two epiphyses (end portions), which are separated by a thin layer of cartilage known as the epiphyseal plate. It is this arrangement that enables bones to increase in length. As growth occurs, the cartilage disappears and the diaphysis and the epiphyses unite into one bone; eventually, all that is left of the epiphyseal plate is a vestigial line. Studies have shown that "epiphyseal union" takes place in the long bones of young men in an orderly sequence between the ages of about seventeen and twenty-five. Even when individual rates of growth are taken into account, a physical anthropologist can determine the age of young men with a high degree of precision. Furue can recognize the stages of epiphyseal union—from none, through one-quarter, one-half, or three-quarters united or fused, to completely united or fused—and he is often able to judge how long before death unions occurred by assessing the vestigial lines.

Furue is relieved when an unknown set of remains has a clavicle, because clavicular epiphyses fuse later than those of the long bones and are useful in determining the age of remains up to the age of thirty. Like all physical anthropologists, he is especially relieved when he sees an innominate, the bone that has been found to be the most accurate indicator of estimated age—one that may be useful up to the age of fifty. The left and right innominates meet in front to form the pubic symphysis, which undergoes a regular metamorphosis and is one of the most useful areas for determining the age of an adult even past the age of fifty.

In life, the younger a person is, the easier it is to assess his age correctly. One may misjudge a baby's age, but not by more than a couple of months. One may overestimate or underestimate the age of a sixteen-year-old, but usually not by more than a couple of years. A person who is forty-five may look fifty or fifty-five, whereas another forty-five-year-old may appear to be thirty-five or forty. In death, too, as a general rule, the younger an individual is, the more accurately Furue can assess his age from his skeletal remains. After Furue studied the bones on Stretchers X-2A and X-4, he estimated the ages of both individuals as between twenty and twenty-two, which is to say that he believed they were at least twenty years old but had not yet reached their twenty-third birthdays. After studying the bones on X-2 and X-3, Furue estimated the ages of both those individuals as between twenty-five and thirty. He could occasionally be fairly precise in estimating the ages of older individuals, especially if a large number of bones was present. "The more bones the better," Furue says. "I need quantity as well as quality. If I have a lot of bones, I can see whether the aging criteria are consistent." Furue was able to estimate X-12's age as between thirty and thirty-five, because there were many bones on Stretcher X-12, including both clavicles, and it was one of just three remains on the twenty-two stretchers that had well-preserved pubic symphyses. Furue could estimate X-10A's age only as between twenty-five and thirty-five. There were just ten partial bones on X-10A, no pubic symphysis, and no scapula (another bone that Furue finds useful for assess-



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ing age in the mid- and late twenties), and the partial right clavicle on X-10A, in Furue's words, "lacked usable areas for estimating age." He recorded the age of each of the twenty-two remains on a "working form"—a copy of Department of Defense Form 892 (a "Record of Identification Processing").

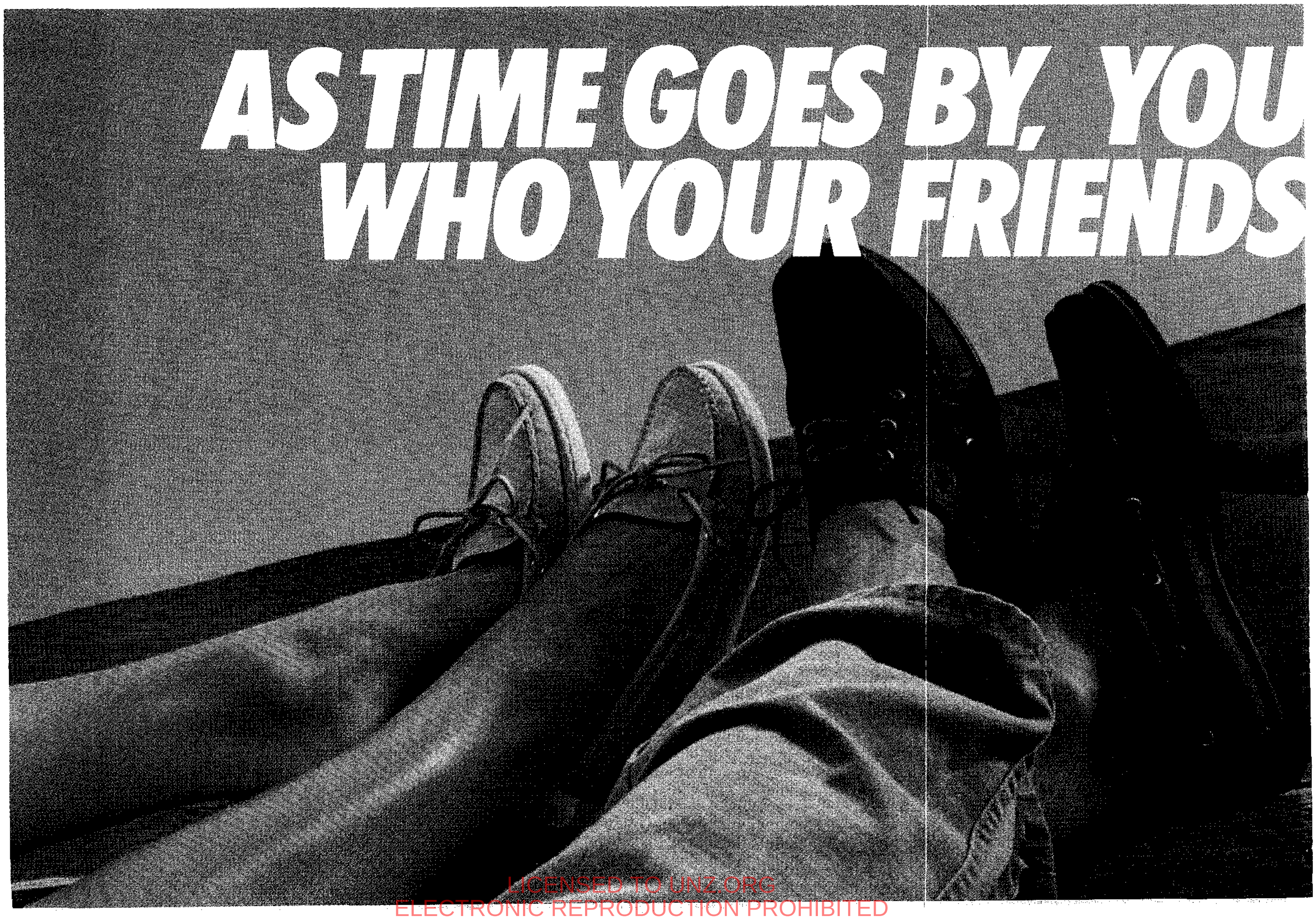
THE second characteristic Tadao Furue recorded on a working form of 892 was the height of each remains. Anatomists have been measuring bones for centuries—in 1755, an anatomy professor at the Louvre published some measurements he had made for the purpose of providing artists with a means of rendering the human body in correct proportions—and generations of artists and anatomists have known that there is a correlation between an individual's stature and the length of his long bones. It wasn't until the late nineteenth century that physical anthropologists in Europe attempted to estimate stature from the long bones, and it wasn't until the middle of the twentieth century that an American physical anthropologist—Dr. Mildred Trotter—was presented with a sufficient number of subjects to enable her to devise reliable algebraic formulas that could be used to estimate the living height of an unknown from his bones.

In 1948, Dr. Trotter, a professor of anatomy at Washington University in St. Louis, was assigned to Honolulu, where Second World War remains from the Pacific theatre which had been temporarily buried overseas were being brought back by the Army Graves Registration Service for preparation for final burial. Dr. Trotter measured the bones of hundreds of these servicemen, who had been measured upon their induction into military service, and whose identities had never been in question. The vast majority of the men were white; the rest were black. From her research, Dr. Trotter concluded that the relationship of stature to long-limb bones differs sufficiently among men of different races to require different formulas, and also that the lengths of the lower-limb bones are more highly correlated with stature than are the lengths of the upper-limb bones; therefore arm bones should not be used in the estimation of stature unless no leg bones are available.

The formulas derived from the measurements that Dr. Trotter made in 1948 and 1949 were published in 1952. The table for white males is given in centimetres and is arranged in order of increasing standard error of estimate. It looks like this:

1.30 (Femur + Tibia) + 63.29	± 2.99
2.38 Femur + 61.41	± 3.27
2.68 Fibula + 71.78	± 3.29
2.52 Tibia + 78.62	± 3.37
3.08 Humerus + 70.45	± 4.05
3.70 Ulna + 74.05	± 4.32
3.78 Radius + 79.01	± 4.32

X-1 had a femur that measured 46 centimetres and a tibia that measured 36.5 centimetres. Using the Trotter formula, Furue added these two numbers (which came to 82.5 cms.), multiplied 82.5 cm. by 1.30 (which came to 107.25 cm.), added 63.29 cm., and got X-1's height: 170.54 cm. According to the Trotter formula, X-1's height should have been no more than 2.99 cm. greater or less than 170.54 cm. There are 2.54 centimetres per inch, so Furue divided 170.54 by 2.54 and got X-1's height in inches: 67.1. The margin for error was 2.99 cm., or 1.17 inches. Because X-5 had only fragments of the lower limbs, Furue had to use a humerus. It measured 35 cm. He

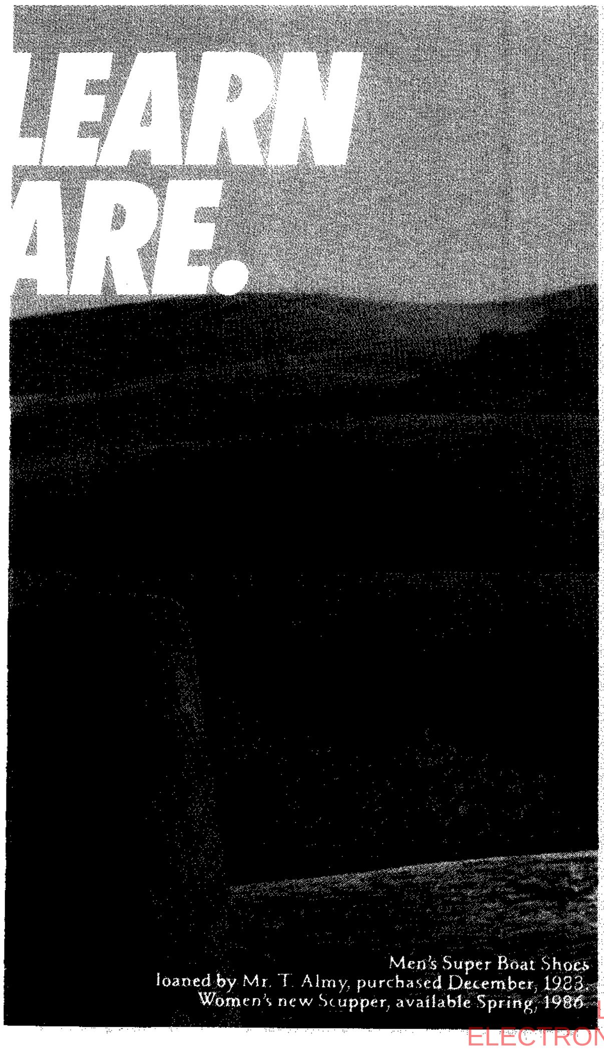


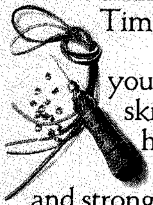
multiplied 35 cm. by 3.08 and added 70.45 cm., divided by 2.54, and got X-5's height in inches—70.2. The margin for error was 4.05 cm.—1.59 inches. He was able to use a femur plus tibia to estimate the height of six sets of remains and a femur to estimate the height of eleven others. He had to make do with a fibula once, a tibia once, and a humerus twice. In only one instance did he have to resort to a radius, where the margin for error is 4.32 cm., or 1.70 inches.

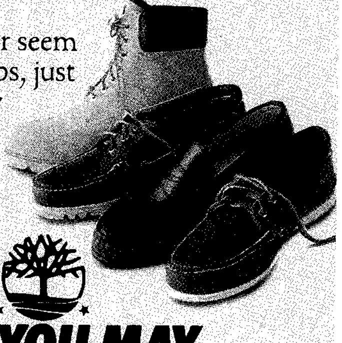
Before Furue was able to employ any of the Trotter formulas, he had to measure the available long bones. Measuring a bone is somewhat trickier than measuring a desk. Bones cannot be measured with rulers. On the other hand, once one has mastered the art of positioning and rotating bones on a device called an osteometric board to obtain their maximum lengths, measuring bones is a great deal easier than estimating the lengths of complete bones from partial bones. During segregation, Furue had been able to measure only four long bones—X-2A's right femur and X-4-17's left femur, tibia, and radius. (He obtained X-4-17's height by using his left femur and tibia; he also measured X-4-17's radius and figured out his height from the radius, but only as one of his numerous self-imposed checks and balances.) He had to estimate the lengths of fifty-six bones before he could estimate the heights of the twenty other remains. There are formulas for calculating the length of long bones from partial bones, but Furue doesn't use them, because he has found them unreliable. Instead, he studies the surface contour of each partial bone. He is familiar with the precise location of all its "landmarks"—its projections and ridges and the openings through which it receives nutrients—and with the distinctive way in which each long bone tapers. He then compares a partial bone with a similar complete specimen bone in the CIL's collection. He says he is usually able to estimate the length of a bone if he has at least one-third of it.

There are no formulas to help Furue assess muscularity, the third, and last, major characteristic to be recorded on the working forms, from the remains on the stretchers. He simply holds a bone in one hand, looks at the ridges (to which the individual's muscles were once attached), does the same with many of the other bones on that stretcher, and decides whether they belonged to a man who was of slight muscularity/slender build; of average muscularity/medium build; or of well-developed muscularity/heavy build. He sometimes subdivides builds; for example, a set of bones may strike him as being of sub-average muscularity/medium build. He has been asked if dieting changes the appearance of bones, and has answered that it doesn't. "Prolonged starvation in a prison camp might change the bony substrata, but in estimating muscularity I've never been fooled by weight changes in my years of handling military remains," he says.

ALL methods of identification use the basic process of comparison. The identification of human skeletal remains requires the matching of physical characteristics derived from the remains with physical characteristics that are a matter of record. Before the search-and-recovery team left for Papua New Guinea in April, the CIL had obtained the Missing Air Crew Report for a B-24 with the serial number 42-41081—the plane that had crashed into Mt. Thumb—and also the missing-in-action files of its crew







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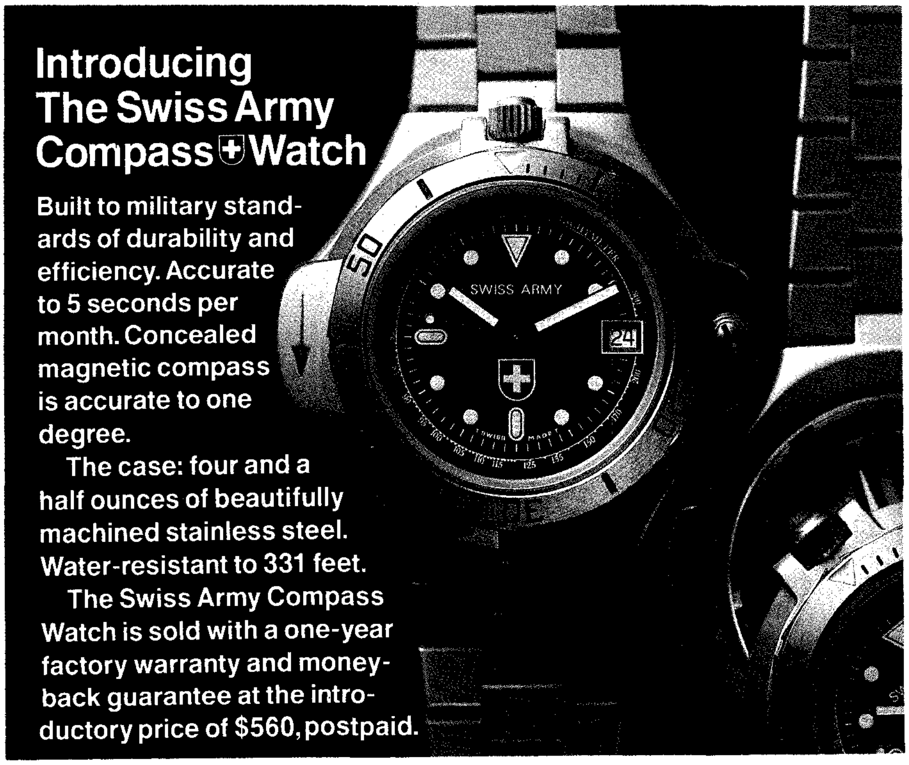

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of three and its nineteen passengers. The files held a fair amount of information about each serviceman. Every file had the man's rank, serial number, date of birth, height, and weight, and the name and address of at least one of his next of kin. While Furue was recording the estimated age, height, and muscularity for the twenty-two remains, Leslie Stewart was examining the men's ante-mortem records. It was much simpler to put the physical characteristics from the records on paper in such a way as to enable Furue to compare the records of the twenty-two men easily with the readings from the remains than it had been to elicit the information from the remains. Stewart looked up each man's date of birth and figured out the man's age on March 22, 1944. He wrote down each man's height and weight. Furue verified Stewart's figures. Three of the men had been measured and weighed more than once. Furue used the greater height and the highest weight when he calculated each man's body-build index, because they were the most recent and, with a few exceptions, he had learned that the latest figures on a record were the most accurate. These numbers would be compared to Furue's readings of muscularity from the remains. To obtain each man's body-build index, he employed a mathematical formula that had been devised by a German physical anthropologist named Fritz Rohrer in 1921. The formula—weight in grams divided by height in centimetres cubed, and the quotient multiplied by a hundred ($g/cm^3 \times 100$)—yielded twenty-two body-build indices, which ranged from 1.00 to 1.67: the lower the number, the more slightly built the man. Figures between 1.00 and 1.15 indicated slender men, figures from 1.15 up to about 1.40 men of medium build, and figures over 1.40 those of heavy build. The most recent record of one of the three tallest men on the plane showed that his height was seventy-two inches; his last recorded weight was a hundred and eighty pounds.

180 lbs. = 81.6 kg., or 81,600 g.
$100 \times 81,600 = 8,160,000$.
72 in. = 182.88 cm.
$182.88^3 = 6,116,438.863$.
8,160,000 divided by 6,116,438.863 = 1.33.

So 1.33 was the man's Rohrer body-build index. Furue and his calculator are seldom parted.

Furue filled out a few pages of legal-size paper with a combination of information from the records and body-build indices. (He had used two other indices besides Rohrer's, as a check and balance.) He arranged the information from the records in order of the men's heights, because he regarded height as the most significant single physical characteristic in these identifications. There were three men in the very tall group, ten in the medium-tall group, eight in the medium-short group, and one very short man. Here is an abridged version of the relevant data that Furue wrote down:

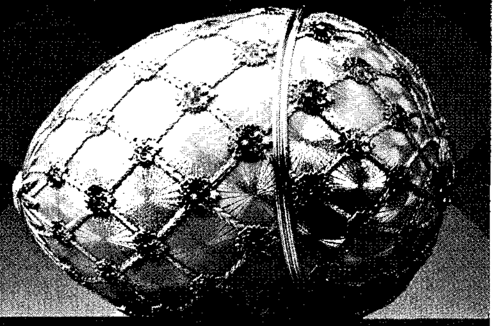
NAME	HEIGHT IN INCHES	WEIGHT IN POUNDS	ROHRER BODY-BUILD INDEX	AGE (years, months, days)
Allred, Robert E.	72	180	1.33	28-4-25
Holm, Keith T.	72	142	1.05	23-6-28
Shrake, William M.	72	135	1.00	20-7-29
—				
Frazier, Weldon W.	71	156	1.21	25-2-27
Kachorek, Joseph E., Jr.	70½	212	1.67	32-8-16
Young, Emory C.	70½	159	1.26	21-0-28
Atkins, Harold	70	170	1.37	23-0-27
Carpenter, Thomas J., Jr.	70	152	1.23	22-8-5
Samples, Charles, Jr.	70	141	1.14	24-5-28
Loop, Carlin E.	69½	161	1.33	26-3-5
Landrum, Harvey E.	69½	140	1.15	24-8-23
Thompson, Robert C.	69½	130	1.07	22-7-16
Walker, Melvin F.	69	145	1.22	28-0-25
—				
Steiner, Charles R.	68	162	1.43	26-5-18
Ginter, Frank	67½	155	1.40	27-3-2
Staseowski, John J.	67	173	1.59	29-7-11
Barnard, Charles R.	67	148	1.36	23-10-0
Butler, Clint P.	67	120	1.10	20-8-22
Gross, Stanley G.	66½	141	1.33	26-1-18
Lawrence, Stanley C.	66¼	139	1.32	25-1-12
Mettam, Joseph B.	66	168	1.62	24-3-24
—				
Geis, Raymond J., Jr.	64	139	1.47	21-0-0

Furue arranged the working forms in the numerical order of the twenty-two stretchers, from X-1 to X-19A. Then he compared the physical characteristics of the remains to the data from the records, starting with X-1.

According to Furue's reading of the remains, the man on X-1 had been 67.1 inches tall, he had been of medium build, and he had been between twenty-three and twenty-six years old on the day of the crash. In a crowded room, a person might not notice the difference in height between a man who is five feet seven inches and one who is five feet nine inches. A two-inch difference in height appears much greater on the bones, and therefore a less conscientious physical anthropologist might not have bothered to compare the man on X-1 with the three men in the very tall category, or even with the ten men in the medium-tall category. Furue, however, compared the man on X-1 with the record of each of the twenty-two men whose names had been on the manifest of 41081, starting with Allred. "The more I do, the less chance there is of error creeping in," he says. "Who knows when an extra look at remains will help me to detect a mistake I may have made in segregation?" Robert E. Allred was not only much too tall to be X-1 but also too old. Keith T. Holm was too tall and too slight of build. William M. Shrake was too tall and too slight (Furue had never seen a lower Rohrer index than Shrake's) and too young.

In the medium-tall category, Weldon W. Frazier was too tall and Joseph E. Kachorek, Jr., was too tall, too heavy, and much too old to be the man in X-1. When Furue compared the readings of the remains on twenty-one of the stretchers on the lab floor with Kachorek's record, Kachorek was easy to rule out. At two hundred and twelve pounds and thirty-two years eight months and sixteen days, he was more heavily built than anyone else on the plane and more than three years older than the next-oldest man. Kachorek's Rohrer index was the highest that Furue had ever come across. Emory C. Young was too tall and too young to be the man on X-1; Harold Atkins was too tall; Thomas J. Carpenter, Jr., was too tall and a little on the young side; Charles Samples, Jr., was too tall and too slightly built; Carlin E. Loop was too tall and a little on the old side. Harvey E. Landrum was too tall and too slender, and so was Robert C. Thompson (who was also a bit young). Melvin F. Walker was too tall and too old.

When Furue turned to the medium-short group, he had to consider body-build index and age more closely. X-1



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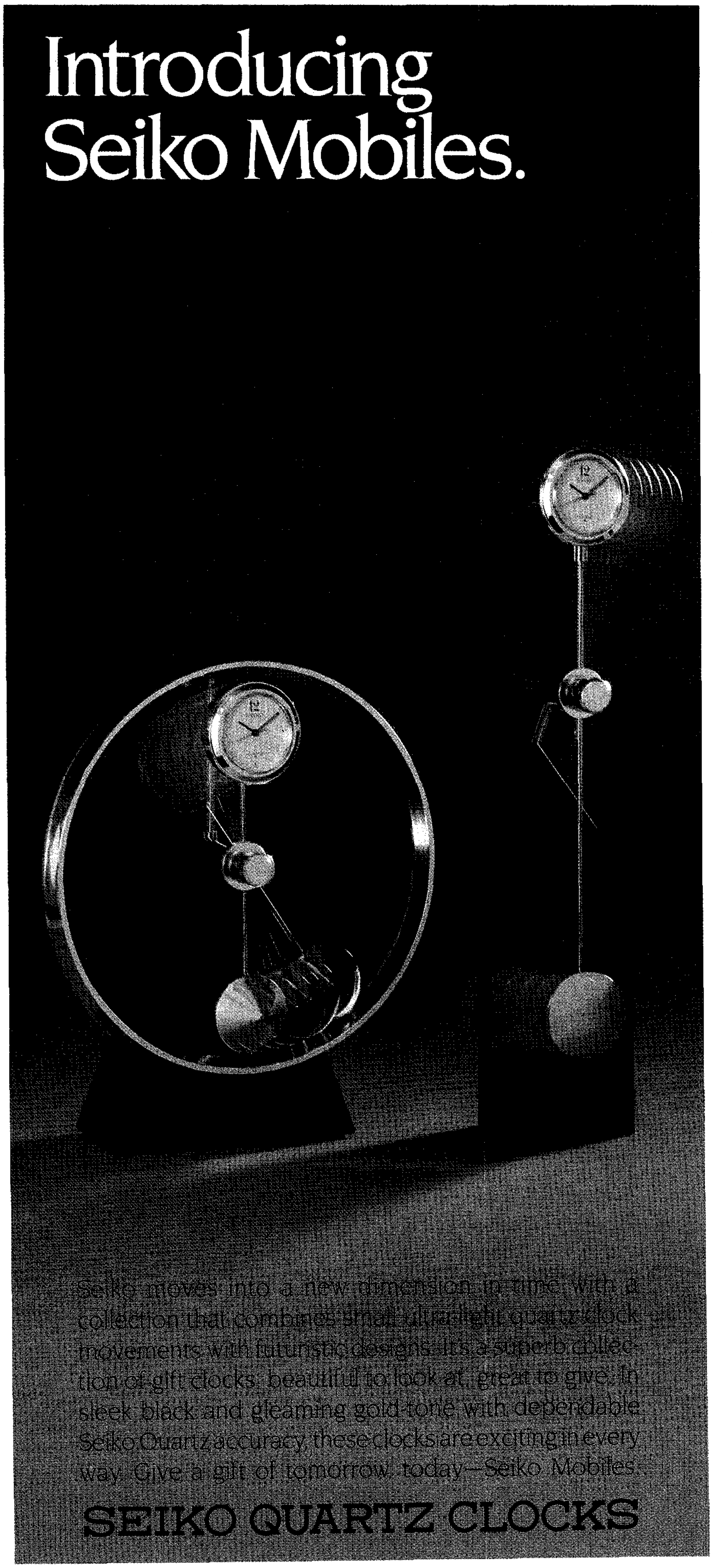

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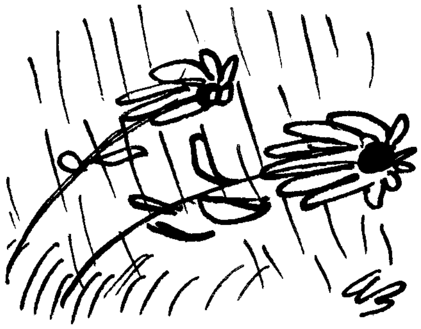
was about halfway between the tallest man in the group (who was sixty-eight inches) and the shortest (who was sixty-six inches), so none of the eight could be ruled out on the basis of height. Charles R. Steiner was a little too heavily built and too old, Frank Ginter was too old, and John J. Stasewski was far too heavily built and too old. Charles R. Barnard was of medium build, as was the man on X-1, and at twenty-three years and ten months he fell within X-1's age bracket. Furue thought that the man on X-1 might be Barnard, but he went on to compare the man on X-1 with the records of the four other men in the medium-short group. Clint P. Butler was too slight and too thin. Furue considered Stanley G. Gross a bit too slender to be the man on X-1, but still a candidate. Stanley C. Lawrence's build was also a bit slighter than medium, but his age was within X-1's age bracket; he, too, might be the man on X-1. Joseph B. Mettam was far too heavily built to be the man on X-1.

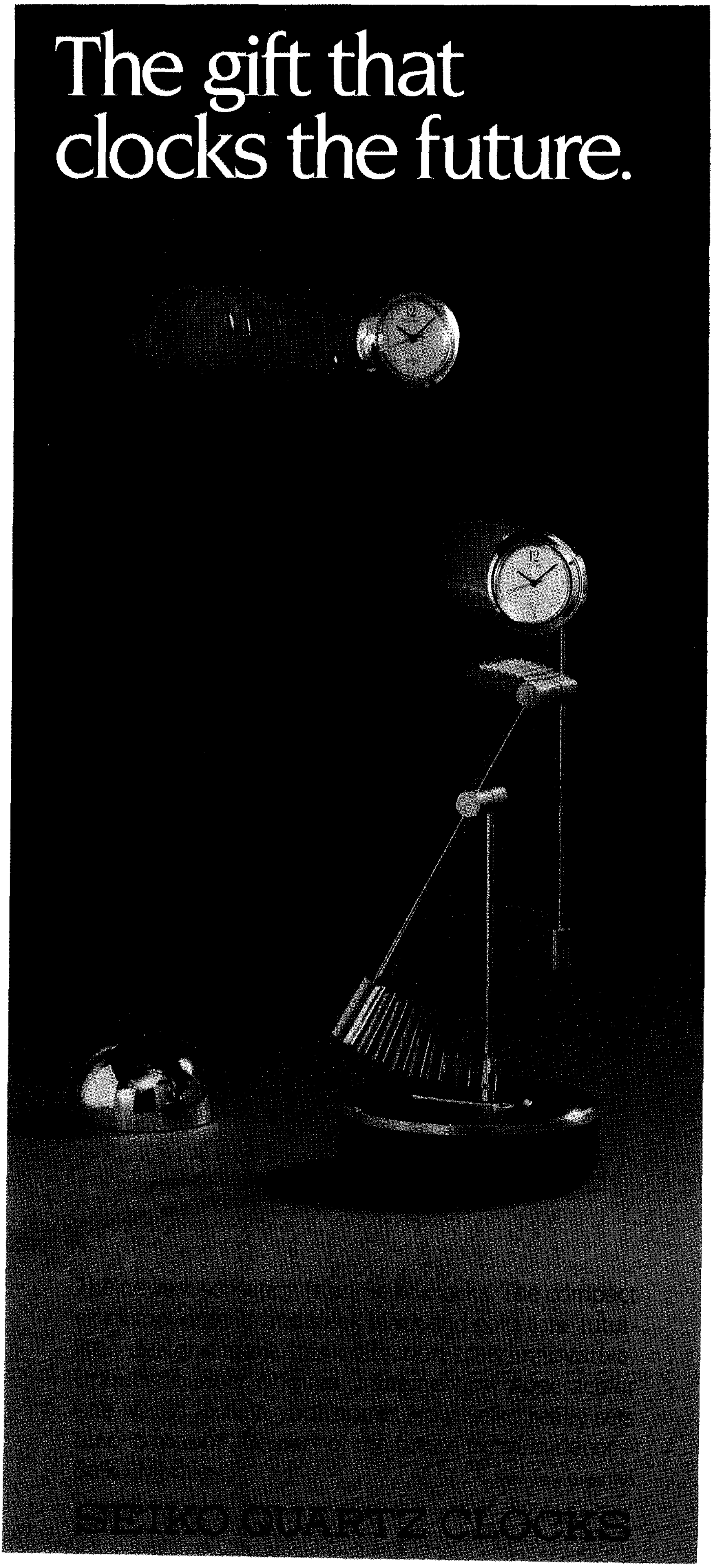
Raymond J. Geis, Jr., was about two inches shorter than anyone else on the plane. It was easy to rule him out against X-1—and against twenty of the twenty-one other unidentified remains. He was also one of the three youngest men on the plane. Furue sometimes describes himself as "a cold-blooded scientist." It is an inaccurate description. When he wrote down Geis's age, he had thought how sad it was for a man to die on his twenty-first birthday. Although twenty is the age when one officially becomes an adult in Japan, Furue remembered how happy he had been when he celebrated not only his twentieth birthday but also his twenty-first.

WHILE Tadao Furue was still recording the estimated ages, heights, and builds of the twenty-two sets of remains, Leslie Stewart was charting the teeth on the stretchers. Going over Stewart's work, Furue noticed that four stretchers had at least sixteen teeth on them and that nine had between one and fifteen. Nine stretchers had no teeth, although two had small jaw fragments. Stewart also charted the dental records of the men on 41081. When Furue reviewed them, he saw that the files of two passengers contained no dental records. Forms in the files of eleven other men showed only what teeth they had had extracted. When Furue had previously compared the dental remains of Second World War soldiers with their dental records, he had learned that men with extraction-only records did not have otherwise perfect teeth. He had learned that two of the forms put in missing-in-action files in the nineteen-forties did not lend themselves to thorough dental charting: the people who filled out these forms could easily record extractions, but there was little room on either form for them to record other dental work that might have been done. The records of only nine of the men on the plane contained dental charts from their years in the armed services which showed fillings, crowns, or other forms of dental restoration or treatment as well as extractions.

Despite the abundance of information visible on bones which enables a Tadao Furue to make reliable determinations of sex, race, age, height, and muscularity, the information is often not specific enough to lead to a precise identification. According to the bones, the man on X-1 could be Charles Barnard, Stanley Gross, or Stanley Lawrence. Personal identification from skeletal remains is more likely to be accomplished by a study of dentition. The effectiveness of dental identification is naturally related to the recovery of dental remains, which had been limited on Mt. Thumb, and to the calibre of the dental records, which had been dismal for the men on 41081.

Furue does not permit himself to be discouraged easily by things in life he cannot change. He goes on with his work. His next task was to compare the dental charts from the remains with the dental charts from the records. In dentistry, each tooth is assigned a number to simplify its designation. Under the current system used by the armed services, the upper teeth are, from right to left, No. 1 to No. 16. No. 1 is the right third molar (or wisdom tooth), No. 2 is the right second molar, No. 3 is the





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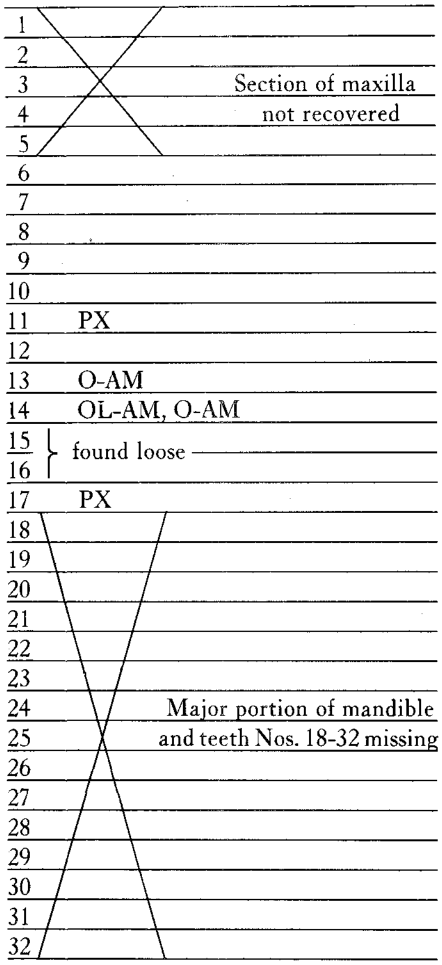
right first molar, No. 4 and No. 5 are the second and first right bicuspids, No. 6 is the right bicuspid, No. 7 is the right lateral incisor, No. 8 and No. 9 are the central incisors (the upper "two front teeth"), and so on over to No. 16, the left third molar (or wisdom tooth). The lower teeth are No. 17 to No. 32, this time going from left to right. No. 17 is the left third molar (another wisdom tooth), No. 18 is the left second molar, No. 24 and No. 25 are the bottom "two front teeth," and No. 32 is the right third molar (the fourth wisdom tooth). The most commonly extracted teeth are the four wisdom teeth—No. 1, No. 16, No. 17, and No. 32. Furue has learned that they were the most unreliably charted during the Second World War. Wisdom teeth usually erupt between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, but may erupt as late as the age of twenty-five—or, if they are impacted, not at all. Military dentists often marked a young man's wisdom teeth extracted when in fact they had not yet erupted. The teeth of servicemen were rarely X-rayed in the early forties, so the mistake was an easy one to make.

The teeth from the records and those from the remains had been charted on a Department of Defense Form 897—a "Physical and Dental Comparison Chart." The greater part of the form is taken up with thirty-two lines for charting the teeth. Its left half is for the dental information elicited from the remains, its right half for the dental information from the records. When Furue began his attempt to systematically associate the twenty-two names of the men on 41081's manifest with the remains on the twenty-two stretchers, he had established a "command post"—a table covered by a white sheet, at one side of the lab floor. From his chair at the command post he could see the rows of stretchers. He had filled out a Form 897 for each of the twenty-two men with the man's name on it and only the right side of the form filled in. He now laid the forms out on the table in two rows of eleven. The forms were arranged in order of the men's height. To hold the forms down and let him read them at a glance, he covered each row with a piece of Plexiglas. Furue had made up another set of 897s in the numerical order of the stretchers, from X-1 to X-19A. Only the left side of these forms was filled in. He proceeded to compare the 897s from the remains with the 897s from the men's records, starting with X-1.

This was X-1's form 897:



1	
2	
3	Section of maxilla
4	not recovered
5	
6	
7	
8	
9	
10	
11	PX
12	
13	O-AM
14	OL-AM, O-AM
15	found loose
16	
17	PX
18	
19	
20	
21	
22	
23	
24	Major portion of mandible
25	and teeth Nos. 18-32 missing
26	
27	
28	
29	
30	
31	
32	

If Furue writes nothing next to a tooth, that signifies that no dental work has been performed on it; such teeth are known as "virgins." Of the teeth on Stretcher X-1, Teeth No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 12, No. 15, and No. 16 were virgins; six of them had been found in the maxillae, two had been found loose. The symbol PX next to a tooth indicates that the tooth is "posthumously missing;" the tooth had been in place up to the time of the crash, but had come loose upon or after impact and had not been recovered by the search-and-recovery team. Anatomically, a tooth consists of two main parts—the root or roots, which are mostly embedded in the bony structure of the jaw, and the crown, which is mostly above the surface. It was easy for Furue to tell that Teeth No. 11 and No. 17 on X-1 were posthumously missing, because there were large empty sockets where they had been. If X-1's maxillae had shown that a tooth or teeth had been extracted, Furue would have written an "X" over the relevant number or numbers. Not only is it easy for him to distinguish between a tooth that is posthumously missing and one that has been extracted but he can judge whether the extraction is recent or old. If the extraction is recent, the bone has begun to repair itself and to fill in the socket; if the extraction is old, the bone has finished its job, and the spot on the maxilla or the mandible where the tooth had once been is smooth. He can also see whether teeth have been extracted or have decayed and fallen out; dentists leave telltale signs when they pull teeth. Sometimes, when only a mandible and the lower teeth are recovered they may give Furue information about the upper teeth. If he sees that No. 19 is at a higher elevation than No. 18 and No. 20 and shows less wear than its neighbors, he will suspect that No. 14, the tooth that No. 19 should touch on the left maxilla, has been missing for some time before death, because teeth tend to rise when their opposite numbers are not there for them to meet up with.

Furue, in his role as odontologist, charts the type of substance used to fill teeth and the surface or surfaces of the teeth which have been filled. The substances used to fill teeth in the nineteen-forties included "AM" (dental shorthand for "amalgam," an alloy composed primarily of silver and tin mixed with mercury, used predominantly on posterior teeth) and "SIL" (for silicate, a cement used on anterior teeth because it is similar in shade to the teeth). A tooth has five surfaces, which have been named to indicate the direction each surface faces. The mesial surface (M) is the surface of a tooth nearest the midline of the dental arch. The distal surface (D) is the surface farthest away from the middle of the arch. The lingual surface (L) faces toward the tongue. The facial surface (F) of a posterior tooth faces toward the cheek, of an anterior tooth toward the lips. The occlusal surface (O), the chewing surface of posterior teeth, meets and touches teeth of the opposite jaw. Occlusal amalgam fillings are the most common. The man on X-1 had one such filling on tooth No. 13 and another on No. 14. On No. 14, X-1 also had an amalgam filling that went into two surfaces, the lingual and the occlusal. Furue has worked on numerous dental remains with fillings on all five surfaces of a single tooth and has on rare occasions seen a tooth with eight fillings. He is able to determine whether a filling is recent or old by the amount of grinding, or attrition, it shows.

Although Furue had ruled out the probability that the man on X-1 was any of the members of the very tall group or of the medium-tall group, any of five of the men in the medium-short group, or the very short Geis, because of either one, two, or three physical discrepancies, he didn't compare X-1's dental remains only with the dental records under the Plexiglas on his command post for Charles Barnard, Stanley Gross, and Stanley Lawrence, the three likely candidates to be the man on X-1. The bones of the skull are morphologically related to the other bones of the body, and an individual's teeth age consistently with his bones—facts that Furue had taken into account during segregation. Only four stretchers had an atlas, as the first cervical vertebra is known, and only one of these four also had an occipital bone, the bone that forms the back and base of the skull and articulates with the atlas. Furue acknowledged the possibility that he might have mistakenly put the wrong jawbones and teeth on a stretcher. He compared X-1's Form 897 with all the 897s on the command post; this was yet another check and balance.

Once again, he began with Robert Allred, whose dental record was complete and contradicted X-1's in many ways. Allred had one filling on No. 6, No. 8, and No. 9, and two fillings on No. 10, No. 12, and No. 15; these six teeth were virgins in the man on X-1. Allred had one filling, an O-AM, in No. 14, whereas the man on X-1 had two, an OL-AM and an O-AM. Allred's record also showed that he had had six teeth extracted—all four wisdom teeth and No. 7 and No. 13. Furue did not place much value on the discrepancy between Allred's No. 14 and X-1's No. 14: it was conceivable that the man on X-1 had had an OL-AM filling after Allred's last dental examination. Allred's teeth No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 12, No. 13, and No. 15 could not, however, have been X-1's. Teeth that have been filled can never again be virgins, and teeth that have been extracted do not reappear. Furue's experience had taught him that except in the case of wisdom teeth dentists were quite accurate in recording extractions unless a tooth—say, No. 19—had decayed and been pulled, No. 18 had drifted into the position of the lost tooth, and a dentist had subsequently marked No. 18 as having been extracted instead of No. 19.

Keith Holm's dental record showed only one thing—that he was missing No. 16; X-1 had this tooth, but it was an unreliable wisdom tooth. Holm, who had been ruled out physically, couldn't be ruled out dentally. William Shrake's dental record, another of the complete ones, was not X-1's. The major discrepancy was that Shrake had a filling on No. 15 and the man on X-1 did not. According to Weldon Frazier's dental record, he was missing all four wisdom teeth. Because the dentist had recorded the dates on which he pulled Frazier's No. 17 (June 8, 1943) and No. 32 (June 16, 1943), Furue regarded these extractions as reliable. Frazier, therefore, was not the man on X-1, whose No. 17 was posthumously missing. Joseph Kachorek's dental record was distinguished by ten extractions, including No. 8, No. 13, and No. 14, teeth that were present in X-1. (Kachorek, it occurred to Furue, was unique dentally as well as physically.) Emory Young's dental record showed him not to be X-1; the principal discrepancy was that Young had a virgin on No. 14 and the man on X-1 didn't. Harold Atkins and Thomas Carpenter were the two passengers on the plane who lacked dental records. Charles Samples had a DO-AM filling on No. 13. The distal surface hadn't been filled on X-1's No. 13, and signs of fillings on tooth surfaces cannot disappear. In addition, Samples' record showed the date that his No. 16 was pulled (January 4, 1944) and the date his No. 17 was pulled (November 24, 1942). The dental records of Carlin Loop and Harvey Landrum revealed only that each of these men had had two wisdom teeth extracted, and didn't lend themselves to comparison with X-1. Robert Thompson's record also showed only two teeth extracted: No. 18, which couldn't be compared with X-1's unrecovered No. 18; and No. 16, a wisdom tooth, on which Furue placed little value. (There were no dates on the extraction-only records of Holm, Loop, Landrum, and Thompson.) Melvin Walker had two fillings on No. 15, the man on X-1 had none; Walker was not the man on X-1. Charles Steiner's record showed only two extractions, but one was No. 14, present in the man on X-1. Like Kachorek, Frank Ginter had had ten teeth extracted, including No. 14, so he could not be X-1. (The first molars—No. 3, No. 14, No. 19, and No. 30—come in when one is six, and get six more years of wear, and, often, of childish neglect, than the second molars, which come in when one is twelve; after the wisdom teeth, the first molars are the teeth most frequently extracted.) John Staseowski's record was another of the undated-extraction-only variety; his Tooth No. 16 (an unreliable wisdom tooth) had been pulled. There were six other extractions, and they were of teeth that hadn't been recovered for X-1, but Staseowski was approaching thirty when he was killed, and the teeth on X-1 were those of a younger man. The next dental chart on Furue's table was Charles Barnard's.

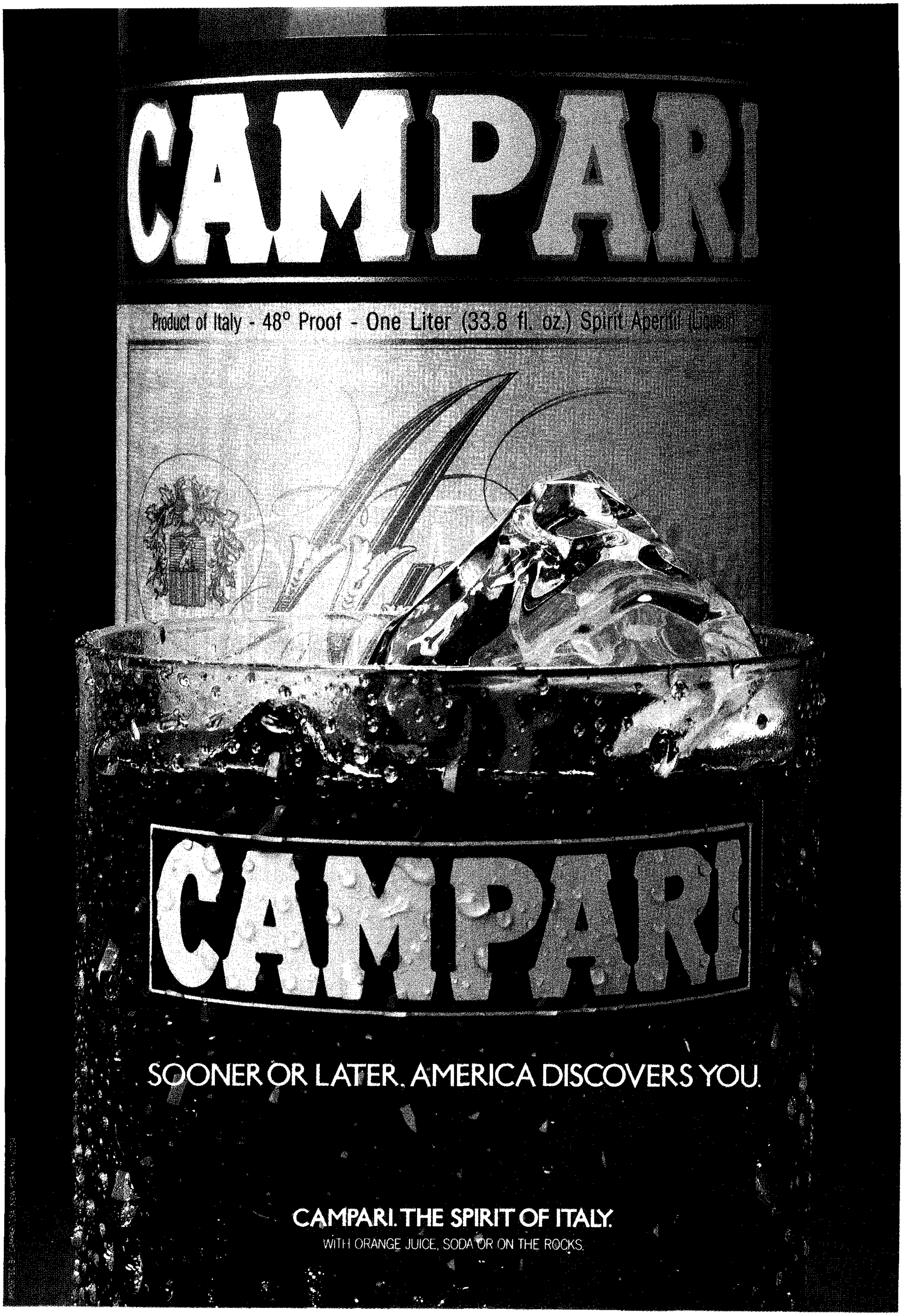
This is what Furue saw when he placed the first seventeen lines of X-1's 897 next to the first seventeen lines of Charles Barnard's record:

X-1's Form 897 for 1-17		Charles Barnard's Form 897 for 1-17	
1		1	O-AM
2		2	O-AM
3	not recovered	3	O-AM, L-AM
4		4	
5		5	
6		6	
7		7	
8		8	
9		9	
10		10	
11	PX	11	
12		12	
13	O-AM	13	O-AM
14	OL-AM, O-AM	14	OL-AM, O-AM
15	found loose	15	
16		~~16~~	
17	PX	17	O-AM

Of the twelve teeth on X-1 that could be compared with Barnard's record, nine agreed perfectly. No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 12, and No. 15 were virgins on X-1 and on Barnard's record. No. 11 and No. 17 were posthumously missing on X-1 and therefore could not be compared precisely with Barnard's record (on which No. 11 was a virgin and No. 17 had an O-AM filling), but there was agreement in that the man on X-1 had had those teeth at the time of the crash. No. 14 was identical. The one tooth on which there was a discrepancy was No. 16. According to Barnard's record, No. 16 had been extracted. No. 16 was present on X-1. Tadao Furue was inclined to believe that this was an instance of a dentist's marking a wisdom tooth extracted when it had not yet erupted. It is an important feature of dental identification that there be no inconsistencies that cannot be adequately explained between an ante-mortem record and recovered dental remains. Furue thought it likely that the man on X-1 was Barnard, and kept on going. Clint Butler's limited record showed only that Tooth No. 30 had been extracted; his record couldn't be compared with X-1's. Stanley Gross's record showed only four extractions—of No. 1, No. 16, No. 19, and No. 30—and the notation that No. 32 had been treated on January 23, 1944, for pericoronitis, a painful inflammation that often occurs when a tooth is breaking through the gum. Gross couldn't be ruled out dentally, because X-1 was missing his No. 1, his No. 16 was unreliable, and his No. 19, No. 30, and No. 32 had not been recovered. Stanley Lawrence's record showed that he was missing eight teeth, including No. 12 and No. 13, which X-1 had; Lawrence was not X-1. Joseph Mettam's dental record consisted of three extractions—two wisdom teeth and No. 9, which was present on X-1. Raymond Geis's record showed only that he had four teeth extracted—three wisdom teeth and No. 19, which X-1 did not have. Geis could not be ruled out dentally.

Furue had eliminated nineteen men physically against X-1; eleven of them had also been ruled out dentally. The twentieth man, Lawrence, could have been the man on X-1 physically but had been ruled out dentally. Furue now put a red index card with Charles Barnard's name on Stretcher X-1, even though his vicious twin reminded him that there was still a slim possibility that Stanley Gross was the man on X-1. If Furue had been less certain of X-1's identity, he would have put a blue card on it. No matter what the color of the card on the stretcher, as he turned to X-2 he would treat X-1 as if there were no card on it, and would compare Barnard's physical and dental record with the records of the dental remains on all the other stretchers.

AFTER comparing his reading of X-2's remains with the physical records of all twenty-two men, just as



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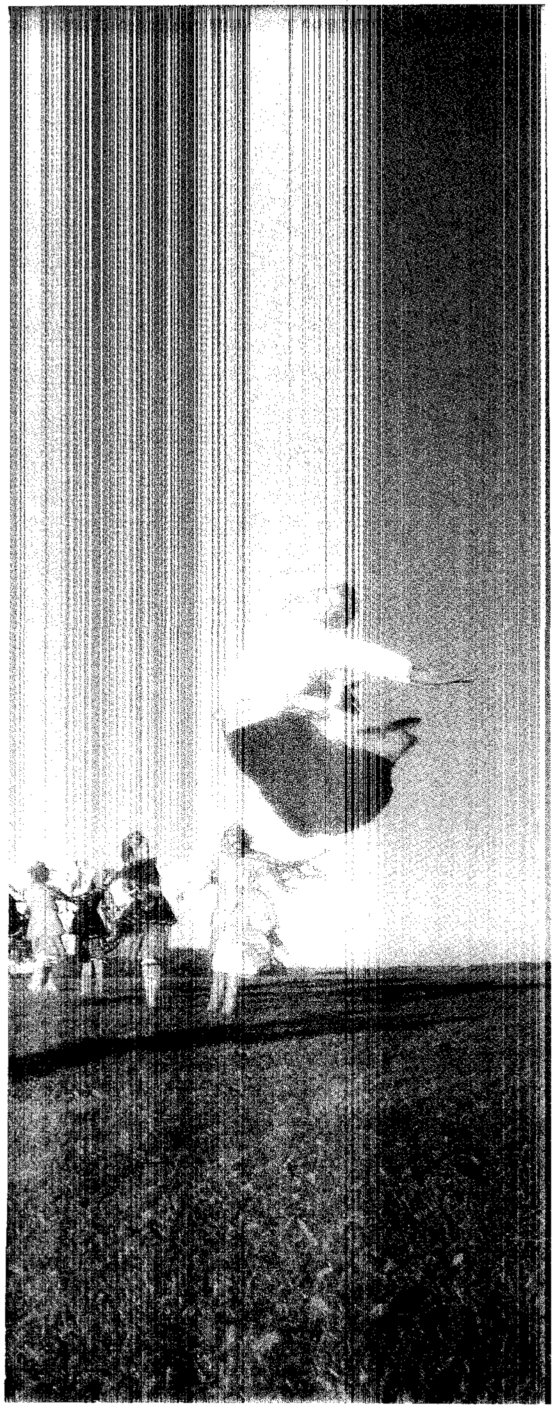

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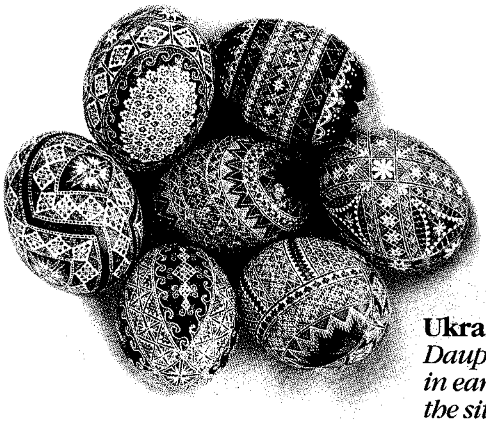

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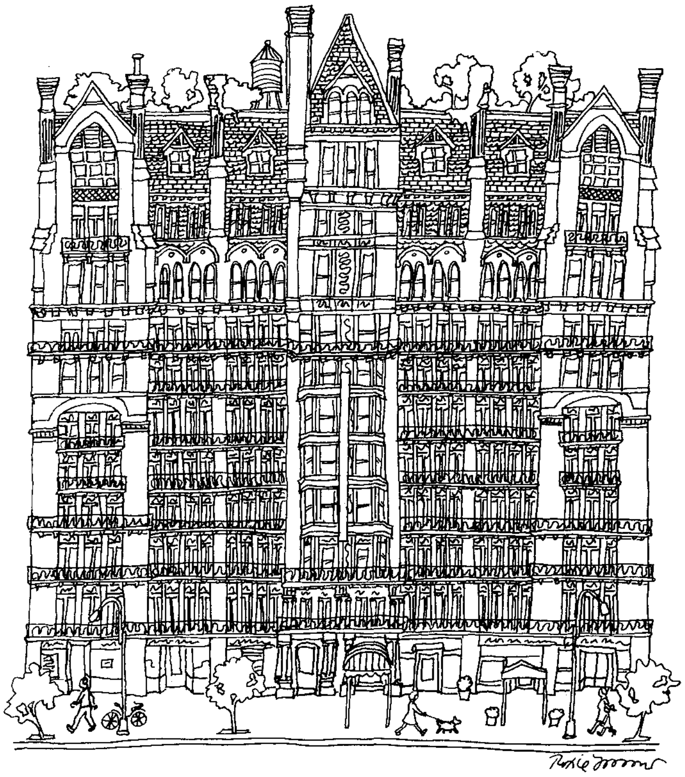
he had done with X-1, Furue decided that the man on X-2 was probably Melvin Walker. X-2 was one of six stretchers on which there wasn't a single tooth or jawbone fragment. Furue couldn't compare the man's dental record (and Walker had a good one) with the remains, so he put a blue card on X-2. He is far more cautious when he cannot make any dental comparison. X-2A got a red card with the name William Shrake. No one else on the plane was as tall, as thin, or quite as young as Shrake. Furue has devised a system for calculating the percentage of bones recovered for each remains. X-2A had a higher percentage than anyone else on the plane—sixty-six per cent. (X-19A had the lowest—eight and six-tenths per cent.) Furue was positive that the man on X-2A was between twenty and twenty-two, because there were many stages of epiphyseal union for him to observe on the long bones; bones that usually grow together before the age of twenty were completely fused, those whose union usually takes place after the age of twenty-three were not. X-2A also had both clavicles and many vertebrae; most vertebrae have five epiphyses apiece, and these epiphyses, which unite after the age of twenty-three, had not begun to do so. Consequently, the man on X-2A couldn't be Keith Holm, although the two men were the same height and almost equally thin and Holm was only twenty-three and a half when he died. Shrake was twenty and seven months, and was also one of the few men on the plane with the combination of a good dental record and good dental recovery. There were twenty-six teeth on Stretcher X-2A, and the dental record was an extraordinary match, although Shrake's four wisdom teeth had been marked extracted and three that were recovered for X-2A were unerupted—Furue could see them in the jawbones. Furue had found that mistake even more prevalent with men of Shrake's age than with men of twenty-three, like Barnard.

The man on X-2B was between twenty and twenty-three, sixty-four and a half inches tall, and of medium build. That could be only Raymond Geis. Just one tooth was recovered for X-2B, but Furue considered it compatible with Geis's record; X-2B got a red card. Methodically, Furue identified X-3 (Charles Steiner), X-4 (Emory Young), X-4-17 (Weldon Frazier), X-4-17A (Stanley Lawrence), and X-5 (Robert Allred). Like Shrake, Allred was a man with a good dental record, and there were fifteen teeth on Stretcher X-5. Eight of the recorded fillings matched those on the remains, and so did four extractions, including two unusual ones—No. 7 and No. 13. Allred was the only one on the plane whose record showed he was missing Tooth No. 7. (Even Kachorek, who had had ten extractions, had Tooth No. 7, although a notation on his record next to that tooth—"periapical abscess"—suggested that it might have been the next one to go.) "I've identified men with no bones and far fewer teeth that matched, just on the teeth," Furue said, putting a red card on X-5, as he had on X-3, X-4, X-4-17, and X-4-17A. Furue also put a red card on X-6, identifying the remains as those of Clint Butler. Despite the fact that Butler's dental record was limited to one extraction (X-6 had had a fair amount of other dental work done), it matched the extraction on X-6, and the remains were unique among the twenty-two men: no one else in the short group was as young and as thin as Butler. Stretcher X-7 (Charles Samples) got a red card. Not only did Samples' dental record and the dental remains match well but Furue noticed that Samples had had his teeth cleaned by a dentist on January 4, 1944. In 1982, with four-hundred-watt mercury-vapor lights shining down from the lab's ceiling on X-7's teeth, Furue was able to see that they had been professionally cleaned not long before the crash of the plane. X-9 got a blue card, X-10 a blue one, and X-10A a blue one. Furue felt quite sure that the man on X-10A was Staseowski on the physical comparison: no one else in the short group was as heavy or as old as Staseowski. Still, there wasn't a fragment of a jawbone or a tooth on X-10A with which Furue could have compared Staseowski's dental record of seven extractions, and at this stage in the identification process Furue never put a red card on a stretcher with no dentition, no matter how distinctive the remains seemed when they were compared with the records of the twenty-one other men aboard the plane. Staseowski was the only passenger on 41081 whose dental record showed that he was missing Teeth No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4, four teeth that Furue, who has had nine extractions, also happened to be missing.



Tadao Furue, a lean but muscular man of five feet six inches, often compared himself physically with the men on 41081 who were in the short group. He is extremely conscious of his health. His daily lunch always consists of four or five pieces of fruit and a cup of coffee, usually with a small piece of cake or a couple of cookies his wife has baked. He weighs himself twice a day; he believes that weight is one indicator of physical fitness. In the morning he weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds, in the late afternoon a hundred and forty-three. "There's no need for me to go jogging at dawn, because I get plenty of exercise at work—especially when I'm walking from stretcher to stretcher segregating bones," he says. "My wife is an excellent cook. Sometimes she prepares Japanese food, other times Chinese food, American food, Italian food. Her spaghetti is delicious. I'm sure that after one of her dinners my weight goes right back up to a hundred and forty-five."

From Monday to Friday, Furue wears slacks, a short-sleeved shirt, and comfortable shoes with ridged soles to work. On Saturday and Sunday, he comes to the lab in a T-shirt, bluejeans, and sandals. Upon his arrival at the CIL, he puts on a short white coat. He says that the custom of wearing a white coat is a carryover from his student years ("It makes me feel like working"), and that the poor condition of his teeth is, too. "I had bad cavities in 1940, when I was a fifteen-year-old student, but I was too busy preparing for an important high-school examination to have them filled," he recalls, in an older-but-wiser tone. "After Pearl Harbor, you couldn't get an appointment with a dentist. You were taken on a first-come, first-served basis, and usually had to wait three or four hours for an appointment. I didn't want to wait, so I just took aspirin when I had a toothache. When I started at the university, in 1945, I went to see a dentist, but by then it was too late. He pulled two of my teeth. Over the years, other dentists pulled five, and I pulled two myself. In addition to No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4, I've lost No. 13, No. 17, No. 18, No. 19, and No. 31. I also have three gold inlays, on No. 5, No. 14, No. 30." The gold in No. 5 can be seen when Furue is talking. When he smiles, the empty space where No. 4 used to be is exposed to view; he has had two sets of removable partial dentures made, but both gave him so much trouble that he stopped wearing them. Furue's teeth could not have been X-1's, but he has calculated his Rohrer index, and when he weighs a hundred and forty-three it is 1.38, just .02 higher than Charles Barnard's—and .05 higher than Stanley Gross's.

ACCORDING to Tadao Furue's reading of the remains, the man on Stretcher X-11 had been between twenty-four and twenty-eight years old, sixty-six and three-tenths inches tall, and of medium build. When Furue compared X-11 to the records of all the other men on the plane, starting with Allred, he was able to rule them out until he came to Barnard. When he compared the man on X-11 with Charles Barnard's record, there was a possibility that X-11 was Barnard, just as when he had compared the man on X-1 with Stanley Gross, the man on X-1 could have been Gross. At twenty-three years and ten months, Barnard was only two months under the bracket for X-11. Furue had deemed Gross a little too slight to be the man on X-1, and now deemed Barnard's build more on the medium side than that of the man on X-11. Gross, at sixty-six and a half inches, was closer in height to X-11's sixty-six and three-tenths inches, just as Barnard, at sixty-seven inches, was closer to X-1's sixty-seven and one-tenth inches. Furue thought that the man on X-11 was apt to be Gross, just as he had thought, after comparing X-1 physically with the other men on the plane, that the man on X-1 might well be Barnard. Only one of X-11's upper teeth had been recovered, but the entire mandible had been found. Furue now went through the dental records, ruling out many men dentally, as he had when he compared X-1's 897 with the 897s of the men on the plane. When he got to Charles Barnard's dental record, he spotted two major discrepancies: the man on X-11 had had No. 19 and No. 30 extracted, whereas Charles Barnard's record showed that he had both these teeth and that each had three fillings. Moreover, Barnard's record showed that he had two fillings on tooth No. 18; the man on X-11 had one. When the dental remains on Stretcher X-1 had been compared with Stanley Gross's dental record, Gross could not be ruled out, because only the teeth from No. 6 to No. 17 had been recovered among the remains on X-1, and Gross's dental record for these teeth was too limited. Because X-11's mandible and lower teeth had been recovered, Barnard could convincingly be ruled out dentally against X-11. There was also favorable agreement between X-11's mandible and Stanley Gross's record. Both the man on X-11 and Stanley Gross were missing No. 19 and No. 30. Something that particularly impressed Furue was their agreement on No. 32. Gross's record showed that he had been treated for pericoronitis for that tooth on January 23, 1944. Next to X-11's No. 32 Furue had written "recent eruption." Wisdom teeth often break through the gums painfully and require treatment to relieve the pain. After Furue had finished comparing X-11's dental chart with the records of Stanley Lawrence, Joseph Mettam, and Raymond Geis, he put a red card on X-11 for Stanley Gross.

Fingerprints are the most widely used scientific method of identification in the United States. The Federal Bureau of Investigation has over a hundred and sixty-seven million sets of fingerprints in its current collection, which is believed to be the world's largest. No two fingerprints that the F.B.I. has examined since it went into the business of collecting prints, in 1924, have ever been found to be alike. The prints of identical twins bear no more resemblance to each other than to the prints of strangers. In the case of skeletal remains, dentition is the most effective method of identification. A basic premise of dental identification is that no two mouths are alike. There are a hundred and sixty dental surfaces (thirty-two teeth times five surfaces) that may have decayed and been filled with various substances; there are a vast number of possible combinations of one or more missing teeth at various spots; there is the possibility of an almost infinite variety of porcelain crowns, bridges, and dentures, all of which make dental identification the second most specific method of comparison after fingerprints. Computers have been used to demonstrate that there are more than 2.5 billion possibilities in charting the human mouth.

In the population at large, it is likely that millions of people will have an O-AM filling on No. 13 and O-AM, OL-AM fillings on No. 14, in combination with eight virgin teeth —No. 6, No. 7, No. 8, No. 9, No. 10, No. 12, No. 15, and No. 16—as X-1 did. If just six more teeth had been recovered for X-1 and if No. 1 and No. 2 had the same fillings, No. 3 and No. 18 the same two fillings, and No. 19 and No. 30 the same three fillings as those on Charles Barnard's dental record, there might only be tens of thousands of people in the population at large whose dental records would match X-1's dental remains.

Odontologists and physical anthropologists never have to concern themselves with the population at large. Circumstances narrow the probable population involved. In this instance, Furue had to consider only the twenty-two men on 41081's manifest. While he was processing the twenty-two sets of remains simultaneously, he had to keep repeating the two-step pattern: he had to prove that the man on X-1 was Barnard, and he had to prove that the man on X-1 was not any of the other men on the plane, which he had now done when X-11 became Stanley Gross.

Before very much more time had elapsed, there were red cards for the man on X-12 (who Furue was sure was Kachorek), X-14A (Holm), and X-19 (Mettam), and blue cards for those on X-13, X-14, X-15, 16, and X-19A. Stretchers X-12 and X-19 were the ones that included jaw fragments but no teeth. The information provided by these jaw fragments was compatible with Kachorek and Mettam's records. On X-12, for instance, a fragment of the right side of the mandible showed that No. 30 had been extracted and No. 31 and No. 32 were posthumously missing. Kachorek's record showed that No. 30 was one of his ten extractions and that he had had No. 31 and No. 32 at the time of his death. Thus, there was no dental contradiction between Kachorek's record and the jaw fragment on X-12. The information from X-12's jaw fragment did contradict the dental records of sixteen of the twenty passengers who had dental records. The jaw fragment also matched Kachorek's unique physical remains morphologically and was incompatible with the remains of the three other men whose dental records could not be ruled out when they were compared with X-12's No. 30, No. 31, and No. 32. It was also morphologically incompatible with the remains of X-13 and X-15, 16, who lacked dental records.

"Comparison equals identification" is a physical-anthropological/odontological axiom, but there is no generalization governing the number of points of comparison that must exist before a positive identification can be made. It is up to the individual physical anthropologist or odontologist to make this decision. When, in late 1982, Furue put a red card with the name Robert Allred on X-5 and com-

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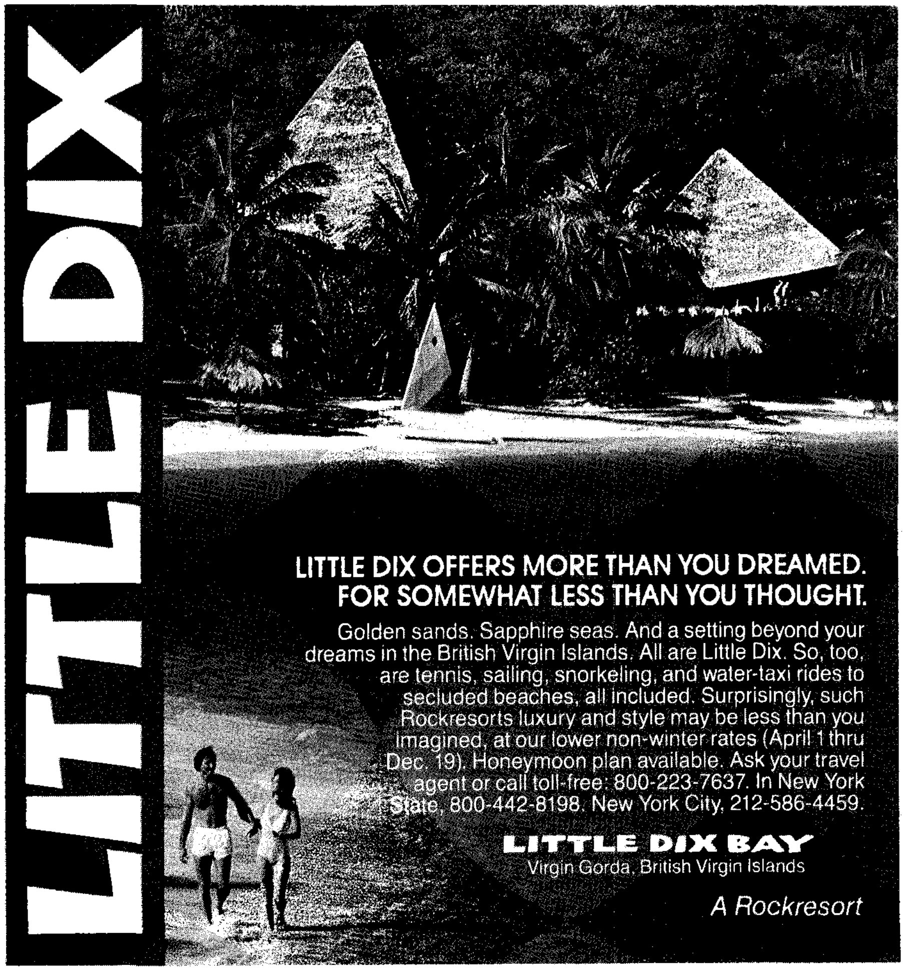
mented that he had identified men with no bones and far fewer teeth that matched, he was thinking of Stanley Campbell. In 1979, a CIL team had visited a C-47 that had crashed into a high peak in Papua New Guinea's Saruwaged Range with five men aboard. Only a partial maxilla and three teeth had been recovered at the site. When Furue compared the maxilla and teeth with the dental records of all five men, they matched the record of Second Lieutenant Stanley D. Campbell, the plane's pilot, and failed to match the records of the four other men—who were thus, in Furue's words, "excluded from association by negative comparison." He recommended that "this maxillary bone and teeth be identified as the only recoverable remains of Stanley Campbell." His recommendation was accepted. "Identification by exclusion" is also in the lexicon of physical anthropology and odontology.

After Furue finished comparing the physical and dental remains on the twenty-two stretchers with the twenty-two physical records and the twenty dental records (a formidable number of comparisons), there were red cards on fourteen stretchers and blue cards on eight. Six of the stretchers with blue cards were those that had no dental remains: in addition to the remains of X-2 (whom Furue believed to be Melvin Walker) and X-10A (whom Furue believed to be John Staseowski), there were those of X-9 (believed to be Carlin Loop), X-10 (believed to be Frank Ginter), X-14 (believed to be Robert Thompson), and X-19A (believed to be Harvey Landrum). The two other blue-carded stretchers were X-13 (Furue thought the man on X-13 was Thomas Carpenter, who lacked a dental record) and X-15, 16 (Furue thought this man was Harold Atkins, who also lacked a dental record).

FURUE next attempted to "validate the last eight identifications," as he put it. In the absence of dentition, he had to resort to the use of personal effects or military equipment as a secondary means of identification, to corroborate his comparisons of the remains and the records.

The CIL team had dug up a small number of personal effects, or P.E., on the crash site. Australian coins from the early forties had been recovered at eight X numbers. This wasn't surprising—in March, 1944, American servicemen stationed in New Guinea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were paid in Australian currency—but the coins could not help identify a particular individual. The same was true of a Honolulu Rapid Transit token stamped "Good for One Full Fare" found at the X-15, 16 site: during the Second World War, most servicemen had travelled to the Southwest Pacific by way of Honolulu, and many had ridden buses during their layovers. A camera had been found at the X-13 site. There was a roll of film inside, but when one of the sergeants attempted to develop it at the CIL he discovered that it was exposed. The team had brought back a number of items that were referred to as P.E. but were actually "military equipment," because they had been issued by the government. Five G.I. Elgin watches had been recovered at five X numbers; there were serial numbers on the watches but no Elgin serial numbers on the men's records. The team had also returned with fifteen dog tags. Two dog tags stamped with the name Melvin F. Walker had been recovered at the X-2 site; they were the first pair that caused a blue card on a stretcher to be replaced with a red one. At the X-10 site, a set of dog tags and a silver disk with the name and serial number of Frank A. Ginter and a pair of dog tags on a long silver chain with John J. Staseowski's name and serial number enabled Furue to replace two more blue cards with red ones. At the X-14 site, a single, chainless dog tag with Robert C. Thompson's name eliminated a fourth blue card. Additional dog tags and personal effects, with the names of men on the plane's manifest whose stretchers already had red cards, persuaded Furue that these objects hadn't scattered when the plane crashed but had stayed with the remains. (On other crash sites excavated by CIL teams, both the remains and the personal effects had been recovered over much wider areas, and not always together.) At the X-4 site, the team had found Emory C. Young's dog tags, a silver bracelet engraved with his name, and a tattered leather wallet containing a faded picture, on which his name could still be read. At the X-4-17 site, the team had found Weldon W. Frazier's dog tags, at the X-6 site Clint P. Butler's, and at the X-11 site Stanley G. Gross's.

Furue is aware of such soldierly practices as swapping dog tags, and wasn't troubled that the team had also recovered a set belonging to a James A. Miller (upon the team's return to Hawaii, the CIL ascertained

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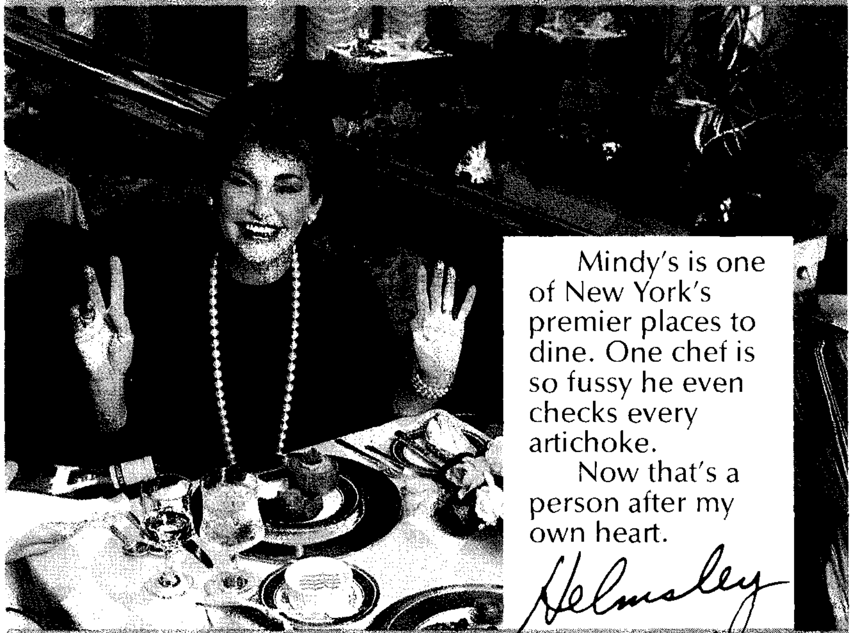

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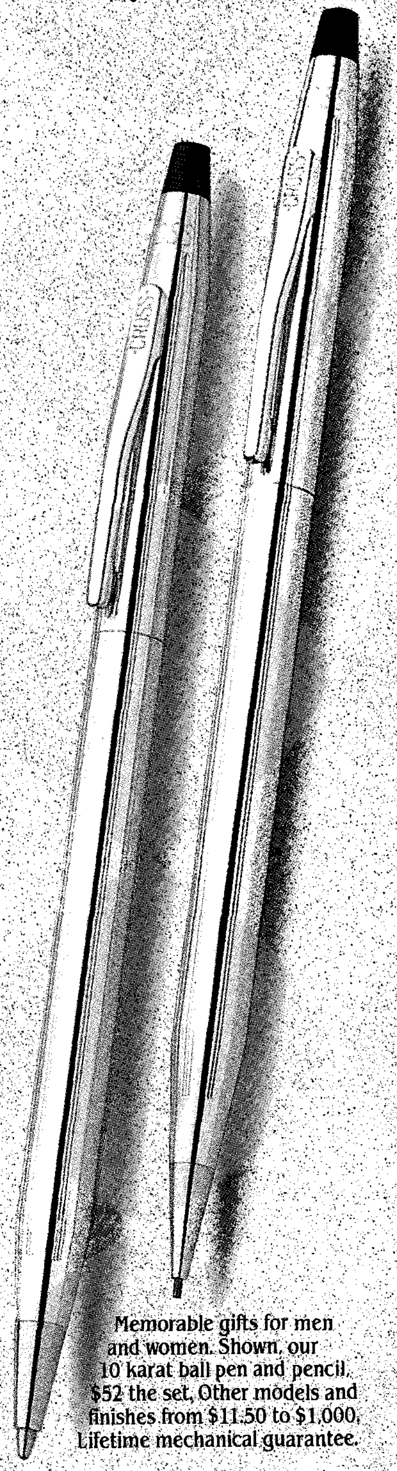

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that Miller had survived the war) and a bracelet with the name and serial number of Robert A. Ambrose. The serial number on Ambrose's bracelet, found at the X-10 site, was 20283081. Frank Ginter's serial number was 20283103. In a Special Anthropological Narrative that Furue later wrote about 41081, he pointed out the closeness of the two service numbers and suggested that they might help clear up the mystery of the presence of Ambrose's bracelet at the crash site. Eventually, they did. Furue was convinced, as he stated in his Anthropological Narrative, that on the basis of "exclusive physical matching . . . supported by the recovery of identification tag(s)/disc or bracelet" he had independently identified Walker, Ginter, Staseowski, and Thompson.

BLUE cards were still left on four stretchers—those for X-9 (believed to be Carlin Loop), X-13 (believed to be Thomas Carpenter), X-15, 16 (believed to be Harold Atkins), and X-19A (believed to be Harvey Landrum). Both good and bad statistical luck had come into play in the partial recovery of the twenty-two thirty-eight-year-old, weathered remains. It was bad luck that Atkins and Carpenter lacked dental records: there was a fine recovery of teeth at the X-13 site and an excellent recovery of teeth at the X-15, 16 site. Furue's comparisons of the dental remains of X-13 and X-15, 16 with the dental records of the other men on 41081 had shown that both were compatible with these remains. As good statistical luck would have it, the four men who lacked either dental records, dental remains, or personal effects were sufficiently different in age and muscularity to enable Furue to satisfy himself and the other Tadao that he could tell them apart. He could differentiate between X-9 and X-19A because his readings of the remains indicated that the man on X-9 was older than the man on X-19A and more heavily built, and this was confirmed by Loop's and Landrum's records. Furue had estimated X-9's and X-19A's ages as older than Carpenter's, and here, too, Loop's and Landrum's records proved him correct. Furue had judged the man on X-15, 16 to be more muscular than either Carpenter or Landrum and younger than Loop: he had accurately estimated X-15, 16's age as between twenty and twenty-five (Atkins was twenty-three) and X-9's as between twenty-five and thirty (Loop was twenty-six).

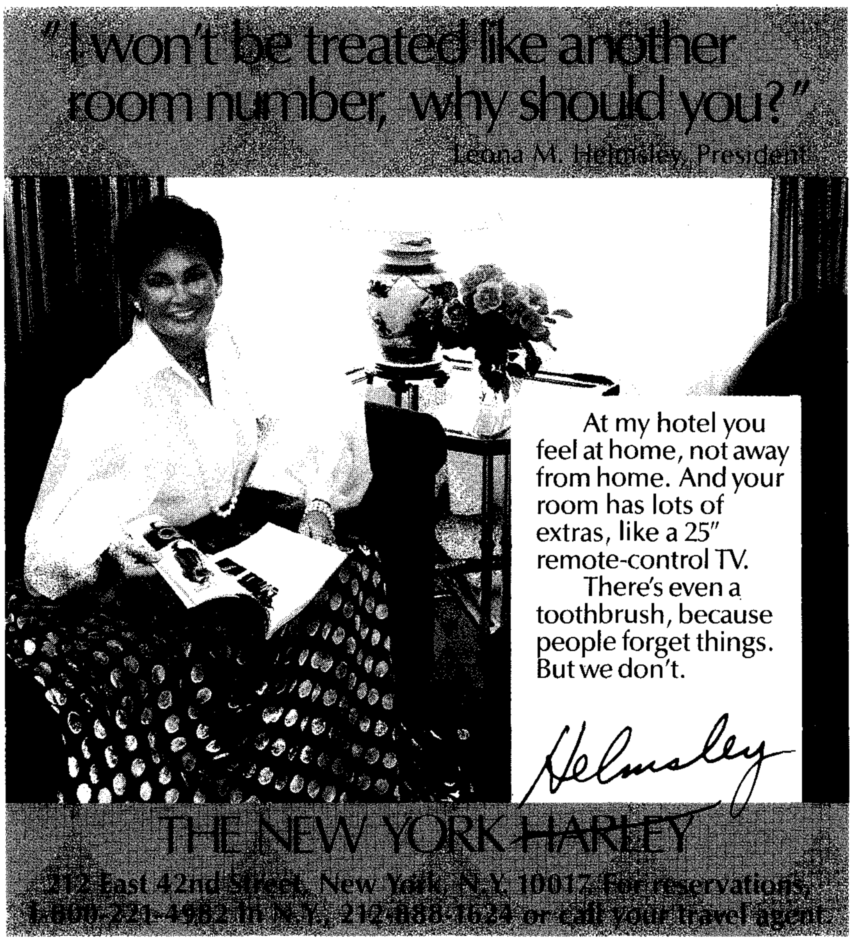
It could have worked out otherwise. If, for example, the last four men for whom the team had recovered only bones had been Young, Carpenter, Samples, and Landrum, Furue would not have been able to tell them apart. Furue had estimated the man on X-4 as seventy and five-tenths inches in height, from twenty to twenty-two years old, and of average muscularity/medium build, and X-13 as also seventy and five-tenths inches in height, from twenty to twenty-five years old, and of average muscularity/medium build. According to their records, Young (X-4) was seventy and a half inches tall, weighed a hundred and fifty-nine pounds, had a Rohrer body-build index of 1.26, and was twenty-eight days past his twenty-first birthday, and Carpenter (X-13) was seventy inches tall, weighed a hundred and fifty-two pounds, had a Rohrer index of 1.23, and was twenty-two years and eight months old. Furue had estimated the man on X-7 as sixty-nine and four-tenths inches tall, from twenty-three to twenty-six years old, and of slight muscularity/medium build, and the man on X-19A as sixty-nine and six-tenths inches tall, from twenty-three to twenty-seven years old, and of slight muscularity/medium build. Samples (X-7) was seventy inches tall, weighed a hundred and forty-one pounds, had a Rohrer index of 1.14, and was almost twenty-four and a half years old. Landrum (X-19A) was sixty-nine and a half inches tall, weighed a hundred and forty pounds, had a Rohrer index of 1.15, and was twenty-four years and eight months old.

If the men with the last four X numbers had been Young, Carpenter, Samples, and Landrum, Furue would have asked a CIL team to return to Mt. Thumb to try to recover additional remains. In 1978, a CIL team had recovered remains from a B-24 in Papua New Guinea. The reluctance of native helpers had forced the team to leave the crash site before it had completed the recovery, but Furue had been able to identify eight of the eleven men on the plane's manifest. Two tarsal bones had been kept at the CIL after Furue made these identifications. He was certain that they didn't belong to any of the eight men. Another CIL team went to the crash site in 1980 and recovered more bones and teeth. Furue was then able to identify two more passengers; the tarsal bones belonged to one of them. An elderly native who had seen the B-24 go down in 1945 had told the team that one man aboard had survived the crash. He was badly injured but had walked away. His remains were never found.

The CIL had been prepared to return to Mt. Thumb if Furue had been unable to identify as many as twenty-two sets of remains. There was a parachute that appeared to have been partly deployed at 41081. One of the team members, Sergeant David Kelly, had done a lot of digging in the vicinity of the parachute in April of 1982 and had left Mt. Thumb convinced that he would find bones there if the team had to return. Kelly would not have minded going back to Mt. Thumb: unlike some other crash sites, this one had not required long uphill-downhill walks to get in to and out of; the friendly, hardworking natives who helped the CIL in April, 1982, had built a helipad adjacent to the wreckage, and Kelly thought the helipad would still be usable in the summer of 1983. The CIL did not have to return to 41081, because, as Furue wrote in his Special Anthropological Report on January 14, 1983, "upon anthropological and odontological evaluation 22 mutually exclusive identities were simultaneously established; all other hypotheses were scrutinized and nullified." Sergeant Kelly came to believe that the parachute had been aboard the plane and had deployed itself upon impact.

IN October, 1982, Tadao Furue went to Japan on a long-planned and often postponed trip to visit his sister. He was back at the lab in early November. Furue, who has no Ph.D. or M.D., has been called Doc by almost all the Americans he has ever worked with. During the summer and fall of 1982, while he was segregating the remains from 41081, his colleagues at the CIL often asked, "How many, Doc, how many?" There was great rejoicing at the CIL when, in late November, Furue was able to answer "Twenty-two."

Furue lives, with his wife, Saeko, and their daughter, Yuko (a nurse with a B.S. from the University of Hawaii, whose hobbies include hula dancing), in a three-bedroom condominium on the twenty-first floor of an apartment building in downtown Honolulu. His father was a banker who travelled extensively; Furue was born while his parents were living in Taipei. His father worked in the United States for four years, and to



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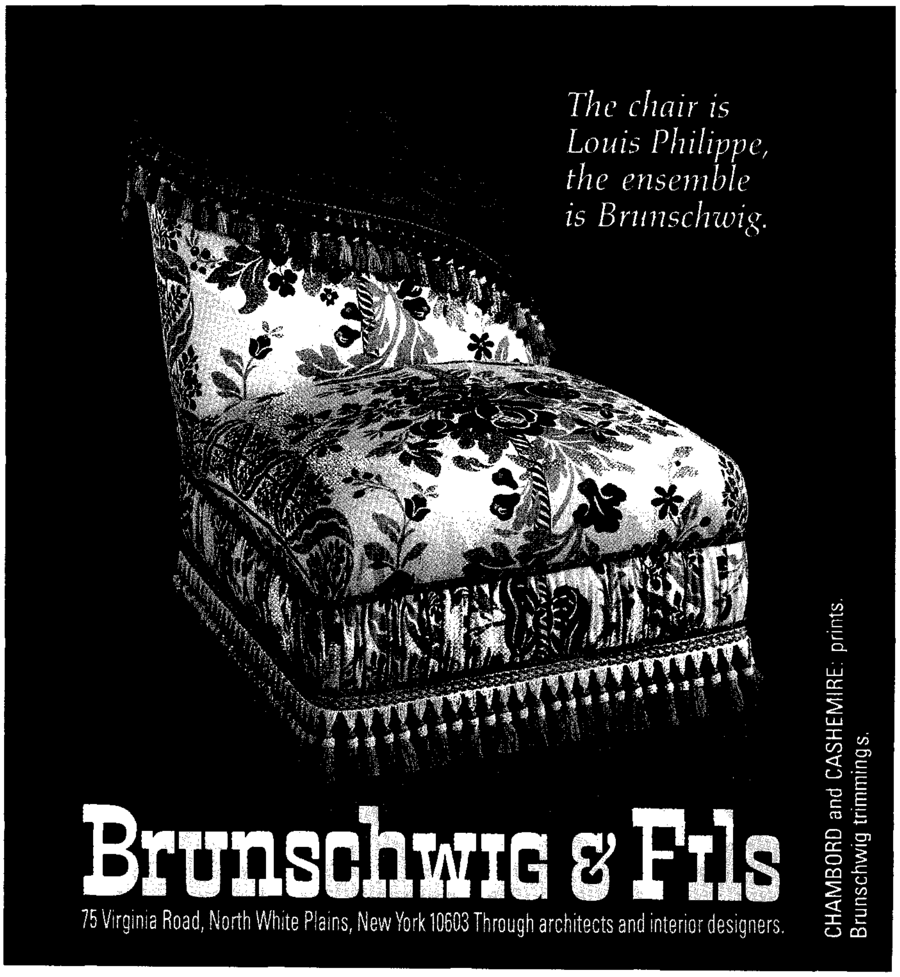

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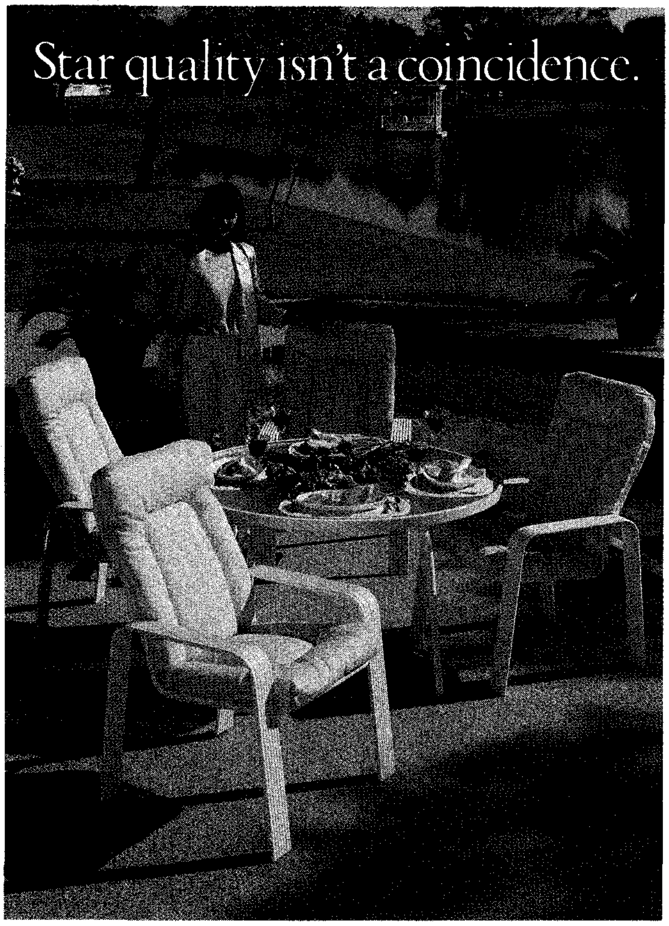
this day Furue wishes he could speak English as fluently as his late father did. Furue's father was of mixed Shinto and Buddhist heritage, and his mother's family were Buddhists. When Tadao was growing up, he accompanied his father on visits to Shinto and Buddhist shrines. During the Second World War, when turkeys were in short supply, he and his sister also accompanied their parents each Christmas Day to a restaurant on the Ginza, downtown Tokyo's main thoroughfare, where they ate a turkey dinner. Tadao and Saeko Furue (who is of Buddhist origin) are as cosmopolitan as his parents were. They sent Yuko to a Protestant high school in Japan, they maintain a Buddhist shrine in their bedroom, they go to the Japanese Consulate General in Honolulu on Japanese national holidays, and they celebrate Thanksgiving. "I check the epiphyses of the turkey to determine its age when I carve it," Furue says. "It's a professional reflex."

The Furues also send Christmas cards and decorate a plastic tree. Their apartment is elegant, and ample in size (Furue uses the third bedroom as a study), but its storage space is limited. He keeps the Christmas tree, along with its lights and ornaments, in a storage shed behind the lab. When he came home from work on December 9, 1982, he saw that Saeko had covered one of the living-room coffee tables with a red-and-green cloth. The table had obviously been prepared for the tree. In late fall, Furue had promised himself that he would complete the identifications of the men on 41081 in time for the CIL to send their remains to their families before Christmas. He knew in early December that he wouldn't be able to keep his promise; too much paperwork remained to be done before the remains could leave the CIL. Because he had been unable to keep his promise, he didn't feel that it was appropriate for him to celebrate Christmas that year. He told his wife he wouldn't be bringing the plastic tree home. "Saeko is a traditional Japanese woman," he says. "She keeps house, does most of the grocery shopping, so that I can concentrate on my work, and sews all of her own clothes and most of Yuko's. She understood."

In January, 1983, the CIL was a Department of the Army field unit within the Adjutant General's Office, under the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs. Photographs, sketches, processing charts, forms, and



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narrative accounts dealing with the recovery and identification of the remains from the Mt. Thumb B-24 would be sent to the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs, in Alexandria, Virginia, and, later, to the relatives of the twenty-two men. Some of the paperwork—a crash-site sketch by Sergeant Richard Huston, for example—had been completed in the first half of 1982. In June, 1982, Sergeant Jay Warner had taken a photograph of the eighteen stretchers covered with remains from the crash-site prior to segregation. For some months, each of the segregated remains had lain on a white sheet on one of the twenty-two stretchers. The sheets were wider than the stretchers and were always folded over the remains at the end of Furue's working day and unfolded in the morning. In January, 1983, each remains that Furue had identified was transferred to a stretcher with a sheet folded double. Warner would take a photograph of each remains: the doubled sheet provided a background with more contrast. Every family was to receive a June photograph of all the stretchers and a January photograph of one of them.

Among the last forms to be completed for each man was a Department of Defense Form 892. During segregation, Furue had just written numbers on the left half of the copy of this form with one of the many pens that filled many pockets in his white lab coat—an estimated age, an estimated height, bone measurements—along with a few words describing the estimated muscularity. The right half of an 892 consists of a diagram of a human skeleton. While Furue was segregating the remains, he had only jotted down on the skeletal diagram the X numbers of bones that had been transferred from one stretcher to another. In January, everything from the copies had to be typed up on the 892 and other information added to it, and every bone or partial bone that was missing from a stretcher had to be filled in with black ink on the skeletal diagram. It was slow, painstaking work. In a box on the lower-left side of the 892 for "Remarks or Statement of Anthropologist," Furue commented on each man's "dexterity," or right- or left-handedness. He had concluded that nine of the men on 41081 were right-handed and two left-handed. To assess right- or left-handedness he generally required both humeri and/or radii, ulnae, and scapulae. He lacked sufficient bones to assess the handed-

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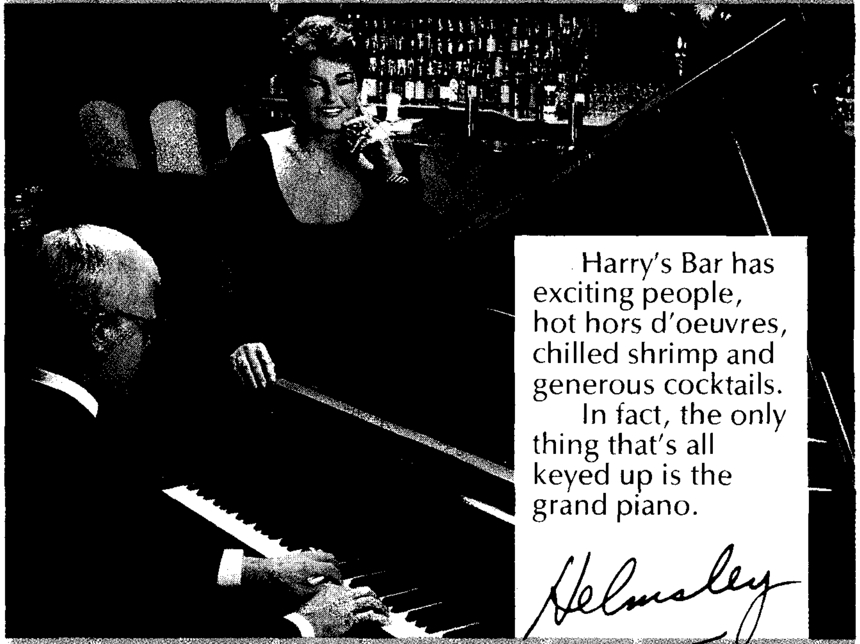

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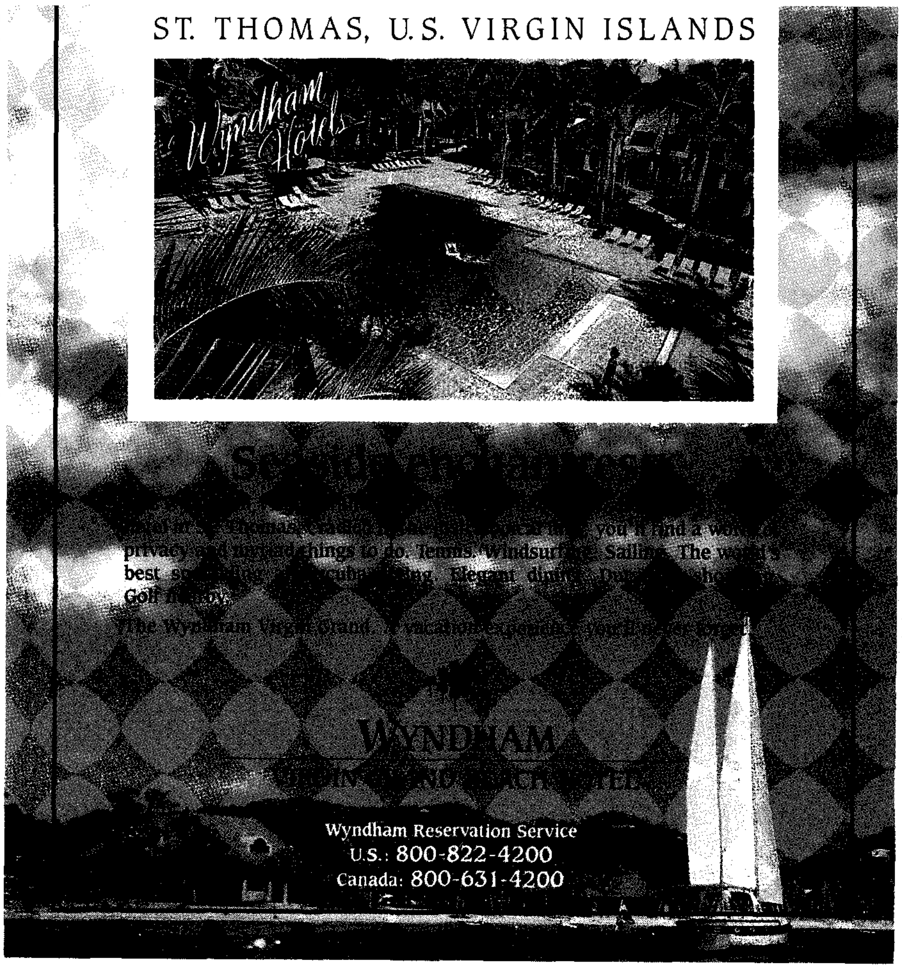

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ness of eleven men. "Dexterity: UTD" (i.e., undetermined) was typed on their 892s. Comparisons of the handedness of a remains with recorded handedness have been of use to Furue on some occasions, but handedness was not included in the records of any of the men on 41081.

In early January, twenty-two 897s also had to be typed up, so that anyone reading one of the forms could easily compare the dental chart of the remains with the dental chart from the man's record. There was a line on the lower-left side of the 897 for the estimated height of the remains and another for the estimated age, and corresponding lines on the 897's lower-right side for the man's height and age of record.

In 1958, Dr. Mildred Trotter wrote that sixty-eight per cent of all white men whose heights were derived from measuring their femurs and applying her formula would fall within the formula's plus-or-minus-3.27-centimetre standard error of estimate and ninety-five per cent would fall within the range of two standard errors. The other five per cent would deviate even more. Textbooks on physical anthropology recommend that, when using Trotter's formulas, "to be on the safe side, double the margin for error." It was striking to see, on the line for height on the 897s, how accurate Furue's estimates had been, no matter which bone or bones he had used to determine them. In two cases, his estimated heights and the men's recorded heights were identical; in twelve the deviation was between one-tenth and three-tenths of an inch; and in six it was between half an inch and seven-tenths of an inch—all well within the standard error of estimate. In one case, in which he had used a femur, he was off by one and a half inches—one-seventh of an inch outside the standard margin of error. And in a case in which he had used a humerus he was off by one and eight-tenths inches—one-fifth of an inch outside the standard margin. "People who have no experience measuring bones or people who are measuring the bones of a heterogeneous population may have to double the margin of error," Furue says. "I've measured the bones of thousands of individuals, and I'm fortunate that the military population I usually work with is homogeneous. If I doubled the standard margin of error, someone whose height I estimated from his femur as being sixty-nine inches could be anywhere from sixty-six and a half inches to seventy-one and a half inches. That would cover sixteen of the men on 41081." Furue's age estimates all proved to be accurate when they were compared with the ages on the records. They were still accurate (he learned in 1983) when it turned out that two men were a year younger and another man two years younger than they had claimed to be when they entered the armed forces.

There were boxes for "Remarks" at the bottom of both the left and the right sides of Form 897. Furue is able to read many things from remains in addition to race, age, sex, height, muscularity, and dexterity. He had observed that William Shrake's left ulna was deformed, had taken a photograph of the bone, and had commented in the box on the lower-left side of Shrake's 897 that there was an indication of an old elbow injury on the left ulna. (Shrake's record made no mention of any such injury.) On most forms, in fact, nothing had been typed in the right-hand box, for remarks from the record, except the man's race and the last military unit with which he was known to have served. Emory Young's

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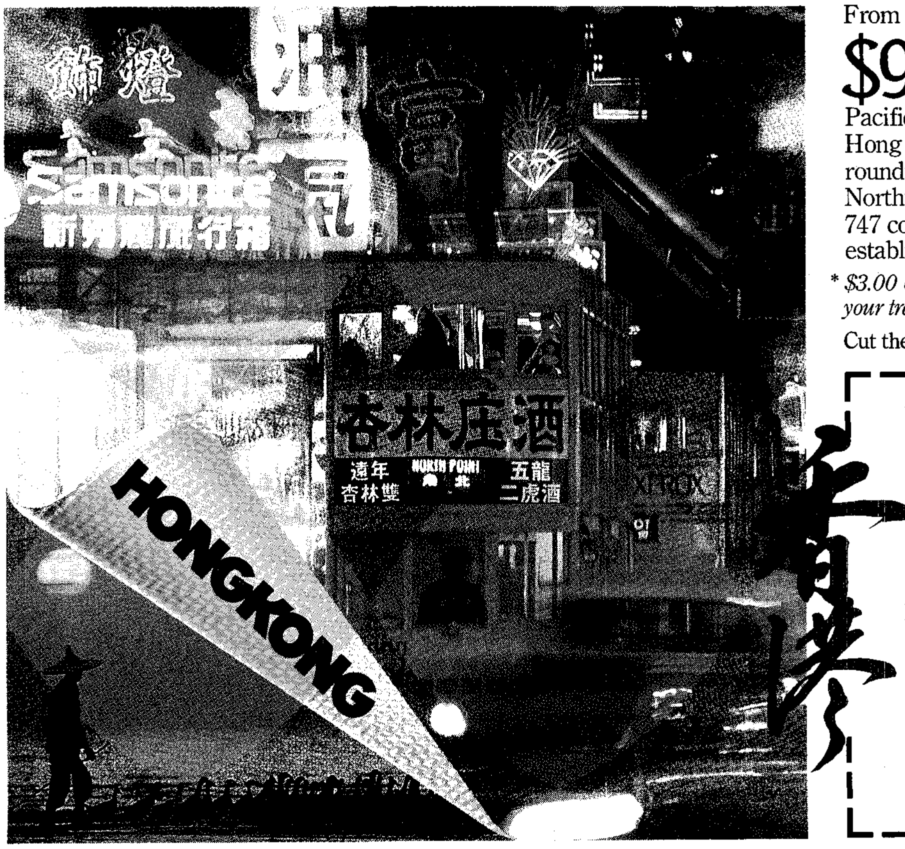

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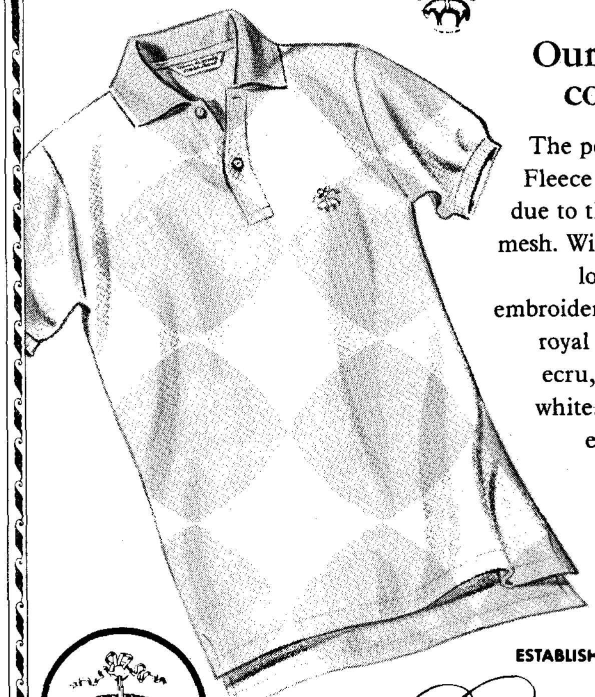
record showed that he had fractured his right great toe in 1931, but none of his toe bones had been recovered. According to Joseph Mettam's record, he had once suffered a skull fracture and had a "skull indentation over the right orbit." To see this, Furue would have had to study the frontal bone of Mettam's cranium; it had not been recovered. Robert Allred's record showed that he had a deviated septum and flat feet. Allred was missing the bones that Furue would have needed to see either condition. Flat feet had figured in a number of identifications that Furue had made in the past. A case that stood out in his mind was that of Captain Robert J. Thomas, one of eleven men whose remains the Vietnamese had turned over in 1978. The Vietnamese had given the names of seven of the eleven men but had given only the dates of death of the four others. Thomas, a B-52 co-pilot, had been turned over as Walter Ferguson, another member of the crew of the B-52, which was hit by a surface-to-air missile on December 18, 1972, during a bombing raid over Hanoi. Furue had found that the remains turned over as Ferguson's matched Thomas's physical and dental record. The remains had flat feet. Ferguson didn't. Thomas did. (Furue identified Ferguson as one of the four men the Vietnamese hadn't named on that turnover.) Furue rarely hears how the families of the men he has identified regard his work, but in Thomas's case someone sent him a copy of a 1979 newspaper story in which Thomas's widow, Earlyne, was quoted. "They showed me pictures of the remains, and went over the information they had, but I guess it was the flat feet that convinced me," Mrs. Thomas told the newspaper reporter who spoke to her about her husband. "He had very flat feet."

Another form that would be sent to Casualty and Memorial Affairs, a Department of the Army Form 2773-R, gave a brief account of the crash and of the recovery of the remains by the CIL team; a paragraph describing the condition of the remains; a short account of the segregation and identification process that had taken place at the lab; and a list of all the passengers and crew members on 41081. Form 2773-R and Furue's Special Anthropological Narrative, a six-page account of the identification of each of the twenty-two men, were among the last documents typed. When Furue signed the Special Anthropological Narrative, he told Major Johnie E. Webb, Jr., the com-



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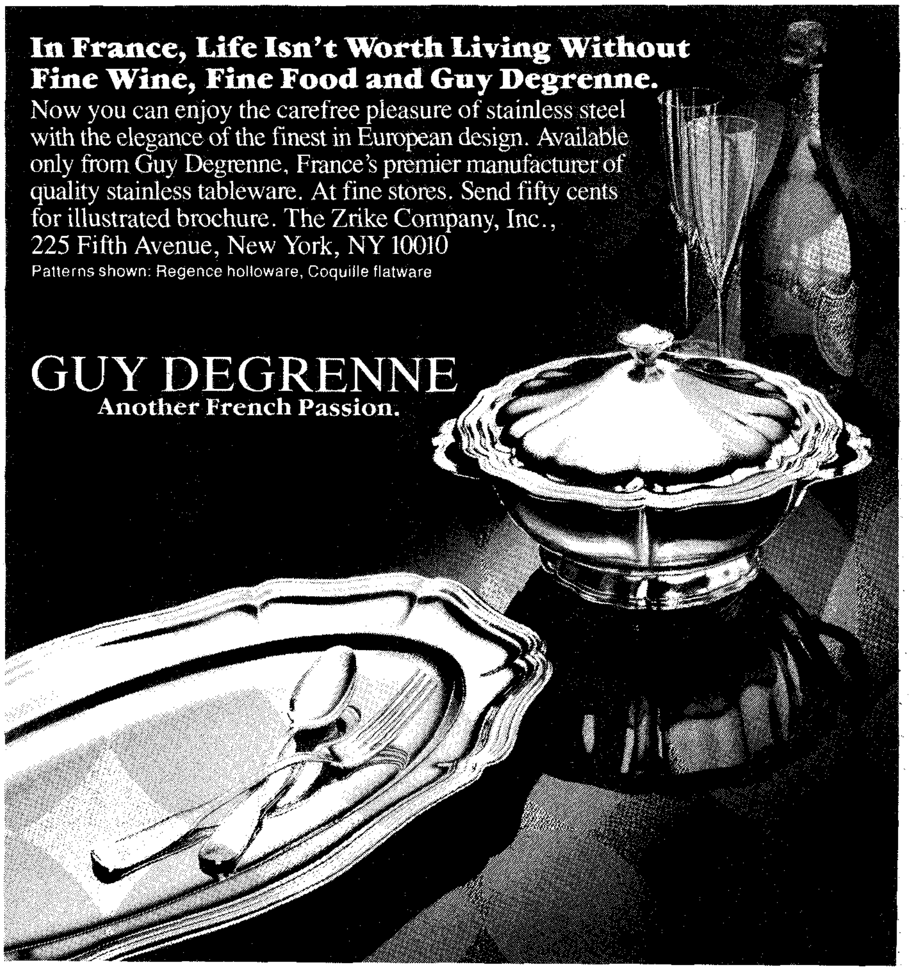

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manding officer of the CIL, that the twenty-two remains from 41081 were "the hardest I've ever worked on."

On Tuesday, January 11, 1983, Major Webb telephoned Lieutenant Colonel William R. Flick, an officer with Casualty and Memorial Affairs in Alexandria, to say that the CIL would be making positive recommendations on all twenty-two men aboard 41081. The CIL can only recommend identifications. A Board of Officers must approve the recommendations. In January, 1983, the Board of Officers for Second World War cases was composed of three officers in the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs—Flick, Lieutenant Colonel James W. Gleisner, and Colonel J. E. Gleason—and two civilians, both of them identification specialists who worked for Casualty and Memorial Affairs. Webb told Flick that the CIL would be sending all the 41081 paperwork off to Alexandria on the fourteenth.

The paperwork reached Casualty and Memorial Affairs on January 17th. At 4 P.M. on January 20th, the Board of Officers "convened" and approved the identifications of all twenty-two men on 41081. Actually, the board members merely scanned the documents submitted by the CIL and then "duly" approved the identifications without formally convening. No board had ever rejected a recommendation made by Furue. It is doubtful whether the colonels and civilians who sat on the board, none of whom were physical anthropologists, were capable of judging what might have taken Furue days, weeks, or months to do. They could not have identified the remains in the first place. No relative of a Second World War casualty had ever questioned a Furue recommendation, and although the families of a number of Vietnam servicemen had asked to have his work reviewed by dentists or physical anthropologists, no dentist or physical anthropologist had ever overruled Furue.

One example of a family's requesting verification of a board-approved Furue recommendation had occurred less than a year before. Early in 1982, the CIL had received two paperboard boxes that were believed to contain the remains of a United States serviceman missing in Laos. These skeletal remains had reportedly been recovered by Laotians from a crash site, and the Laotians had given the location of the crash site. After segregating the remains, Furue said they were the remains of one individual. On February 26th, after he had compared the remains, which were reasonably complete and included a mandible and Teeth No. 17 through No. 32, with the records of all the men missing within two hundred miles of the crash site, he recommended that the remains be identified as those of Nicholas G. Brooks. Lieutenant Commander Brooks, a bombardier-navigator, had been shot down while his A-6A was making a strike over the Ho Chi Minh Trail on January 2, 1970. Gladys and George Brooks, two of the most active members of the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia, had reason to believe that their son not only had survived the crash but had been captured and had escaped from captivity at least once. In March, they had their son's remains flown to their home in New York state, and had their family dentist, who had taken care of Nicholas Brooks' teeth until he entered the United States Naval Academy, in 1962, examine the dental remains. He recognized some of the work he had done on his former patient's teeth.

"Are you as sure as if it were your own son?" the Brookses asked.

"Positively," the dentist replied.

George and Gladys Brooks wanted any additional information they could obtain about the cause of their son's death, the date of his death, and the spot where the remains—described by Furue as weathered—had lain between the time of his death and their exhumation. The military sent the remains from New York to Washington, D.C., and there they were examined by Dr. J. Lawrence Angel, a curator of physical anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Natural History. Dr. Angel answered the Brookses' questions to the best of his ability. Neither the date nor the cause of death could be definitely determined, he stated. In an opinion he wrote on March 22, 1982, he said that the remains had lain in reddish, very acid soil for ten or more years, and that he would not have been surprised if the time were longer than the twelve years that elapsed between the date Nicholas Brooks' plane was shot down and the time his remains were turned over. He also said that his observations of the remains "fit the life data of Lt. Cmdr. Nicholas G. Brooks." Dr. Angel had estimated Brooks' height as between sixty-eight and a half inches and seventy-one and a half inches and his age as between twenty-two and twenty-nine. Furue had estimated his height as seventy and two-tenths inches and his age as between twenty-five and thirty. Nicholas George Brooks was seventy inches tall, and on January 2, 1970, his age was twenty-six years seven months and fourteen days. In another case of Furue's that was reviewed by a distinguished physical anthropologist, not only were the anthropologist's age brackets wider than Furue's but the actual age of the individual involved was not within the brackets. The anthropologist had to be asked to rewrite his opinion. One physical anthropologist who has worked with Furue says that many other members of their profession have far greater experience in other realms of knowledge —such as assessing the antiquity of remains dug up on archeological sites —but that no one can hold a candle to Furue in identifying remains from the country's last three wars. Some go as far as to say that reviewing Furue in his special area of expertise amounts to an academic exercise, because no other physical anthropologist has his experience in dealing with thousands of skeletal remains not only from the military but also from civilian plane crashes and, occasionally, coroners' offices.

Recently, some of Furue's Vietnam-era identifications have been the subject of controversy. Last year, the CIL received remains from a site in Pakse, Laos, where an American airplane had crashed in 1972 with thirteen men aboard. After working with the remains for four months, Furue recommended that positive identifications be made of all thirteen. The Armed Services Graves Registration board accepted Furue's recommendations. Family members of some of the men who had been identified refused to accept the identifications, pointing out, in several cases, that Furue had claimed a positive identification on the basis of only a handful of bones. In response, the Army commissioned an independent review of the CIL's overall work by two physical anthropologists and an odontologist. The review panel spent three days at the CIL studying Furue's recommendations on thirty sets of remains, including those of the Pakse victims. "We did not find that any of the bodies in question had been misidentified," one physical anthropologist wrote, but he added, "We were not able to make many of the identifications in these cases." Regarding the thirteen Pakse cases, the panel concluded, in part, "Two of the bodies were acceptably identified, and there is no real reason to doubt any of the others. However, we did not feel that there was sufficient evidence to establish the other identities either." Furue stands by the identifications.

The panel made a number of recommendations that it felt might improve the "credibility" of the identification process, including the hiring of a dentist with training in forensic odontology and the hiring of a nationally or internationally known forensic anthropologist, who would validate the CIL's identifications. "This person should be at the academic level of full professor, full curator, or laboratory director," the panel wrote. "He or she should also be a diplomate of the American Board of Forensic Anthropology or have some similar form of established credentials." The panel recommended that forensic anthropologists and odontologists be added to the review board that approves the CIL's identifications. The panel also recommended that Furue be retained as senior anthropologist. The Army is now putting these recommendations into effect.

The scarcity of the remains from Pakse was unusual. Ordinarily, when Furue identified Vietnam-era remains, such as Nicholas Brooks', he had much more material to work with than he did with Second World War remains. The dental records were always more precise, and almost always included X-rays taken during the time of military service. Nicholas Brooks' teeth had been X-rayed ten times between 1961 and 1969. Ante-mortem X-rays reduce the opportunities for dentists to make errors in charting teeth. X-rays will show whether a wisdom tooth has been extracted or has not yet erupted, and whether a second molar has drifted into the position of a lost first molar. If there had been X-rays in Charles Barnard's missing-in-action file, Furue not only would have known that No. 13 had an O-AM filling and No. 14 an O-AM, OL-AM filling but would have been able to see the shapes of these fillings and could have compared them with post-mortem X-rays he would have taken of X-1's teeth. If two people have fillings on the same surfaces of

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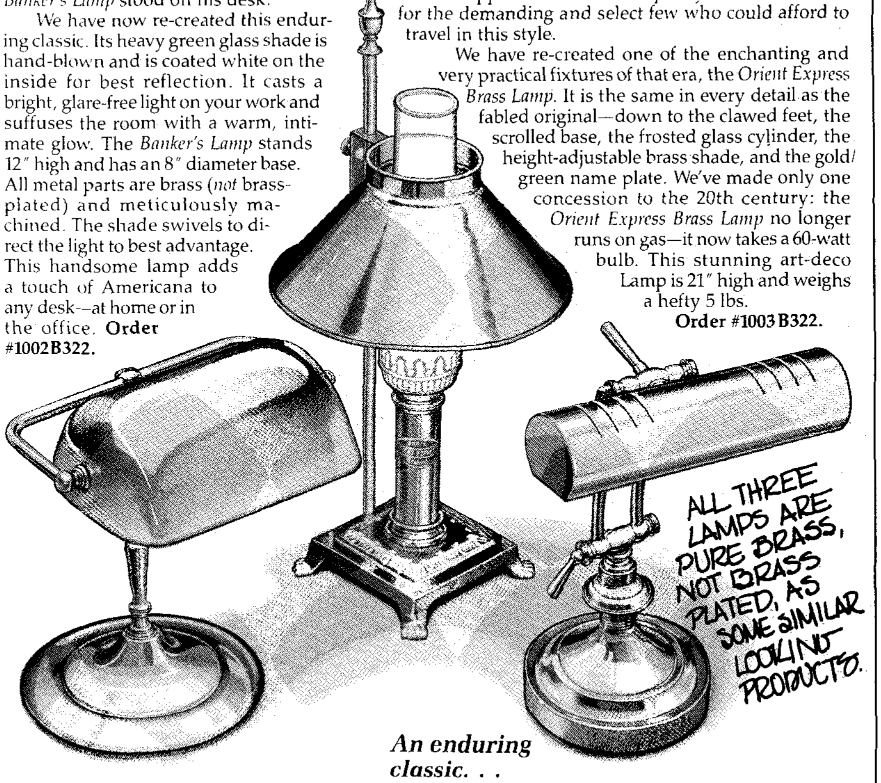
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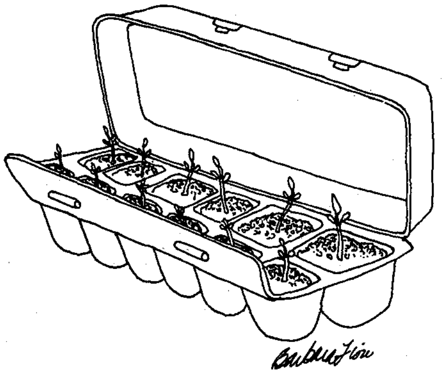
the same teeth, the fillings will usually appear different in X-rays. X-rays also reveal the precise shapes of jawbones and teeth, the spaces between individual teeth, and the angles at which they fit into their sockets.

Over the past dozen years, when Furue has not been working evenings and weekends identifying remains he has spent his free time perfecting "cranio-facial superimposition," a process that makes the identification of skeletal remains still more specific. The setup he uses to do superimpositions consists of lights, mirrors, a fine-mesh screen, and a 35-mm. camera, and enables him to place a photograph of a known individual (often his high-school-yearbook or his wedding photograph) over a photograph of an unknown individual's skull taken from the same distance and the same angle as the photograph to see if they match. Those who have observed Furue's demonstrations of photographs that do match—and photographs that don't—are almost always impressed. Tadao Furue used cranio-facial superimposition as a supplementary method of identifying Nicholas Brooks. He has since carried superimposition a step further: in recent years, he has been superimposing ante-mortem and post-mortem X-rays to make even these comparisons more specific. In late 1983, when Furue was given the scant remains of the two young men killed in the Marine barracks in Beirut whose remains could not be identified at the Frankfurt mortuary, he successfully superimposed an X-ray of a partial mandible of one of the two unknown remains on a dental X-ray of Lance Corporal David M. Randolph, and he successfully superimposed a post-mortem mandibular X-ray on an ante-mortem dental X-ray and also on X-rays of a skull suture and a sinus of Lance Corporal Curtis J. Cooper. "Without superimposition, I couldn't have identified either young marine, because of the scarcity and condition of the remains," Furue says. By December, 1983, after identifying Randolph and Cooper, Furue had seen newspaper photographs of some of the men on 41081. He wished he had had the photographs a year earlier, so that he could have tried superimposing them.

THE colonels and civilians assigned to Armed Services Graves Registration boards respect Tadao Furue's integrity as well as his expertise. Most of them have worked with him in Japan, Vietnam, Thailand, or Hawaii, and they know that if he lacks sufficient remains to identify an unknown individual he will always say so. They also know that he will not identify a remains, no matter how complete it is, if he isn't convinced that it matches a record. By January 20, 1983, the day the Board approved Furue's recommendations of all twenty-two men on 41081, an extraordinary amount of pressure had been put on the CIL to identify a young American whose remains were recovered in 1972 on the perimeter of a military camp near An Khe, in South Vietnam. The remains had travelled from An Khe to the mortuary at Tan Son Nhut, then to Thailand, and finally, in 1976, to Honolulu. By 1981, the unknown remains, tagged X-15, had been unsuccessfully compared with the relevant records of all the nearly twenty-five hundred unaccounted-for Americans. In 1982, X-15 was compared with the records of the known Vietnam deserters; it did not match the deserters' records, either. Casualty and Memorial Affairs attempted to persuade Furue to say that the remains were those of a young man who had perished in the same general area as X-15; they weren't, and he refused. On January 2, 1983, a record that had been misfiled at Fort Benjamin Harrison under "Discharged in absentia" surfaced and was sent to Alexandria, where an identification specialist thought he recognized it as X-15's. (X-15 was missing Tooth No. 8, a front upper tooth, which was an even rarer tooth for a soldier to be missing in the nineteen-seventies than in the nineteen-forties.) The record was sent to the CIL. It took Furue only a few minutes to say that the long-found remains matched the long-lost record.

IN 1973, Congress directed the Secretary of Defense to select an unknown Vietnam serviceman to represent all the dead of the war that had divided the country more than any other since the Civil War. In 1975, a crypt was built at Arlington's Tomb of the Unknowns to contain these remains, but for years it stayed empty. In 1921, when the first unknown soldier—a casualty from the First World War—was buried at Arlington, there were more than sixteen hundred unidentified remains to choose from. On May 30, 1958, when an unknown soldier from the Second World War was honored, there were over eighty-five hundred to choose from. The same day, an unknown soldier from Korea was also interred, and there were over eight hundred to choose from. Because of the prompt evacuation of the dead and wounded by helicopter, improved military record-keeping, and scientific advances in identification techniques, there had never been more than four Vietnam unknowns at the CIL at any one time. Groups like the National League of Families had successfully fought the selection of a Vietnam unknown, because they feared that it would lead to a slackening of government efforts to search for the individuals still unaccounted for. In the spring of 1984, however, the pressure from groups like the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion combined with the Administration's eagerness to make a controversial war more respectable by honoring those who had fought in it resulted in a Defense Department decision to choose a Vietnam unknown from the four remains then at the CIL.



In choosing an unknown from earlier wars, an administrative procedure of forgotten origin was followed: only remains that were as much as eighty per cent complete were selected. These so-called "best" remains of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-fifties were the worst choices in the nineteen-eighties, because of the progress in identification techniques, so the criterion of eighty per cent was waived for the Vietnam unknown soldier. X-15 was twenty-six per cent complete but had been identified once the right record was found.

One of the four remains at the CIL in early 1984 was ruled out because it was ninety-five per cent complete. A second remains, which had been turned over by the Vietnamese in 1983, was not a candidate, because Furue had successfully superimposed a scapula from the remains over a chest X-ray from the record of one of the unaccounted-for, and in the CIL's opinion there was an excellent likeli-

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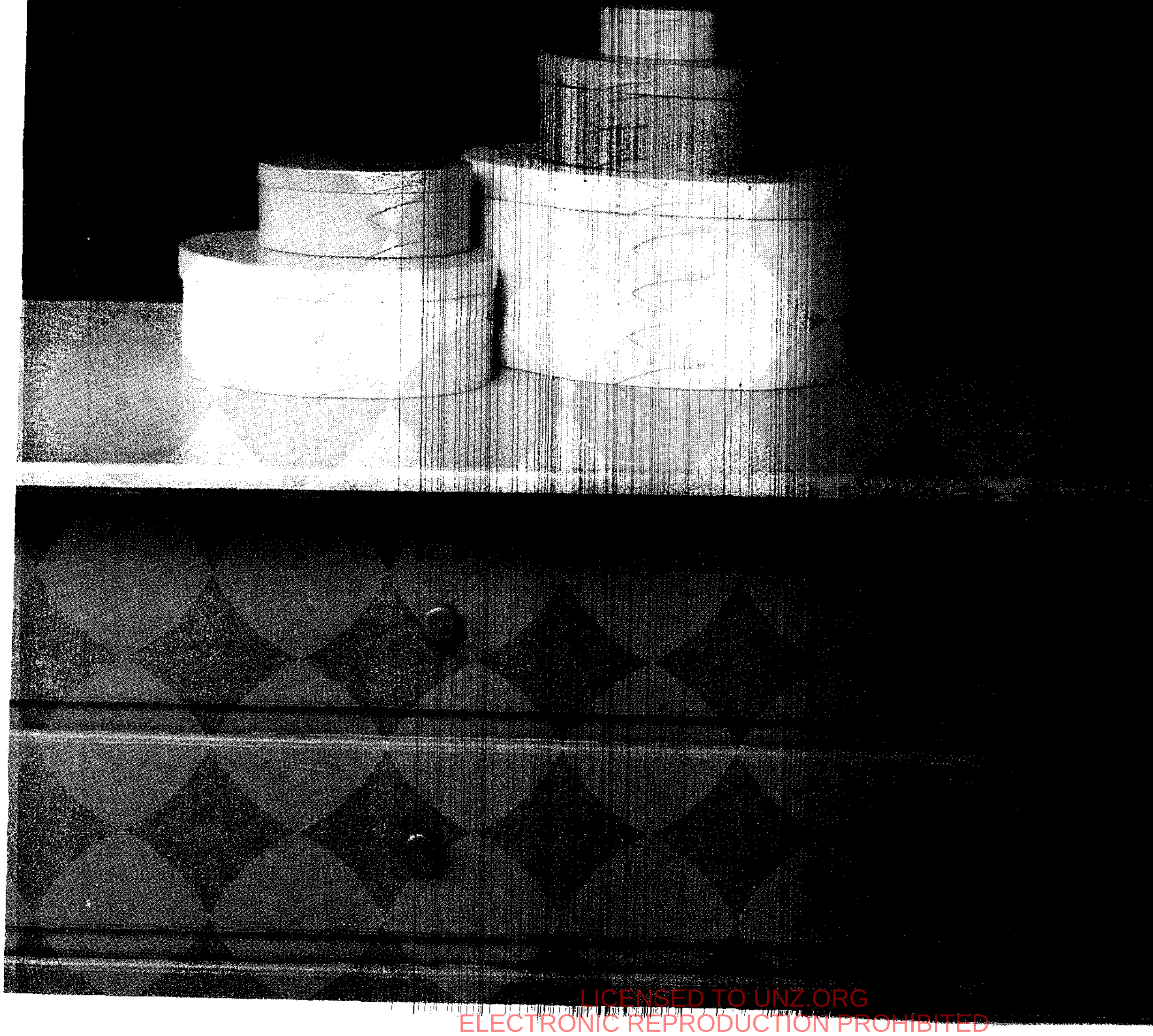

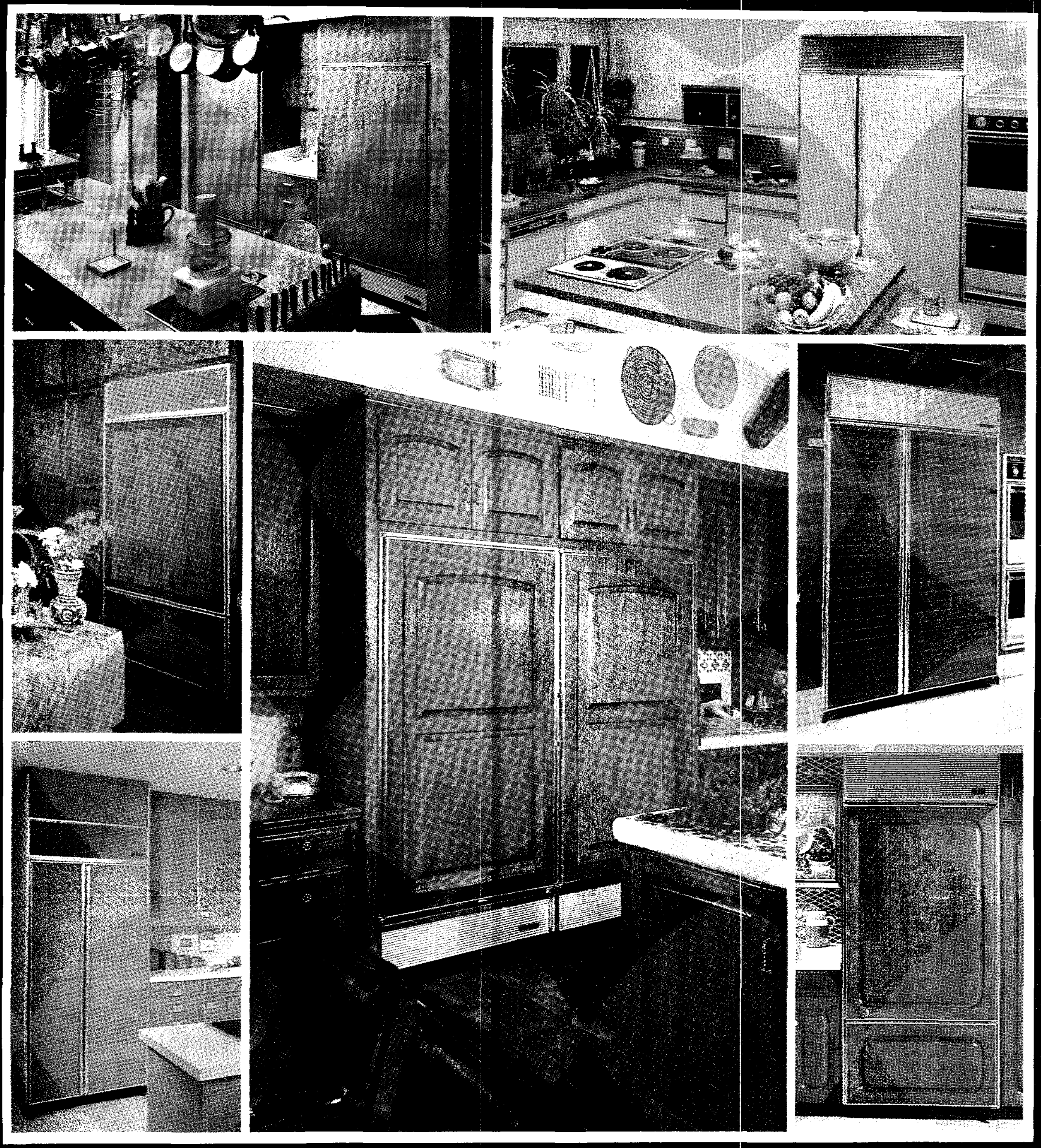

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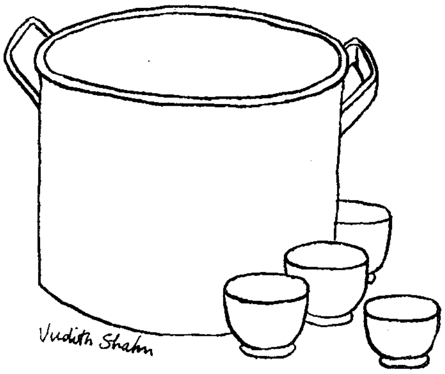
Send for colorful brochure on unique kitchens. Available in Canada. SUB-ZERO FREEZER CO. • P.O. BOX 4130, MADISON, WI 53711 • 608/271-2233 hood of identifying him if the Vietnamese turned over additional remains. The third remains at the CIL had been part of a 1978 turnover of four from Laos. One of the four had been identified as an American Air Force pilot, but two others had proved to be Southeast Asian Mongoloids. The bones of the fourth were those of a Caucasoid, but there was no evidence that he had been a soldier.

The fourth remains at the CIL at the beginning of 1984 had been found by a South Vietnamese Army reconnaissance team in late 1972 near a town about sixty miles north of Saigon. The remains were eventually given the number X-26. They consisted of six bones. Along with the remains, which were only three per cent complete, the reconnaissance team had brought in a few objects such as remnants of a flight suit, of a pistol holster, and of a parachute, and a one-man inflatable raft. Furue determined that X-26 was a Caucasoid man of average muscularity, whose height had been approximately 68.4 inches and who had been between twenty-six and thirty-three years old. The only men in the killed-in-action/body-not-returned category within a twenty-five-hundred-square-mile area of where X-26 had been found were two men in a helicopter and the pilot of a fighter plane; both aircraft had crashed, as it happened, on May 11, 1972. Several sergeants at the CIL were convinced that X-26 was one of the two men from the helicopter, but Furue was not certain. The Vietnamese reconnaissance team's report had been disturbingly vague, and the condition of the six bones—they showed no evidence of trauma—was at variance with accounts of both crashes. Furue was asked to go to Washington and recommend to the National League of Families that X-26 be chosen as the Unknown Soldier of the Vietnam War. He declined to go. He believed that if additional remains of X-26 were ever found he could identify him. On April 13, 1984, Caspar Weinberger designated X-26 as the remains that would be buried at Arlington.

Johnie Webb and Tadao Furue refuse to discuss the Vietnam Unknown. "Putting X-26 in the Tomb of the Unknowns was politically expedient," a former CIL sergeant says. "At best, it was premature. I'll bet Doc considered him unidentified but not unidentifiable. Perhaps it was appropriate to the Vietnam War. So much else about it was political. Everything connected with X-26 has been ordered shredded, but you can't shred what's in men's minds. If we ever get into South Vietnam, the way we got into Laos, and find additional remains that match those in Arlington, there could be a problem."

THE CIL is always under pressure to identify remains from Vietnam, but in this case it was under pressure to identify the twenty-two remains found on Mt. Thumb as well. In 1982, Bruce Hoy, the Australian curator of the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch of Papua New Guinea's National Museum and Art Gallery, helped the CIL to find 41081. Hoy, who has made himself the premier authority on Second World War missing aircraft in Papua New Guinea, spent some time with the team on the crash site. On April 29th, the day the team returned to Port Moresby, Hoy left Mt. Thumb with one of 41081's tail fins, a section of its nose, one of its .50-calibre machine guns, and a treasury of other objects he would put on display at his museum branch. As soon as Hoy was back in his office, he telephoned the editor of the country's leading English-language newspaper, the *Post-Courier*. Hoy is eager for publicity, because he believes that it will help him promote the Aviation, Maritime, and War Branch and thus stir up interest that will lead to the discovery of more missing planes. A *Post-Courier* photographer took photographs that day of three CIL-team members standing in front of 41081's tail, and one of its reporters interviewed Lieutenant Colonel David C. Rosenberg, Webb's predecessor as commanding officer of the CIL, and Bruce Hoy. That evening, Hoy was also interviewed by a representative of the Australian Associated Press. By May 1st, an A.P. story about the CIL's recovery had started to run in newspapers all over the United States. The A.P. story, often accompanied by a *Post-Courier* photograph of 41081's tail, quoted Hoy and Rosenberg and mentioned the date of the crash, the plane's itinerary, the number of men aboard, and the units to which some of them had been assigned.



Among the millions of Americans who read the A.P. story in their local newspapers were relatives of Robert Allred, Frank Ginter, Keith Holm (the plane's navigator), Melvin Walker, and Emory Young. The relatives had kept the letters they had received from the headquarters of the Army Air Forces and from the Department of the Army in the nineteen-forties. The facts in these letters—the date of the crash, the plane's itinerary, the type of plane, and the plane's use as a transport on March 22, 1944—jibed with the facts in the A.P. story. Within a few weeks, the relatives got in touch with the CIL. On May 20th, Andrew Ginter, of Clarence, New York, a small town on the outskirts of Buffalo, wrote to Honolulu to say that the report he had read in the Buffalo *Evening News* about the B-24 wreckage found on Mt. Thumb sounded as if the plane might be the one his brother Frank had been on; he said he would appreciate any information the CIL might be able to send him. A week later, Andrew Ginter received a letter from Colonel Rosenberg, which read in part:

> A review of the manifest of the aircraft shows that Staff Sergeant Frank Ginter, 20283103, was on the aircraft when it became missing on 22 March 1944. However, we do not know whether or not your brother was among those recovered.
>
> All remains recovered from the aircraft are now in the laboratory, here in Hawaii, undergoing forensic examination. At this time, we are not certain how many remains were actually recovered, and no specific identities have been determined. The laboratory examination will take some time before any positive identification can be established.
>
> This is all the information that is available at present. Should you have additional questions, you should contact Mr. John Rogers, Casualty and Memorial Affairs Directorate, office of the Adjutant General, Headquarters, Department of the Army, Alexandria, Virginia 22331. You may call Mr. Rogers collect at Area Code (202) 325-7960.

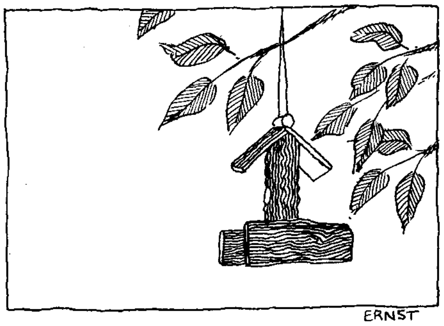
The CIL also received letters from people whose brothers, uncles, and cousins had been aboard other planes that disappeared in New Guinea during the Second World War. Until Colonel Rosenberg left the CIL, on June 7, 1982, for a new assignment, he answered a number of these letters. "Records available to this organization show that Staff Sergeant Stoeber was assigned to a B-25, tail number 41-12515, that became missing on 30 August 1944 in the vicinity of the Poi River, western New Guinea, which is called West Irian, and is now part of the country of Indonesia," Rosenberg informed one correspondent. "The aircraft was en route from Nadzab to Owi Island. We have no other specific information on Staff Sergeant Stoeber, but he was definitely not on the aircraft mentioned in the article. Thank you for your interest. It has been a pleasure to have been of service to you."

It did not surprise men like John Rogers, who by 1982 had worked at Casualty and Memorial Affairs as a civilian Army identification specialist for thirteen years, that there were so many inquiries. He knew of many mothers who had gone to their graves without giving up hope of hearing something about the fate of their missing sons. In 1970, the year of her death, Carlin Loop's mother read a brief newspaper account of an American Second World War plane that had been found by a Lutheran missionary on a mountain near the north coast of New Guinea. When she wrote to the Army to inquire whether her son had been on the plane, she was informed that the plane the missionary had happened upon was an A-20, which had failed to return from a bombing raid on March 12, 1944, ten days before her son's plane disappeared.

The relatives of Allred, Ginter, Holm, Walker, and Young wrote or called John Rogers during the summer and fall of 1982 to give him the dates they would be away from home on vacation or to ask if the identifications had been completed. Rogers telephoned them once or twice to report that he had no news for them. On November 22, 1982, Colonel Flick wrote to the relatives of the five men to give them "an update on the processing of the remains recovered," which, he explained, had taken much longer than was originally anticipated. "We cannot predict when the identification processing will be completed, but please rest assured that you will be notified immediately of the scientific results," he wrote. He said he regretted the delay and realized the anxiety that it was causing the relatives. He did not, of course, mention the pressure that the A.P. story was putting on the CIL or the anxiety felt by Furue, whose work could not be expedited by the knowledge that the relatives of five men had been waiting for months for him to complete it. In December, while the paperwork was being completed at the CIL, John Rogers and Douglas L. Howard, a sergeant in Casualty and Memorial Affairs, were given the job of tracing the next of kin of the seventeen men on 41081 whose families had not read the A.P. story. Rogers wrote down the names, ranks, and service numbers of the five men with whose relatives he had been in touch, and the relatives' names, addresses, and telephone numbers, on five pieces of legal-size, lined yellow paper. On seventeen similar sheets of paper, Douglas Howard recorded the names, ranks, and service numbers of the seventeen other men and the name or names and the address or addresses of their next of kin as they had been listed in the men's missing-in-action files. Some men had listed only one next of kin (a mother or a father), some had listed two (a wife and a mother, or two brothers). Rogers did some preliminary work on the next of kin, which consisted primarily of consulting out-of-town telephone directories in the Pentagon library and long-distance-information operators. He checked to see if Joseph Kachorek's mother, Stella Kachorek, of 2477 South Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was still listed in the Milwaukee telephone book.

On January 11, 1983, the day Webb and Flick spoke on the telephone, Rogers was instructed to call the relatives of Allred, Ginter, Holm, Walker, and Young and tell them that the five men had been identified. On the twelfth, he and Howard started calling the relatives of sixteen of the other men on 41081; Colonel Gleason, of the Board of Officers, had said he would find the family of the seventeenth man.

The most useful tool for tracking down the next of kin was the telephone directory. It took Rogers one call to find the relatives of John Staseowski. His father had died when he was three, and his mother had remarried. She was listed in his missing-in-action file as Mrs. Veronica Rybski, of 166 Homestead Avenue, Holyoke, Massachusetts. A Walter Rybski, of 418 Homestead Avenue, was in the Holyoke phone book. John Staseowski, one of Mrs. Rybski's nine sons and daughters by her two marriages, was her oldest child and the only one who was no longer alive; Walter Rybski was a half brother of John Staseowski. His first reaction to the news that Rogers gave him was astonishment. He had long since given up hope that John would be found, as had the brothers and sisters, if not the mothers, of the other men on 41081. He had no idea that anyone was still looking for Second World War missing planes in New Guinea. Walter Rybski's greatest regret was that his mother hadn't lived to learn of the recovery of her son's remains. "It's an odd thing about the number twenty-two," he said a few months later. "The plane crashed on March 22, 1944, with twenty-two men on board, and my mother died on March 22, 1980."



Clint Butler was from Little Rock, Arkansas; his mother, Grace, who was listed as his next of kin, was dead, but he too was from a large family—he was one of eleven children—and five of his brothers lived in Little Rock and were listed in the telephone directory.

Joseph Mettam's mother had lived in Solana Beach, California, when her son went off to war. She had died years earlier and there were no Mettams in Solana Beach, but an information operator found a listing for a Mettam in nearby Encinitas; he proved to be a cousin of Joseph Mettam's, and furnished Rogers with the telephone numbers of Joseph Mettam's sister and brother, who lived elsewhere in California.

Harvey Landrum's parents had lived in Kilgore, Texas. Some years earlier, his only sister had separated from her husband and had returned to Kilgore to be near her parents. After her mother died, in 1978, she had moved into her parents' house and had cared for her father until he died, in 1979. She had stayed on but had never got around to changing the listing in the telephone directory, so in January, 1983, John Rogers had found her by calling the number of her late father, whose name was also Harvey Landrum.

Charles Barnard had grown up in Wadsworth, Ohio. There were three Barnards in the Wadsworth telephone book. Two of them, including the first one Rogers called, A. Gary Barnard, were nephews of Charles Barnard. Gary Barnard telephoned his father, Amos, who had moved to Florida. Amos Barnard called his brother Charles' widow, who had remarried and was living in a small town in Missouri. She in turn telephoned her daughter, Nancy Barnard Linthicum, who was living in another small town in Missouri.

Of the twenty-two men on the plane, nine had been married, and four had children born shortly before or after the crash. Carlin Loop and his wife had been living in Salina, Kansas, when he went off to New Guinea; a nephew who was listed in the Salina telephone directory put Rogers in touch with Loop's son, Larry, who was also living in Missouri.

Weldon Frazier was from a small town in Texas, Thomas Carpenter from a small town in Alabama, and William Shrake from a small town in Indiana. It was easy for Rogers and Howard to get in touch with their brothers, who still lived in or near those small towns.

Where telephone directories failed to turn up relatives, postmasters were sometimes of assistance. Harold Atkins had listed two brothers as his next of kin; one had lived in Rosebud, Montana, the other in Gallatin Gateway, Montana. There were no Atkinses listed in the telephone books of either small town. Rogers called the postmaster of nearby Bozeman, Montana, who gave him the name, address, and telephone number of another brother, who was living in San Francisco. A postmaster in West Virginia helped Rogers trace the family of the late Charles Samples, of Smithers, West Virginia. "Everyone in rural West Virginia seems to know someone living on a hill or in a hollow," Rogers commented several months later.

It took the police to help the Army find the families of three of the men on the plane. Stanley Lawrence's father had lived in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, until his death. The police found one of Stanley's brothers in nearby Chippewa Falls—Myron Lawrence, who had been flying an American flag outside his home ever since Stanley's plane went missing. (Not the same flag; Midwestern winds had shredded about two flags a year.) The police in Robert Thompson's home town, Anniston, Alabama, found a stepbrother of his there; he got in touch with Thompson's sister, who had moved to

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Georgia. Joseph Kachorek's file listed his mother, Stella Kachorek, of Milwaukee, as his next of kin, but she was not listed in the Milwaukee directory, nor were any other Kachoreks. The police led the Army to one of Joseph Kachorek's three brothers, all of whom still lived in Milwaukee. The three brothers had kept the family's original surname, Kaczorek. Rogers learned that Joseph had changed the spelling of his surname before entering the Army and had also changed the spelling of his mother's name on his Army record

Colonel Gleason had offered to trace the family of Charles Steiner, of Navarre, Ohio; Gleason had grown up near Navarre and still had a sister living there. Within a few hours, Velma Zimmerman, of Canton, Ohio, one of Steiner's two sisters, was on the telephone with Gleason.

BY Monday, January 17th, members of all but one of the families of the men on 41081 had been located. Sergeant Howard couldn't find any relatives of Raymond J. Geis, Jr., who had been the plane's co-pilot. The last address that the Army had for Geis's wife and his mother was in Chicago. There were only fifteen Geises in the Chicago directory. Howard called them all, with no luck. Earlier, Howard had found Stanley Gross's widow, Carmen, whose 1944 address was also Chicago. There were about three hundred Grosses in the Chicago telephone book, but there was just one Carmen Gross. Of the nine widows of the men on 41081, Carmen Gross was the only one who had not remarried. After the crash, the Army Air Forces had encouraged the mothers and widows of the men on the missing plane to keep in touch and had sent them a list of each other's names and addresses. For a year or two, some had exchanged letters. Carmen Gross and the former Mrs. Raymond J. Geis, Jr., had stayed in touch longer than most. Maria Geis had remarried, in 1949, and Carmen Gross had been a guest at her wedding. When Sergeant Howard talked to Mrs. Gross, he told her that he couldn't find any of Raymond Geis's relatives. She couldn't remember the surname of Mrs. Geis's second husband or the name of a town in Illinois to which he and Maria had moved in the nineteen-seventies.

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John Rogers recalled that in 1981 the Army had spent four months trying to find the next of kin of Corporal William Wohlgemuth, whose remains had been recovered in 1980 from another Second World War plane crash in Papua New Guinea. Furue's recommendation on Wohlgemuth had been approved by a Board of Officers on July 31, 1981. Wohlgemuth's address of record was Alhambra, California, a city near Los Angeles, and the record also showed him to have been a member of the Catholic Church. Army officers looked through local records, asked civic and church organizations for assistance, and made a door-to-door search in Wohlgemuth's last-known neighborhood in an effort to trace surviving relatives. In early December, the Army released a dispatch about its fruitless search for Wohlgemuth to the Associated Press and United Press International. A friend of one of Wohlgemuth's brothers read a wire-service account in his local newspaper, and within four days the Army was in touch with the brother, who lived near San Francisco.

On Wednesday, January 19, 1983, the Army again turned to the press. A dispatch was prepared and submitted to the A.P. and the U.P.I. for distribution to newspapers, radio stations, and television stations. It recounted the story of the crash, gave the names of the twenty-two men who had been identified, said that the families of twenty-one servicemen had been notified, and asked anyone with information that could help locate the family of Second Lieutenant Raymond J. Geis, Jr., "to notify the Adjutant General's Casualty Office with a collect call to (202) 325-7960," the main number for Casualty and Memorial Affairs.

On the evening of Wednesday, January 19, 1983, Maria Ulrich was watching TV in the family room of her home, in Ingleside, Illinois, a small town fifty miles from Chicago, with her husband, her mother, and two neighbors. Shortly after 9 P.M., the telephone rang. It was Maria Ulrich's cousin Helen, who lived in Oak Lawn, a Chicago suburb. Cousin Helen, who suffered from arthritis, listened to the radio a great deal. She had been listening to the nine-o'clock news on WBBM, a popular Chicago radio station. After the newscaster read the wire-service story about the plane and the appeal for help in locating Geis's family, she dialled Maria's number. Maria answered the telephone.

"Do you have the radio on?" Helen asked.

"No," Mrs. Ulrich said. "I'm watching the idiot box."

"Are you sitting down?"

"No. I'm in the family room, and the phone down here is on the wall."

"Well, please do sit down," Helen said.

Maria Ulrich followed her advice.

"I don't know whether I should tell you this, but I think I'd better," Helen continued. "I've just heard on the radio that the Army has found the plane Ray was on. They've identified the twenty-two men aboard, and they've notified twenty-one families. They couldn't find you." Helen asked if she might give the newscaster Maria's telephone number. Maria consented, but when he telephoned her, wanting to interview her for the ten-o'clock news, Maria Ulrich had to decline: she was too unnerved to speak to a stranger. The neighbors were tactful and left quickly; like most of the Ulrichs' friends and relatives, they had no idea that Maria had been married to Raymond Geis on November 3, 1943, the day he graduated from Army Air Forces pilot school and received his wings, and that she had become a widow four months later.

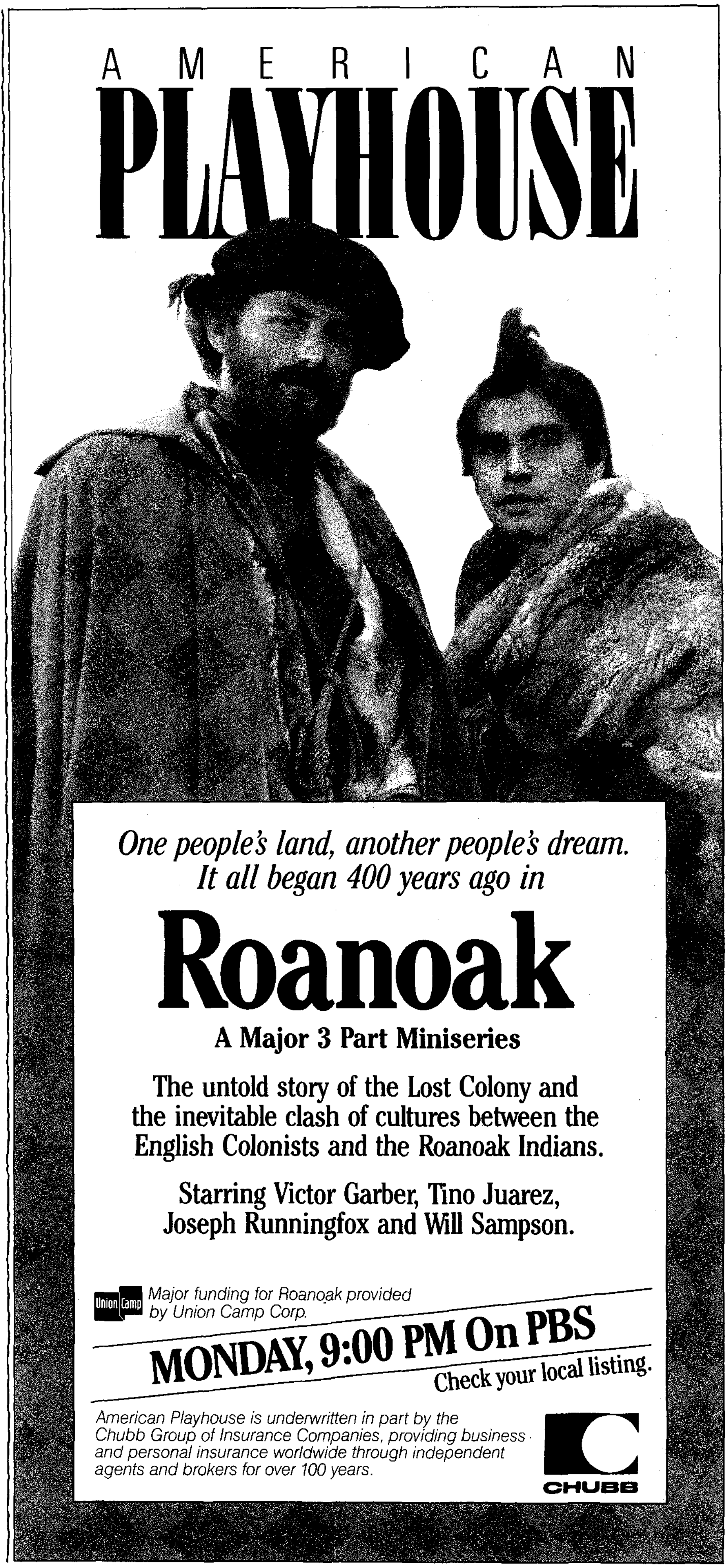
After the neighbors' departure, Maria Ulrich made a call—to Carmen Gross.

"Where the hell have you been?" Mrs. Gross inquired.

The two women had a fairly long conversation. Carmen Gross spoke of Sergeant Howard as a very kind man. She passed on the information he had given her about the recovery of the remains and told Maria Ulrich she had learned from Sergeant Howard that the Army would bury the remains of each of the men on the plane in accordance with his family's wishes. Mrs. Gross said she hadn't yet reached a decision about where to bury her husband. Before Maria Ulrich went to bed, still in a state of disbelief, she tried to telephone a cousin of Ray Geis, a dentist who lived in Joliet, Illinois. There was no answer at his home.

The Ulrichs subscribed to the Chicago *Tribune*. The paper delivered to them on the morning of January 20th carried a story about Emory Young, of Macomb, Illinois. "I'd have had a heart attack if I'd seen the *Tribune* before Helen telephoned," Maria Ulrich said later. She remembered that Emory Young's mother had visited her and Raymond Geis's mother in Chicago not long after the plane's disappearance. That morning, the Ulrichs had to drive to Waukegan, Illinois, for a hearing on the property taxes on their house. The station had called the Adjutant General's Casualty Office the previous evening with Mrs. Ulrich's telephone number. When Sergeant Howard telephoned Maria Ulrich on the morning of the twentieth, her mother answered, and explained that she was out for a few hours. He called back around two o'clock that afternoon, and reached Maria Ulrich. He brought up the matter of who would serve as "primary next of kin," the relative who would assume responsibility for burial arrangements. Mrs. Ulrich told Sergeant Howard that she hadn't corresponded with Raymond Geis's mother for a while; the last she knew, Mrs. Geis was living in a trailer court in a small town in California. She said she believed she could find Mrs. Geis if she was still alive. With the help of the town's Chamber of Commerce, she reached two people at the trailer court, and learned that Mrs. Geis had become quite senile and was living in a nursing home in California. When Maria Ulrich passed this information along to Sergeant Howard, he advised her not to disturb Mrs. Geis by telling her that her son's remains had been found, but Maria Ulrich thought that telling her was the proper thing to do. Raymond Geis had been her only child. She reached her former mother-in-law on a day when she was lucid. Mrs. Geis told Maria Ulrich she felt that Maria was the one best qualified to make any decisions that had to be made. "He belonged to you," Mrs. Geis said. Mrs. Ulrich reported the phone conversation to Sergeant Howard and also mentioned Raymond Geis's cousin in Joliet. Howard said that the cousin was a rather distant relative, and suggested that she might want to honor her former mother-in-law's wish that she serve as primary next of kin; she accepted the responsibility.

ON January 21st, when Maria Ulrich had just agreed to become primary next of kin and was starting to think about where to bury Raymond Geis, most of the sixteen other families that Howard, Rogers, and Gleason



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had traced had had between four and nine days to make these decisions; the five families that had read of the plane's recovery in May, 1982, had had eight months. In twelve cases, including that of John Staseowski, the primary next of kin would be a brother. In three cases, it would be a sister: Harvey Landrum, Charles Steiner, and Robert Thompson had no brothers. In three cases, including those of Maria Ulrich and Carmen Gross, it would be a widow. And in three it would be a child. Nancy Barnard Linthicum, Larry Loop, and Melvin Walker were all devoted to their stepfathers but had always been interested in their real fathers, and they took the opportunity to do something for these men they had never had a chance to know. By January 21st, most of the families had decided where to bury the men from 41081; the others would make their decisions soon. Twelve were to be buried in family plots in private cemeteries—often alongside the graves of their parents. Three were to be buried in the military sections of private cemeteries; either their families had no plots in these cemeteries or the plots had been filled. The private cemetery in Massachusetts where John Staseowski's father was buried had lost the location of his grave, and donated a plot; John Staseowski would be buried near the graves of his mother and stepfather. Six other men, among them Raymond Geis, would be buried in military or national cemeteries. Maria Ulrich's husband, Chris, had served in the Army at Fort Sheridan, Illinois. He drove her there on a sunny day to show her the post cemetery. She liked its tranquillity and the view of Lake Michigan. She described the cemetery to Carmen Gross, who decided that she would bury Stanley Gross in an adjacent grave. Both women seemed to feel that since the two men had lain together for thirty-eight years on Mt. Thumb it would be fitting for them to lie together for the rest of time.

It was not easy for Nancy Linthicum to decide where to bury her father. One possibility was the Barnard family plot in Wadsworth; she ruled that out, because only her two cousins lived there, and Ohio was a long way from Missouri. Her uncle, Amos Barnard, proposed Arlington National Cemetery, but that was even farther away. Nancy Linthicum had learned from John Rogers and Doug Howard that the Army would pay as much as fourteen hundred dollars if she chose to have her father buried in a private cemetery. If burial was to be in a national cemetery, like Arlington, virtually all costs would be taken care of by the Army and seventy-five dollars would be allotted for such items as death notices and flowers. Whatever cemetery Nancy Linthicum chose, the Army would not pay for her transportation to or from it, or for the transportation of her two sons. For that reason and for another, more compelling one, she eventually chose to have her father buried in Kansas City, Missouri, in a pretty cemetery near her office and her home. She wanted to be able to visit her father's grave regularly, and that would be possible only if he was buried in Missouri.

WHILE Rogers and Sergeant Howard were calling the relatives of the men on 41081, another branch of Casualty and Memorial Affairs was procuring a Survival Assistance Officer for each primary next of kin. S.A.O.s must be the same rank as the deceased or higher, and must be active-duty members of the Army. They are chosen from places as near as possible to the homes of the next of kin. A number of the S.A.O.s selected were men who taught military science to R.O.T.C. students at universities (Nancy Linthicum's S.A.O. taught at Central Missouri State University; Velma Zimmerman's was a professor at the University of Akron) or men assigned to Army Recruiting Commands, although Carmen Gross's, a woman, was a captain assigned to the Alcohol and Drug Control Office at Fort Sheridan. On January 21, 1983, the day after the board met, Colonel Flick sent each S.A.O. a letter with enclosures and instructions. One enclosure was the CIL's paperwork pertaining to the serviceman in question, along with "four disposition options for remains of World War II casualties." Colonel Flick's first instruction to the S.A.O. was "Familiarize yourself with the enclosures," and the second was to please call John Rogers or John F. Manning, another identification specialist with Casualty and Memorial Affairs, before getting in touch with the family. Most of the men and women S.A.O.s had never served in that capacity before. They were given advice by Rogers and Manning on how to telephone the families, and had access to Department of the Army Pamphlet 608-33, a "Casualty Assistance Handbook," which spelled out how "Initial Contact with NOK (Telephonic)" was to be made:

> In your call, identify yourself and the fact that you will be assisting. Do not say that you have been "appointed" or give an impression that assisting is a chore of inconvenience to you. BE SINCERE IN YOUR OFFER TO HELP. Extend your own sympathy and condolence. Tactfully explain there are, or shortly will be, a number of matters which will require the NOK's personal attention and decision. Ask to meet with the NOK as soon as possible, in the home or at a place the NOK designates. The first telephone contact is crucial. Your courtesy, sincerity, honesty, understanding of the situation, and ability to answer questions will help to establish the needed rapport between you and the NOK. If you don't "make the grade" here, you will find it hard to succeed later.

Pam 608-33 (there is little that the Army hesitates to abbreviate) goes on to address "First Visit with NOK" in another paragraph:

> The first visit with the NOK may be difficult for you. However, try to appear poised and self-assured. The NOK will rely on you for strength and expect to find you fully competent. Be sure that your uniform is proper, clean, and neatly pressed whenever you meet with the NOK. Keep your relationship with the NOK on a professional level at all times. Never become personally involved, seek favors, borrow money, etc. As a representative of the Secretary of the Army, you must be the epitome of a professional soldier in conduct and appearance.

Despite their lack of experience, the sincere, neatly pressed, professional men and women "made the grade" with the relatives. Over the telephone, they had informed them of the CIL documentation they would be bringing on their first visits. When S.A.O.s perceived that relatives were still wrought up over the unanticipated recovery of the remains, they warned them gently that the skeletal diagram and photograph were a bit graphic, and proposed that they put the paperwork aside for a while. Most of the relatives studied the paperwork, including the diagram and photograph, but not all of the children and brothers serving as primary next of kin shared them with the men's mothers. Nancy Linthicum was pleased that her father's remains had been found together in one place. The family of William Shrake was impressed by the quantity of remains found and the excellent dental comparison. When Shrake's mother saw the photograph of the deformed ulna, she remembered exactly when he incurred the injury, playing basketball. A number of relatives didn't understand Form 892 or

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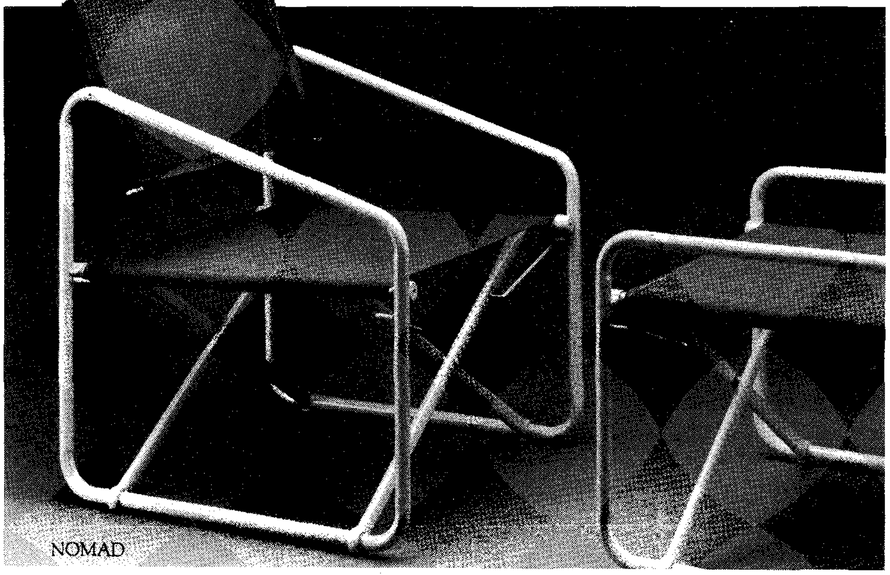

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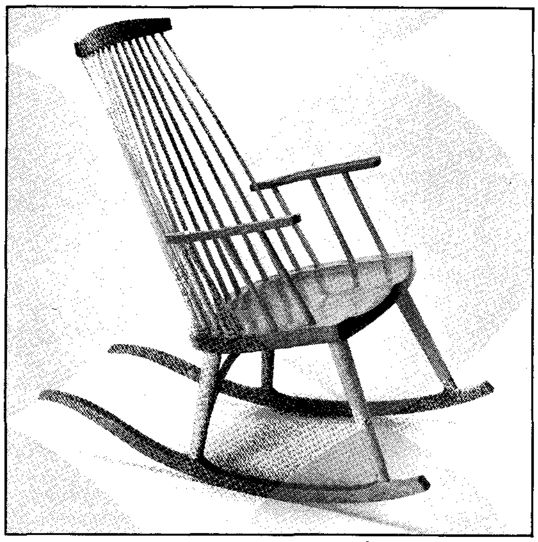

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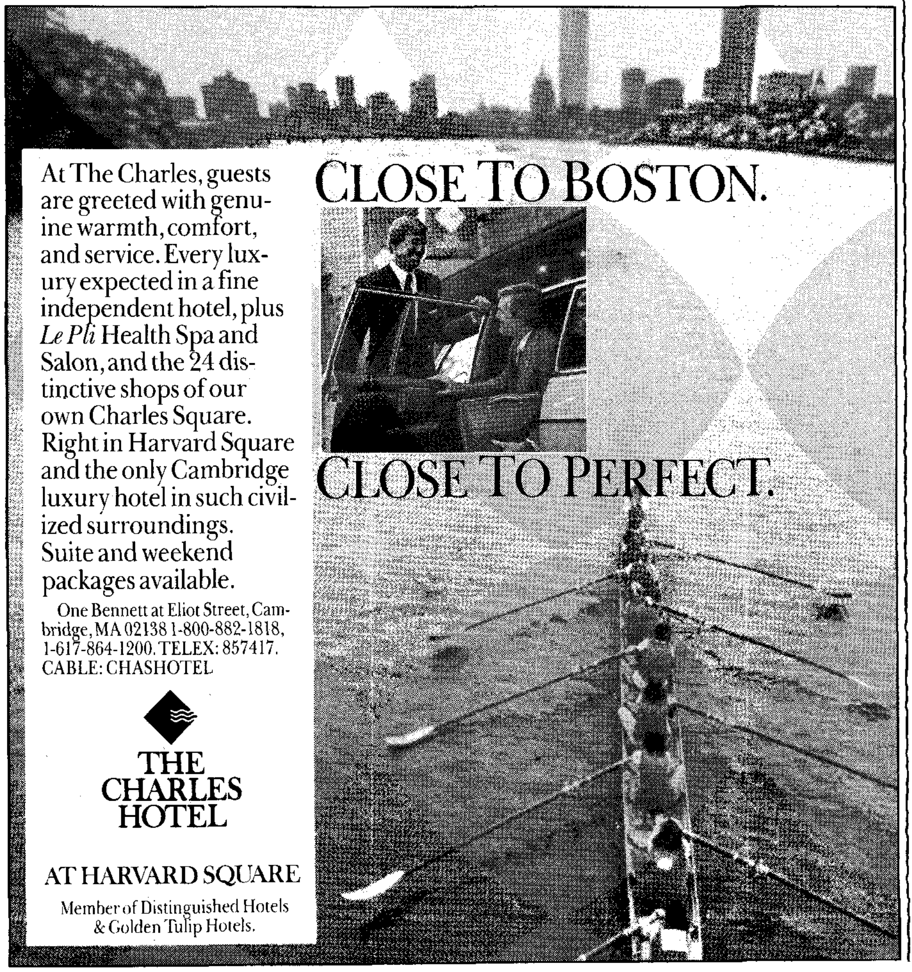

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Form 897. Some had never heard of humeri and tibiae, much less the significance of measuring them. A fair number of relatives accepted the identifications simply because their son, brother, or father was on the manifest of 41081, the plane had been found, his remains had been identified by the Army, as had the remains of all the other men on the plane, and none of the twenty-two had ever turned up elsewhere.

In mid-January, the remains of twenty-one of the twenty-two men on 41081, having been put in aluminum transfer cases, were driven from the CIL to Hickam Air Force Base, flown to Travis Air Force Base, California, and driven to the United States Army Mortuary in Oakland, which is the port of entry for remains from Asia. In Oakland, each remains was wrapped in a blanket, laid out in a metal casket, and covered with a uniform. Flick's final instruction to every S.A.O. in his letter of January 21st was to send a telegram to the Directorate of Casualty and Memorial Affairs after the family member he or she was assisting had chosen a funeral home or government cemetery and a date for burial. Casualty and Memorial Affairs would transmit this information to Oakland. Each remains would be flown to the airport nearest the cemetery of choice, accompanied by an escort officer from the Oakland area.

The first telegram was dispatched on January 24th. By February 12th, eighteen funerals had been held. Once most of the relatives had got over their initial shock and had made their decisions, they wanted to give the men the burials they had never received.

In late February, as the remains of two of the men were about to be flown from California to the Midwest for burial—one in Illinois, the other in Kansas—a couple named Juanita and Alvin Beck were setting off in the opposite direction. They flew from their home in Des Moines, Iowa, to Los Angeles, changed planes, and continued to Honolulu. The Becks were going to attend the funeral of the one man whose remains had stayed in Hawaii, because his family had chosen to have him buried there—at Punchbowl, the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific. The man was Mrs. Beck's first husband, Lieutenant Robert E. Allred, the pilot of 41081.

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

REFLECTIONS

QUATTROCENTO BASEBALL

I AM by vocation a student of fifteenth-century Italian art and a fan of the Montreal Expos. It is a mixture of callings that provokes more indulgent smiles than raised eyebrows, as though my penchant for wearing my Expos cap, peak backward, to seminars at the Institute of Fine Arts were a kind of sophisticated joke, a put-on—as though I were simply one more pop ironist "thoroughly bemused by the myths of popular culture," as Hilton Kramer puts it, "but differentiated from the mass audience by virtue of [a] consciousness of [his] own taste." This kind of well-meaning misunderstanding has led me to brood a great deal on the relationship of the one passion to the other, and, more generally, on what I suppose I have to call the aesthetics of sport, and of baseball in particular. I have tried to imagine a pasture on the slopes of Parnassus where Bill Lee plays pepper with Giorgione, and Fra Filippo Lippi calls off Warren Cromartie.

To be sure, it has been submitted by a few nearsighted observers that I admire the Expos precisely because they are *not* like Carpaccio or Sassetta, because they "provide an outlet" for my need to be attached to something that is neither Catholic nor half a millennium away. It has occurred to others—for example, to my wife, whom I met in a Verrocchio seminar—that I am attracted to the Expos because participation in their cult provides a very close modern equivalent of the kind of communal involvement with spectacle which was so crucial a part of the original experience of fifteenth-century Italian art. My passion for the Expos, she argues, is at heart a way of re-creating an essential piece of the Quattrocento aesthetic—fellowship achieved through a formal object—which the passage of time has replaced with one or another kind of detached and devitalized "appreciation." It is a nice theory, and may go a long way toward explaining my nearly equal passion for the Montreal Canadiens, but I don't think it has much to say about the Expos. In 1981, the Expos won their division and participated in the Championship Series for the first time, and surely, if my wife's theory is correct, this should have been sheer epiphany for me; I should have felt as the people of Siena felt when they marched through the streets with Duccio's "Maestà." Yet, while I found that series by turns elating and heartbreaking, I was struck most by how *different*, how disagreeably different, it was from my everyday, high-summer experience of watching the Expos play. By the sixth inning of the final match, my "involvement" with the destiny of the Expos had become so intense that I no longer took any pleasure in the game. I wanted only a climax, a *result*—my triumph or my doom. It was, in short, sport deprived of anything like a detached aesthetic experience—or anything like the pleasurably removed delight I take in a Carpaccio or a Giorgione—and I sensed, suddenly, that it is precisely the kinship of my normal experience of baseball with my normal experience of Italian painting that has held me, and this suggested, in turn, that there must be some substratum of pure aesthetic experience, divorced from symbolism or civic feeling, that can account for the curious twinning of my obsessions.

There's no shortage of literature on the supposed aesthetic appeal of various sports; most of it involves assimilating the activities of one or another sport to the practice of one or another of the performing arts. This is the kind of comparison that is accomplished with a few pious references to the athleticism of Villella or the balletic grace of Lynn Swann, say, or with a few lyrical descriptions of acrobatic catches. There's nothing wrong with one kind of creative endeavor imitating the forms and strategies of another—every student of fifteenth-century Italian painting knows that it discovered itself only when it began to aspire to the condition of poetry—but I think it's obvious that playing baseball has nothing to do with dancing. Most of the actions central to the game and expressive of its essence—waiting out a fly ball, making sure of a grounder—are only minimally "dramatic" or fluid of movement. It is possible to achieve real distinction as a baseball player while attaining grace perhaps only in the most religious sense: one thinks of the earthbound Woody Fryman, and of Rusty Staub,

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who hit like a god but ran like a mortal. In football, of course, the spectacular catch is much more to the point. It is also really quite rare, and football fans do indeed seem like fans of the older performing arts in their willingness to put up with hours of deadening boredom and repetition in exchange for one or two epiphanic moments (although even in this they seem to me more like lovers of the opera than like lovers of the dance). That is why the N.F.L. is so well served by its highlight films: "N.F.L. Week in Review" can include in a half hour everything that was heart-stopping in the previous week's games without altering their essential meaning. The response of organized baseball, the syndicated program called "This Week in Baseball," is inevitably dull and unrealized; the only equivalents the producers can find for the self-contained moments of football lie in the weekly montage of mistakes and curiosities—flubbed catches, rhubarbs with umpires—that can be wrenched from their context without losing whatever meaning it is they have. That is the kind of "highlight" that Joe Garagiola now takes onto the "Tonight Show," too, to everyone's apparent delight, and it suggests the depressing thought that television is now aggressively trying to reduce baseball to the aesthetic of pro football.

"IN its special mode of handling its given material, each art may be observed to pass into the condition of some other art," writes Pater in the most famous passage on aesthetic transferal. Baseball, I believe, aspires to the condition of painting. The blank, affectless description of any particular moment in the game has in common with great painting a certain puzzling first-glance banality. A child sits on the lap of a woman who sits on a rock. A very old man is seen against a neutral background in dim light. A fuzzy black square rests on a fuzzy maroon rectangle against a blood-red background. Now baseball: A man stands, stares, rocks, and throws a ball—almost too quickly to be seen—at a second man. The second actor, frozen in place, lunges at the near-invisible object with a club. Two other men, one dressed in formal clothes, squat and watch them. We see this action repeated, unchanged, again and again. Surely this sounds more like what goes on in a performance space in SoHo on an off night, or like a passage from one of the lesser works of Robert Wilson, than like a public spectacle that could become the national obsession of a restless and impatient people. Baseball can't be grasped by a formalist aesthetic; the appeal of the game can't be understood by an analysis of its moments. As in painting, the expressive effect, the spell, of baseball depends on our understanding of context, of the way what is being made now collects its meaning from what has gone before and what may come next. E. H. Gombrich has championed this view of how the meanings of pictures must be understood—not as a series of acts but as a series of choices within a context, an organized medium. The weight of Giotto becomes apparent only against the weightlessness of Duccio; the humidity of Giorgione becomes apparent only against the clarity of Mantegna. And just as Masaccio comes to alter irrevocably our understanding of Giotto, so each inning alters irrevocably the meaning of every inning that has preceded it: Henry Aaron's first at-bat in 1974, as he approaches Babe Ruth's record, suddenly lends an entirely new meaning, an unlooked-for centrality, to some nearly forgotten Aaron home run back in 1959. The significance of every action in the game depends entirely on its place within a history, on our recognition of it as one possibility, one choice, within a series of alternatives. The batter swings freely, the way the painter paints, but the swing itself is bound about by the ghosts of every other swing.

Just as painting, then, seems able to be better grasped by a historical than by a purely critical imagination, so baseball's most inspired observers are essentially historians, and do their best work at a distance. Baseball inspires reminiscence not because of the sentiment of its devotees but, rather, because the meaning of its forms—of a crucial lapse, a fabled stat—can only be clarified by time. Statistics, like the best kind of art history, are not basically an attendant or peripheral activity. They are the means by which the act becomes articulate. And in baseball, as in painting, the presence of history—of the weight of tradition—is both bequest and burden. Each game, each season must recapitulate all the cycles of the larger history, from nascent opportunity to exhaustion. Spring is the time of Giotto, where there is an April freshness and the rebirth of miraculous possibility. July is the Quattrocento, where history begins to give shape to that possibility, to set problems without precluding any outcome. August is baroque: the weight of history, of the season's corrosive and insistent patterns, demands an inflation of effects and complicated new forms—shuffled rotations, patched lineups, gimmicky plays. September is wholly modern: the presence of tradition becomes oppressive and begins to generate anxiety; we turn self-conscious, pray that nerve and daring, the bravura gesture, alone may see us through.

October, my memory and my father remind me, was once both climax and renewal. The World Series celebrated our escape from history, and held out the promise of another spring, as though we could applaud Frank Stella and then begin all over again with the Arena Chapel. Now we escape from the context of the season only to enter the horrible context of prime-time entertainment, as if, just as in much contemporary art, there were nothing left for us at the end but an extended mockery of the same values that our calling once upheld. There was a time, just a few years ago, when the World Series was dominated by the Dodgers and the Yankees. No accident, it seems to me, for these two teams have precisely the kind of smug, sneering hardiness that I associate with much postmodern art and architecture. The Dodgers seem like a Robert Venturi version of a Monticello house: a familiar vernacular form like team spirit, which was once touching in its innocence and good cheer, is transformed by the Dodgers into an effect to be cultivated and exploited. The tastes of the fan, of the gallery-goer, are jeered at and gratified at the same time. The Yankees, too, seem to me to operate by taking an archetypal bit of folklore—the interfering owner meets the prima-donna player—and turning it into something rigged and artificial, mechanical in its self-consciousness. (Think of how natural and funny this trope seemed just a few years ago in Oakland!) Steinbrenner's exploitation of the Yankees' tradition is exactly like Michael Graves' exploitation of classical architectural form: not an imaginative extension but a cynical appropriation. October these days seems to share the central, miserable feature of postmodernism—the displacement of the vernacular into a mode of irony.

Am I so bitter about October because of the continuing failures—once last-minute, now apparently sealed by

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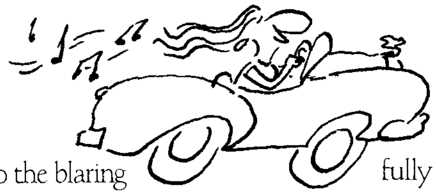

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the third week of the season—of my Expos over the past few years? Perhaps—although the Expos, with their prolific, uncynical energy, did seem to promise precisely the kind of natural, eager, unforced voice that art and baseball alike demand at the moment. Of course, a few turncoat Expos fans have now placed their aesthetic bets on the increasingly successful Toronto Blue Jays. I don't know; the Blue Jays seem to me suspiciously skilled at embodying the virtues of their city: dogged adherence to a goal and the subordination of the individual to a team ethic. I feel about the Torontonians' methodical approach to the pennant more or less the way that the Sienese painters' guild must have felt about the Florentine discovery of linear perspective—that this is precisely the kind of depressing gimmick you would expect from a town like that. The difference between the Expos' André Dawson, who many people came to think was the best player in baseball simply because he *looked* like the best player in baseball (he never really was), and, say, the Blue Jays' Jesse Barfield, is precisely the difference between a Sassetta saint and a Masaccio saint. Their guys are probably a lot closer to the real thing, but ours look more holy.

If I can find any consolation in recent Octobers, it is this: While meaning in baseball depends on context, perhaps only part of that context is provided by public history, by the official chronicle of box scores and All-Star ballots. For each game belongs to a private chronicle, too. Perhaps there is somewhere a fan who sees the Yankees or the Dodgers not in the context of the history of the game but in the context of his own history, whose real unhappiness ennobles their squabbling, and whose rituals (the cap worn just so, the radio placed just so), unknown to them, guarantee their victories. If he exists, then there is hope for rebirth in April after all.

—ADAM GOPNIK

•

Ensemble Theatre Project presents John Ford Noonan's "A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking" through May at the Old Alechama Theatre, 914 Santa Barbara St., Santa Barbara. The comedy will run in repertory with "True West." For reservations and ticket information, call (805) 962-6252 (DO NOT USE UNLESS GOOD PHONE NUMBER CAN BE FOUND AND SPELLING OF PLAY AND THEATER VERIFIED).
—*Los Angeles Times.*

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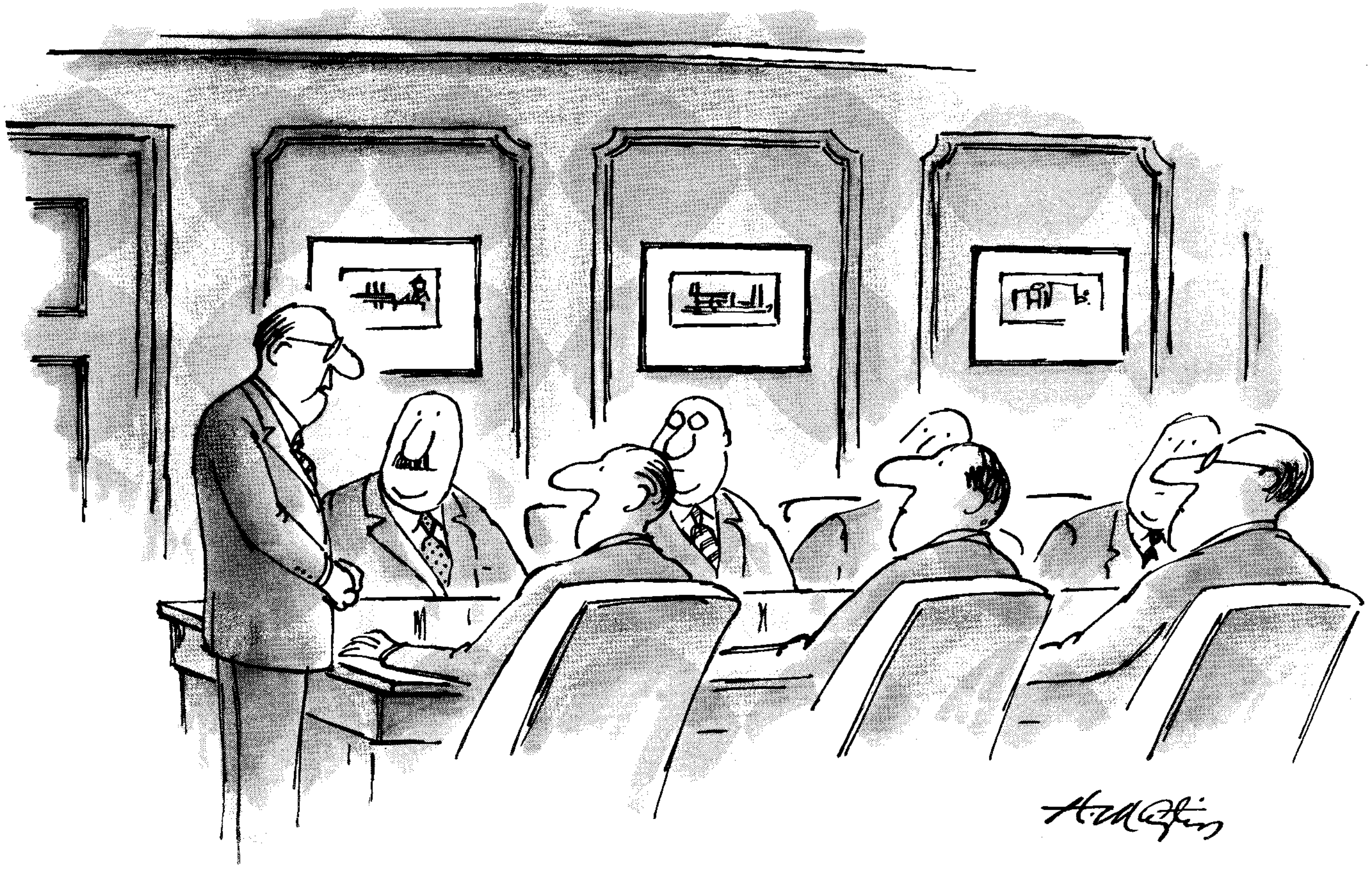
MUSICAL EVENTS

Symphonic Aspiration

THE New York Youth Symphony's First Music series in Carnegie Hall—of short full-orchestra works by young American composers, resulting from the city's only regular orchestral-commissioning scheme—enables young instrumentalists to work with new music by a living composer, and young composers to write for a large orchestra in the assurance of abundant rehearsals and a public hearing. Michael Torke's "Bright Blue Music," which I reviewed earlier this year, has, I see, been taken up for next season by the Baltimore Symphony and the Detroit Symphony (and his "Vanada" has been played in the BBC's Music in Our Time series). Kamran Ince's "Infrared Only," which the Youth Orchestra played in February, is a strong, striking, sometimes almost aggressive composition. Ince's Piano Concerto, of 1984 (which I have heard only on tape), could be described in the same way, but its exuberantly eclectic manner, in which sounds and harmonies reminiscent of early Strauss and early Stravinsky or Prokofiev mingle with exotic episodes, is not free of youthful brashness. Ince was already twenty-four when he wrote it—by which age Strauss had embarked on "Don Juan" and "Death and Transfiguration" and had had his F-Minor Symphony played in New York by the Philharmonic, and Schubert had composed seven symphonies. American musicians often start their careers late, lingering on campuses, becoming "doctors," while their European contemporaries are out in the world learning their trade and earning their living before the public. Ince is still a doctoral student at the Eastman School of Music. But he is maturing fast. The Piano Concerto revealed a confident, individual, arresting voice; in "Infrared Only" it is heard through a succinct, tautly shaped score, which covers a good deal of ground in ten minutes. If I describe the piece as suggesting Varèse imposed on Mahler, that may seem an odd combination. But "Infrared Only" is an odd—and fascinating—composition. The Varèse sounds are not the sustained "solid objects" of "Octandre" but similar noises hammered out in repeated chords. There is something here of Bernd Alois Zimmermann's way of bringing extremes into a confrontation where pretenses and politeness are dropped, and naked declarations embarrassing to a gentle-minded listener force him to consider and to take sides. I resisted the work initially, but about halfway through was won. In further hearings it has continued to fascinate me. (But each time the final chord—in a work of powerful harmonic impulse—has seemed to me more asserted than honestly earned.) Kamran Ince is a name to watch for.

One can't have a winner every time. Scott Lindroth's "Two-Part Invention," the latest work in the Youth Symphony's First Music series, proved dry and dislikable. Lindroth, born in 1958, is a composer-in-residence at the American Academy in Rome. The two parts of his invention are a jittery rhythmic pattern and what in a program note he calls "a rambunctious, disjunct melody," adding, "I use this term optimistically." The optimism is unjustified: a listener's ear can hardly construe the isolated blurts from various parts of the orchestra as a "melody." But Lindroth does achieve his avowed intention of "creating an ef-



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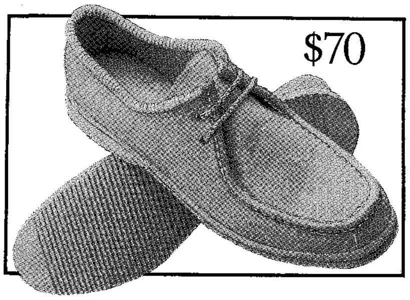

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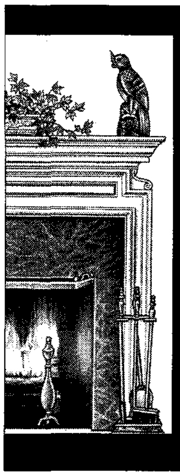

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fect similar to driving a car on a bumpy road" whereon "the stretches of rough terrain gradually became longer and longer." It's not an agreeable ride.

David Alan Miller, the conductor of the Youth Symphony, is just twenty-five. He preceded the "Two-Part Invention" with an account of Beethoven's "Leonore" No. 3 Overture which was broadly and bravely planned and admirably executed—a performance in which instinct and good technique were combined. He didn't chuck himself about, crouch, squirm, shimmy, jump in the air to signify climaxes. He directed the music with the tip of his baton, in the tradition of Nikisch, Richter, and Sir Adrian Boult.

THREE years ago, Mr. Miller and the Youth Orchestra gave the New York première of Schubert's Seventh Symphony, with its orchestration completed by Brian Newbould. (In Schubert's autograph full score, after a hundred and ten fully written measures only the main lines are filled in.) Schubert's Tenth Symphony was given its New York première last week, in Carnegie Hall, by Neville Marriner and the Minnesota Orchestra. Its existence was unknown until, in preparation for the Schubert 1978 celebrations, a sheaf of D-major symphonic sketches in Vienna was reëxamined with the aid of modern graphological, rastrological, and papyrological techniques, and what was formerly considered a series of starts—nine different movements—for a D-major symphony was determined to consist of material for three different unfinished D-major symphonies, dating from 1818, 1820-21, and 1828. The first two are bold, experimental pieces: the second subject of the 1820-21 work begins not in A but in A-flat; Schubert anticipates Peter Maxwell Davies' symphonies with a "tritone dominant." These substantial fragments, which Schubert sketched in two-stave particella, are well worth hearing. Newbould scored them, and they can be heard, along with Symphonies Nos. 1 to 10 (No. 7 in Newbould's scoring; No. 8, the "Unfinished," finished by Newbould's completion of the scherzo and the "Rosamunde" B-minor entr'acte as finale; and No. 10 in Newbould's performing version), on a seven-disk Philips album, or six little compact disks, played by the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, conducted by

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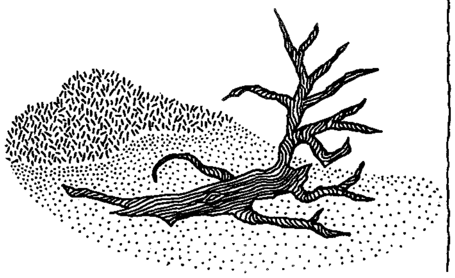
Sir Neville. For the 1828 work, something like a complete symphony survived.

Schubert's last symphony, written three years after the Great C Major! A musician's heart leaps at the prospect. The works of Schubert's last year—Book II of "Winterreise," "Schwanengesang," the late piano sonatas, the C-Major Quintet, the E-Flat Piano Trio—are among those the world holds most dear: fashioned by that marvellous mind which, as if aware of death's approach, hastened to lead listeners into new realms of beauty and sorrow, of peace after strife and order after anguish. In his last symphony, Schubert did new things. In mid-movement, he slowed the second subject from allegro maestoso to andante and darkened it from A major to B-flat minor. For the B-minor slow movement he conceived a melody and countermelody, over a stark pizzicato tread, that anticipate Mahler at his most plangent. As finale, he drafted a scherzo that in formal ambition out-Beethovens the scherzo of Beethoven's Seventh: a sonata-rondo as scherzo-finale, charged with the contrapuntal energy of the finale of Mozart's last symphony. Death intervened before the work was done. But enough had been set down, Newbould decided, to provide the material for a performable symphony.

The sketches for this Tenth Symphony, which have been published in facsimile by Bärenreiter, are difficult to read. Schubert jumps pages, and one must thread a maze of crossings out and hastily jotted from-here-to-here connective signs. Comparison of the sketches with Newbould's score fills one with admiration for his skill and perspicacity. But much of his work—as the preface to his score freely reveals—is inevitably conjectural: not only in instrumentation and harmonic detail (almost all of which has to be supplied) but also in large structural matters. Of the first movement, for example, we have the exposition (two versions, in fact, with different first subjects) and the andante episode mentioned above. This is presumably



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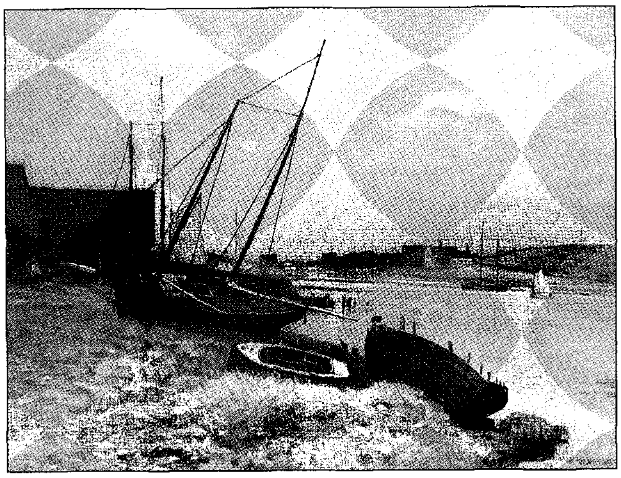

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the start of the development; but it leads to a tonic presto, which is presumably the coda. Newbould has constructed development and recapitulation sections "in the belief that Schubert formulated in his mind an ultimate plan for the movement . . . but did not indicate it as it required no further material and he would work out its detail later." So Newbould had to deduce a possible "ultimate plan" and then work out the detail for himself.

That devoted Schubertian the late Maurice J. E. Brown, writing of J. F. Barnett's and Felix Weingartner's versions of the Seventh Symphony (which is at least structurally complete, and unequivocal in its instrumental indications, so far as they go), did not regret that neither version had joined the repertory:

> Schubert has clearly indicated the form of his movements and his melodies, but harmonic details, accompaniment figures and cadences, are anything but clearly indicated and it is in these essential features that Schubert's *magic* chiefly lies. . . . At this crux or that the solution of one or the other is admirable. But each version is inevitably a distorted or at least a partial Schubert, and better no Schubert at all than that.

I cannot agree. Nor can anyone who has been stirred by the inventions of the Seventh Symphony (available now in Newbould's more sensitively Schubertian version), by the striking fragments of the abandoned 1818 and 1820-21 symphonies (abandoned, it may be, because they contained ideas almost too bold to be carried through), and by the Tenth Symphony. No one seeks to claim this Tenth as fully "authentic." Had death not intervened, dissatisfaction might well have caused large changes. (High strokes in the Great C Major resulted, we know, from the composer's new thoughts as he wrote out his full score in all its details.) But even in this conjectural form the Tenth Symphony is rich in wonderful Schubert melodies, characteristic, breathtaking harmonic shifts, captivating thematic combinations, subtly molded, irregular periods—in Schubertian felicities of all kinds, including formal audacities not merely presumed from but present in the sketches. There are also things that seem lame: melodic turns that the composer would surely have strengthened, halting transitions, bald patches that seem to call for more figuration or harmonic enrichment, and too flighty an ending. Schubert is not diminished by them: these were his first, rapid

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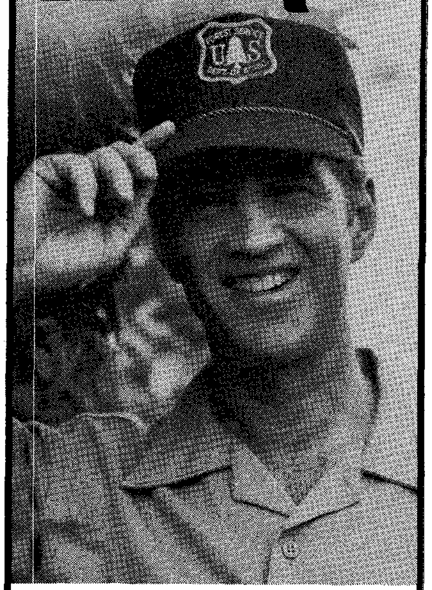

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thoughts, material to be reworked in the light of the whole. Nor is Newbould to be chided for scrupling to alter—to "strengthen"—what Schubert himself set down. Other realizations have been essayed (Peter Gülke's lusher treatment of the Mahlerian slow movement was heard at the 1978 Schubert conference in Detroit), and no doubt more will be essayed. Newbould's interpretation seems to me most of the time uncommonly convincing, and the melodically "weak" moments that I have checked against the sketches are present there, too. Schubert's Tenth—unlike Mahler's Tenth, which was left more nearly completed, more nearly completable—may not be, in its imperfect state, the crown of his symphonic career, but more than enough of it survives to provide radiant glimpses of what that crown might have been. Better this than no Schubert Tenth at all.

The Minnesota Orchestra's performance was neat, poised, and spirited. Sir Neville is seldom a conductor who goes into things deeply. He did not seem to feel the poignancy of some harmonic events or the smiling, shaft-of-sunlight quality that illumines others. Everything slipped by rather too easily. The first performance of the symphony, which was given by the BBC Welsh Orchestra, conducted by Bryden Thomson, in 1983, was more ardent, if less polished; it "placed" the great phrases more tellingly. I have not heard the recording (on Ricercar) by the Liège Philharmonic, in which the Newbould score has been retouched by the conductor, Pierre Bartholomée, or Gülke's recording (on Eterna) of his own reconstruction.

—Andrew Porter

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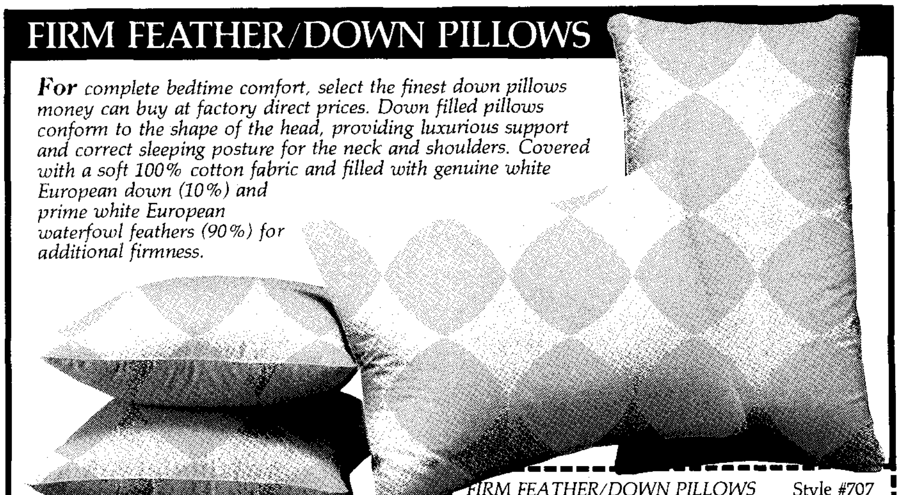

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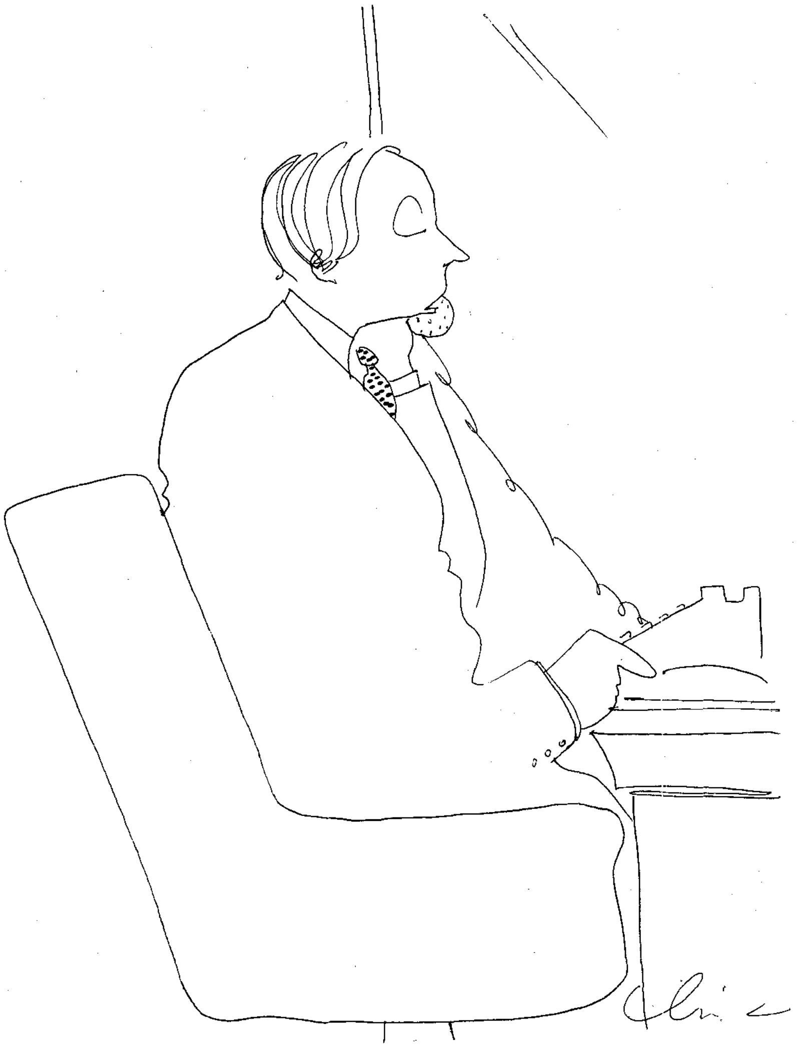
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Drifters, Dopes, and Dopers

Agnès Varda wrote and directed "Vagabond"—in France, "Sans Toit ni Loi" (literally, "Without Roof or Law")—a scrupulous, hardheaded film about an eighteen-year-old girl on the road. Mona (played by the eighteen-year-old Sandrine Bonnaire, who came to prominence in Maurice Pialat's 1983 "À Nos Amours") is a deliberately homeless wanderer in a leather jacket. The movie begins with the discovery of her body in a ditch. Like other French drifters, she had headed south for the winter, but there was an unexpected cold snap and she froze to death in the countryside near the city of Nîmes. Varda presents the movie as if it were a documentary investigating how this happened. The characters are Mona and the witnesses to her last weeks, and we are put in the position of these witnesses—some of them envious of her freedom, others upset by her dirtiness, her sullenness, her vacant eyes. Some of them gave her rides or took her in, and though she hardly spoke at all, she was good company as long as she was given pot, or wine and cigarettes.

Mona is the solipsistic eighties version of what in the fifties was called a "rebel without a cause." She's numb, suspicious, indifferent—an extreme version of what in England now is called a "no-hoper." The American title for the film suggests something carefree and adventurous; it romanticizes her slightly—she's actually more vagrant than vagabond. Mona lives on handouts, thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasional odd job. She may flirt a bit, and she may have sex voluntarily or be forced into it, but the basic fact about this girl is that she gives nothing of herself—she's closed off.



"Do you mind if I thumb through 'Newsweek' while we talk?"

Bonnaire, with her wide forehead and intelligent yet unyielding manner, plays the role immaculately; giving you nothing is her forte, and she has the strength and beauty to sustain your interest for a considerable stretch. She doesn't work like a trained actress; she works like a great camera subject, and Varda, a photographer turned moviemaker, renders her impenetrability as fully as a Cartier-Bresson might. Varda has based her film on observation of the new young drifters on the roads, and her approach here is a flat-out "This is how it is. This is what you see when you look up close." Emotionally, Mona is like a cagey infant, responding on the minimal basis of who gives her the goodies she wants this minute.

I can believe in the truth of what Varda shows us, and there's integrity in every frame of the film. Varda has a silly side that comes out in some of her work (as in "One Sings, the Other Doesn't"), but she's also a full-fledged visual moviemaker. The purity and boldness of her approach here may call Robert Bresson to mind, and it's perfectly evident why this film won the Golden Lion at the 1985 Venice Film Festival, was selected best picture of the year by the French Critics Association, and also won Bonnaire the French César for best actress. "Vagabond" is the work of a visual artist. But what Varda shows us isn't enough. The disadvantage of her neo-documentary approach is that we gain no more insight into the girl than we would have if we had actually been witnesses who encountered her. We see her strictly from the outside, the way the camera sees her. Varda appears to believe that the artist only needs to give you the facts. As in her 1965 film "Le Bonheur," she gives you everything you want but the essential. We don't get what a great novelist or playwright or screenwriter can give us—an imaginative grasp of what has closed the young girl off.

In its own stubborn way, the movie (which is dedicated to Nathalie Sarraute) is admirable, but when you leave the theatre you're more likely to think of the social problem of the homeless than of Mona, because she never comes alive for us. Varda may have been attracted to the subject as a means of exercising her own closed-off, modernist temperament. She ends where she started, and in more than the visual sense of beginning and ending with the frozen young body in the ditch. Sitting in the audience, we are turned into no-hopers—as if we had no means of understanding anything. Varda's flat-out—almost mulish—approach excludes the uses of the imagination, both hers and ours. If Tolstoy had looked at Anna Karenina as objective-

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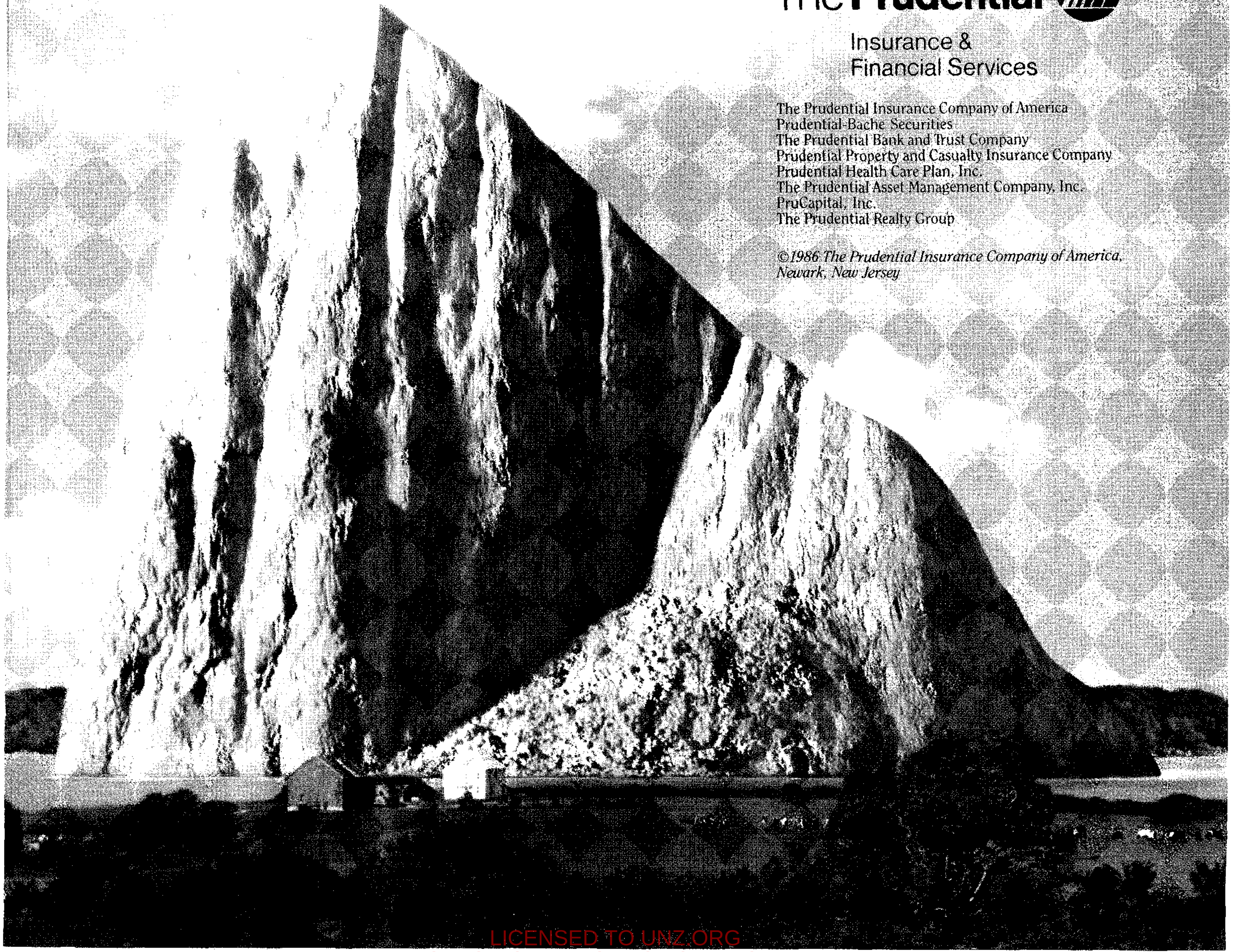

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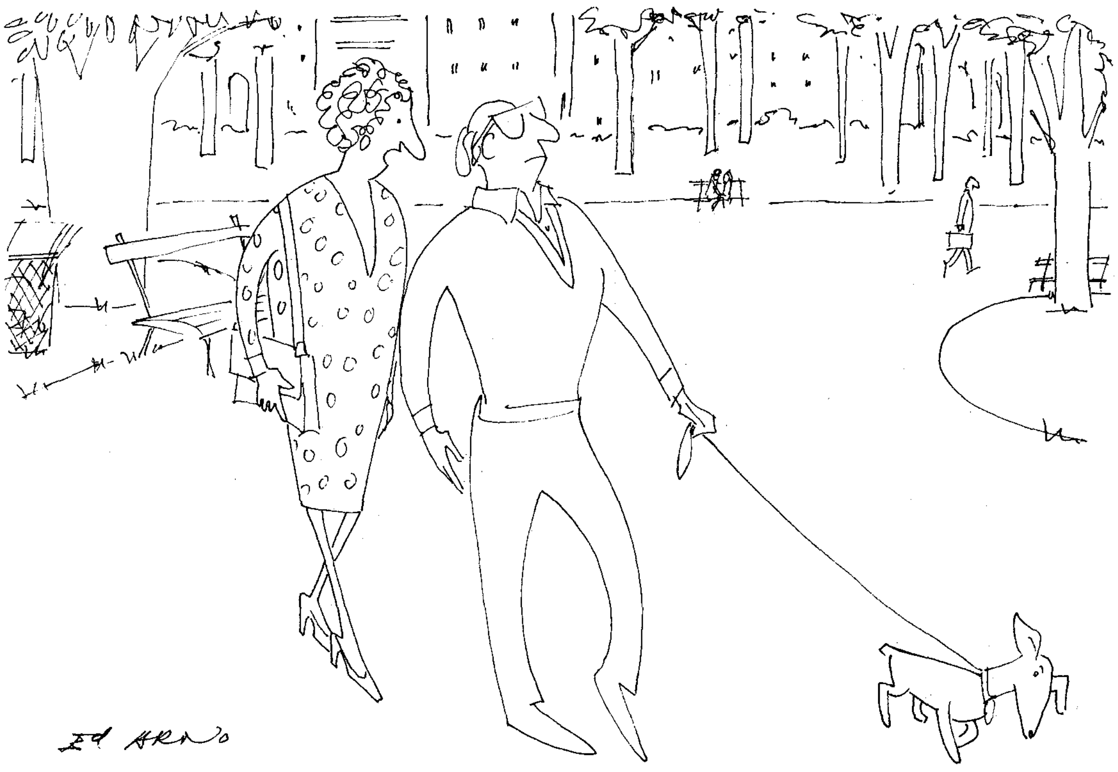
Patricia Sherwood

ly as Varda looks at Mona, we would see her as no more than a frivolous, spoiled society woman. (Of course, Tolstoy flunks the modernist aesthetic.) If the outside of a life isn't used to reveal the inside, a movie turns to stone.



"I'm sick of the economy, dear. Can't we disagree about something else?"

• •

"Wise Guys" is a Mafia burlesque—a broad, slapstick Mafia farce, spattered with gross-out humor. The two heroes—Danny DeVito as the bumptious Italian Harry, and Joe Piscopo as the Jewish simpleton Moe—have been best friends since childhood and still live in adjoining working-class houses in Newark. They're on the lowest rung of the local organization; they're hangers-on who are treated contemptuously and ordered to fetch the godfather's groceries and dry cleaning, or start his car for him if he has reason to think there may be a bomb in it. Their duties don't require any brains, but they try to be smart, and they foul up: when they're given ten thousand of the godfather's dollars to bet on a horse, they're not told that he has fixed the race, and Harry, convinced that the horse doesn't have a chance, persuades Moe to put the money on another. When the godfather grills them and each takes the blame, he's indignant: these wise guys are loyal to each other, and not to him. The affronted godfather (Dan Hedaya), a New Jersey-style Machiavellian, tells Harry and Moe, each in private, that the other has ratted on him, and orders each to bump off the other. Then he arranges for his hit man, Frankie the Fixer—played by the retired professional wrestler Captain Lou Albano—to take care of the survivor. The movie is the account of the two friends' joint efforts to stay alive, their dash to Atlantic City in the Cadillac they steal from the Fixer, and his apoplectic rages.

The producer, Aaron Russo, has described the picture as "Laurel and Hardy Meet the Godfather," and that's fairly close to the mark, except that it doesn't have a Laurel or a Hardy or much of a godfather. The turns and twists in the script (it's credited to George Gallo) suggest that Russo may have hoped for a slobby, knockabout "Animal House" Mafia movie, but Brian De Palma, who directed, sets up the old gags with no waste motion. Sometimes the gags have been around quite recently: Harry and Moe, in church with their pal (played by Ray Sharkey), are told to do as he does, and they go on imitating his movements after he has been shot—it's the same basic gag as the murder on the dance floor in "Airplane!" But De Palma stages these routines deftly, without any stress. He doesn't have to push you to laugh, because he knows how to pinpoint what he wants you to look at (and he adds a small zinger in the church scene, when the bullets hit the plaster statue of the Virgin).

De Palma's directing is canny and smooth, and he gives the picture a consistent texture; it's what he's directing that freezes my responses. I could hear the men around me in the theatre laughing. Not surprisingly, the audience was almost all male; women aren't likely to be attracted to a Mafia farce starring Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo. The clownish archness of this kind of comedy must link up with young boys' cops-and-robbers games and all the "Bang, you're dead!" roughhousing that kids do. The gangster burlesque is a musty genre: it includes the 1971 "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight," Edward G. Robinson in the 1938 "A Slight Case of Murder," films based on Damon Runyon stories, such as the 1933 "Lady for a Day," its 1961 remake, "Pocketful of Miracles," and the several versions of "Little Miss Marker," and dozens of others. What they all have in common is childlike, warmhearted big-city hoods who talk ungrammatically (preferably in a croak or growl), rush around antically, and do plenty of mugging.

Some of these movies have their moments of humor, but even at best the stylization they require is very close to coyness, and they always end up as sticky fairy tales. (The thugs are lovable scamps at heart.) So fresh jokes and sharp, colorful personalities are desperately needed. De Palma doesn't get them. Danny DeVito, who often seemed inspired in the TV series "Taxi" but has been lethally over the top in some of his other film roles, isn't bad here. He uses his short frame confidently, assertively; it makes perfect sense that his Harry—a heavyset pixie who is carried away by his dreams and impulses—should be happily mar-

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ried. (Patti LuPone plays his wife.) DeVito is controlled and resourceful, and at times he manages to be touching without any hint of pathos, but he's a character comedian, not a star. It also makes some kind of sense that Joe Piscopo's pop-eyed numskull Moe should be living with his mother (played by Julie Bovasso). But Piscopo—familiar to TV viewers for the brash satirical impressions he did on "Saturday Night Live"—isn't quite an actor, and has no light or subtle side. (He's an abrasive performer—a bulldozer, like Jerry Lewis.) Possibly if his vaguely Stan Laurel-like role had been better written, he could have brought some inflections to it. As it is, he's a blank. Most of the other mobsters are played so crudely that when Harvey Keitel turns up in the Atlantic City scenes he seems like a really classy actor.

The frankness of this movie's grubby anti-glamour is its only claim to charm, but maybe you'd have to be part of what is delicately referred to as the undemanding audience—say, somebody who watches every rerun of the Abbott and Costello pictures—to succumb and find it as uproarious as it's meant to be. Although the two underdogs come out on top, the picture doesn't have any real emotional payoff, because they don't get their revenge consciously. These two frightened clowns don't get to release their anger, and so De Palma doesn't get to release his wit. "Wise Guys" is for people who treasure the grossness in boyish humor and like it best when it's aged and has become mild.

HAL ASHBY's "8 Million Ways to Die" is about cops and robbers, coke and hookers. (These are the pillars of new American action movies—the ones that aren't about showing the Commies how mighty is our moral wrath.) The Ashby film is based on Lawrence Block's mystery novels featuring the detective Matthew Scudder; the best known of these books is "Eight Million Ways to Die"—which, of course, refers to New York City, where the stories are set. So it's a bit dislocating when the movie opens with a fine aerial view of traffic on the L.A. freeways. Scudder (Jeff Bridges) is now a narcotics detective for the L.A. County Sheriff's Department, and that first dislocation is one of many. The movie has an overlush pictorial exoticism, as if being coked out comes with the territory. The locales, which include a cliff at Malibu with a tram that takes you up to a casino-bordello, and a cocaine importer's curvy, pseudo-Gaudí house, suggest an effort to find a dark, baroque beauty and sexiness in the corrupt city. (It's as if Ashby imagines himself shooting "The Third Man" in the bombed-out ruins of Vienna.) "8 Million" is both intensely visual and exhausted—"blown away." It's more enjoyable than the other pictures that Ashby has made in the last half-dozen years, yet it's permeated with druggy dissociation and you can't always distinguish between what's intentional and what's unintentional. Plot points don't connect, as though they don't matter, the actors often sound as if they're making up their lines, and on three separate occasions Scudder and another man engage in lengthy, belligerent confrontations, exchanging obscenities and telling each other off. As far as the narrative is concerned, these macho shouting matches might be intermissions. What they tell us is that Ashby is less interested in the thriller aspect of the film than in men in a semi-stupor challenging each other. And the crazy confusion of these challenges is halfway amusing—you don't know what's going on, or if the director does, either. Violence and dreaminess are blended.

At the outset, Scudder, driven to drink after he has had to shoot a man, has taken a leave of absence from the Sheriff's Department and joined A.A. He's been free of booze for six months when a bright-eyed, coke-snorting young hooker called Sunny (Alexandra Paul) hires him to protect her. Sunny is one of a string of a dozen or so whores who are available to the patrons of the swank casino, and the film's grandiosity klonks a viewer on the head fairly early, when this fresh-faced sweetie takes off her clothes in Scudder's apartment and rhapsodizes about the glow of her pubic hair in the street light. Not in the moonlight but in the street light. Her words may be the ultimate in eighties film-noir self-consciousness. (Is there something in druggy subjects that encourages directors to make imitation film noir? Film noir itself becomes an addiction.) At first, Scudder thinks that Sunny is frightened of Chance (Randy Brooks), the black ex-convict who operates the casino, but after she is murdered his suspicions settle on a sleek Colombian-American racketeer, Angel Maldonado (Andy Garcia), who frequents the place and is enamored of Sarah (Rosanna Arquette), the top hooker of the

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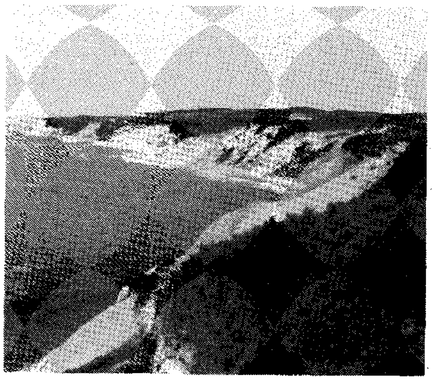

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bunch. The script, credited to Oliver Stone and David Lee Henry (other hands were also involved), is crude stuff, but it suggests more hardboiled narrative drive than Ashby delivers. (That might be what prompted the production company to fire him after the wrap—the completion of principal photography.) The story isn't filled in, and the spaces in the narrative contribute to the coked-out feeling. At times, Ashby might be waiting around for something in his brain to crystallize. He doesn't give the scenes the emotional shading that would make them play, and the actors are left exposed to ridicule, as if this were a cheap exploitation film instead of an expensive one. Except for Andy Garcia, the Cuban-born actor who was the trim, attentive homicide detective in "The Mean Season," and who cuts loose here—he does Latino sleaze and volatility to hammy perfection, flashing his eyes like semaphores—the performances are negligible. That includes Bridges, and Arquette, too. When she's trying to be hard-edged, she chops her lines short and makes funny faces. (And the hopes that people have had for her, on the basis of her work—and her look—in "The Executioner's Song," keep withering away.) As for Bridges, he generally tries something different in each role, but he can't get hold of much this time; a passivity seems to engulf him, and the picture swings over to Garcia, who's simply more fun to watch.

"8 Million Ways to Die" is like a continuation of other drug-traffic movies that Oliver Stone has written ("Midnight Express," "Scarface," "Year of the Dragon"). It's pulpier and tawdrier than you might expect from Ashby, but it's also woozy, and it luxuriates in the glamour of being physically and emotionally spent, as if droopiness were sexy. Ashby seems to smear his materials on the screen; that includes such devices as blobs of color and breathy sounds on the track. He loves visionary, watery finales—he has Bridges and Arquette romping on the beach at the end, embracing and walking along, just two happy kids. And you feel as if you're seeing a mind shutting off in front of your eyes. He directs like a gonzo flower child.

—PAULINE KAEL

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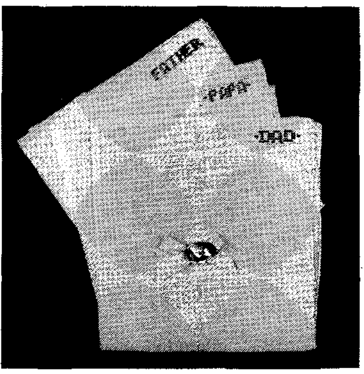

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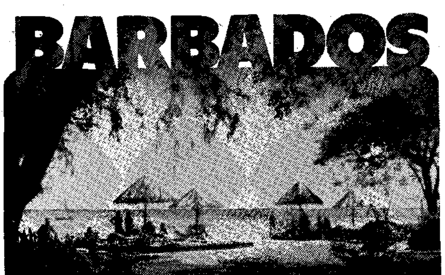

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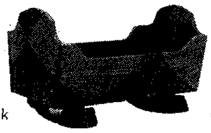

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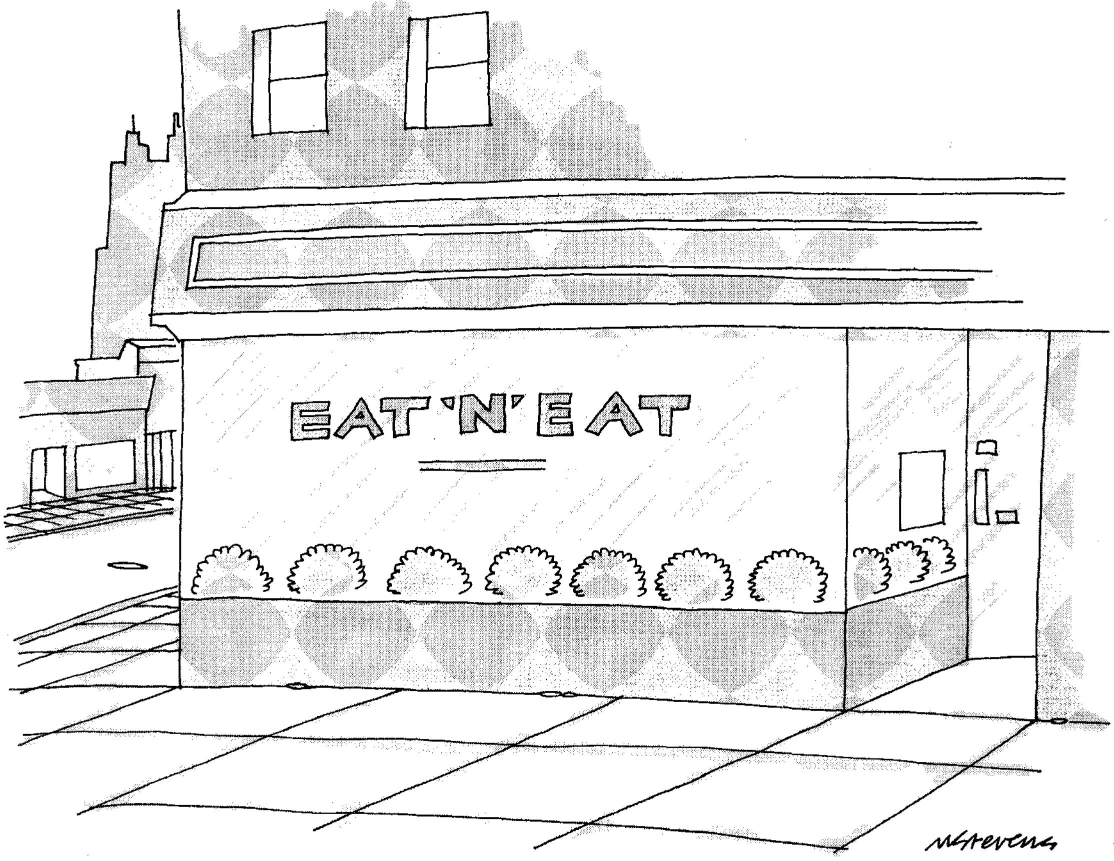
LETTER FROM EUROPE

PARIS, MAY 9

FRANKIE NTOH SONG made his first guitar out of some twigs and rope he found in the bush outside Douala, and strung it with rusty wires stripped from the brakes of an old bicycle at the repair shop down the road from the mission school of the Cathédrale Pierre et Paul. Frankie's father was the handyman at the mission. The family lived in a little house on the mission grounds—ten workers for the price of one, Frankie says now. His mother sold *beignets* to the priests and nuns and the Dominican friars, and sometimes to the elegant Jesuits at the mission *collège*, where the sons of the important Bassa village chiefs went for a Catholic education. His sister helped with the *beignets*. He and his six brothers swept the classrooms at the mission grammar school, and once a week, when everyone at school got a malaria pill (and had to take it right there, with the teacher watching), he was sent to the pump in town for "swallowing water" and carried it back in a heavy calabash on his head. He served at Mass, and since he was good at climbing trees, he also picked the missionaries' mangoes from the trees in the cathedral garden. He was not allowed to take mangoes for himself—not even the ones that fell to the ground and splattered when he was up on a branch and lost his footing. There was always a priest attached to Frankie when he did his chores—a priest whose job seemed mainly to consist of keeping Frankie honest. There was a "marketing priest" and a "cathedral-business priest" and, if the missionaries wanted mangoes, a "mango priest," who gave Frankie one mango at the end of the day and sent him home with it to his mother. It was as if the great civilizing mission of the Church of Rome in Africa were concentrated on the small person of Frankie Ntoh Song. Frankie's people—they were a riverain Bassa people from southwestern Cameroon—measured their land and their rights to the land by river boundaries. As they understood it, the mango trees of Douala belonged to everybody born there, but the Church said no, the trees belonged to the Bishop of the Cathédrale Pierre et Paul, and really to the Pope and to the Church in Rome. The Church taught Frankie sin and property. He stole mangoes, and whenever he did he had the sense of having stolen something. "I don't know why, but the thing that stays in my head—the thing that's always in my head—is the mango trees," he says. Sooner or later, whenever Frankie talks, he comes back to the mango trees. The mango trees were there, and the priests certainly hadn't planted them, and Frankie says that it makes no sense that he was not permitted to take mangoes for himself. It makes no sense that when he did take one he felt so terrible.

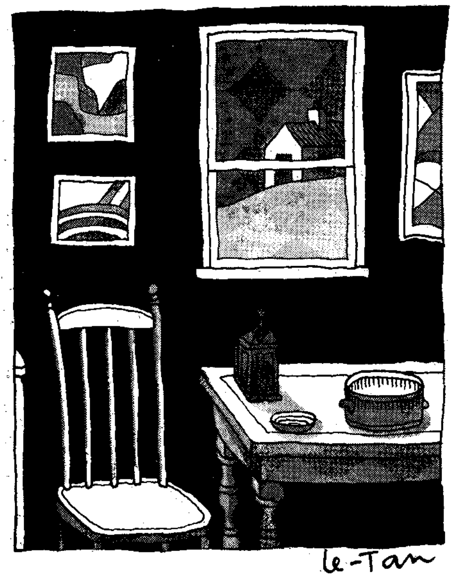
Frankie is a musician now. He is thirty-two and lives in Paris and plays the keyboards in a group called Ghetto Blaster, which is one of the best new African groups around. He wears an Afro and a pencil mustache, and he owns a pair of soft black leather trousers, soft pointed leather boots, and a golden identification bracelet with links the size of mango pits. He talks with ease about the influence of James Brown and Otis Redding, about the "funky-jazzy" sound of the Temptations and the Commodores and all the other Motown groups he admires, and about the new, "Afro urban" sound that Ghetto Blaster is trying to articulate. The sound is affecting. "You hear African music, you have to dance, man" is Frankie's explanation for it. It is not a question of whether you want to dance. It has nothing to do with whether you *can* dance. Dancing is something that happens to you when you hear the rhythms of West Africa. Your feet move the way your leg moves when the doctor taps it with a hammer. One of the things that Frankie wants to do while he is here in Europe is go to Rome and make the Pope dance. He has already been to Rome twice, for concerts. He was there at Eastertime this year, and he can imagine Ghetto Blaster in St. Peter's Square, playing their song "Preacher Man" while the Pope dances. As Frankie describes it, the music will enter John Paul II. It will possess him like an irresistible ancestral spirit. He will start to dance, and he will keep on dancing to the Ghetto Blaster beat until Frankie and his friends release him. It is Frankie's moment of power, his great moment of reconciliation and revenge. "Let me



tell you, we play, he dances—*pourquoi pas*?" Frankie says.

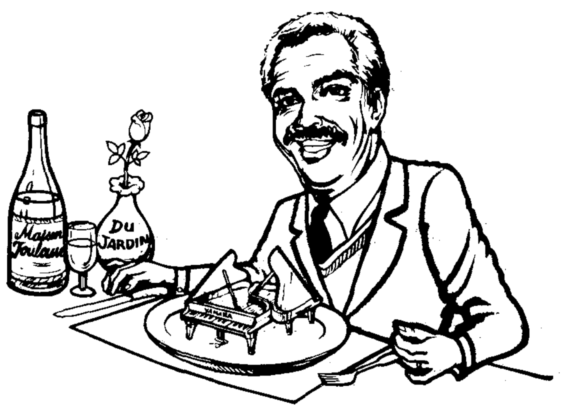
LATELY, the word around Les Halles and Beaubourg and the Place de la Bastille and the other places where Paris kids gather is that if you want to be *branché*—plugged in—you have to be *branché Africain.* You have to have *le black feeling*, or pretend to have *le black feeling.* You have to hang out in the African-music section at FNAC and discuss the latest tapes by Ray Lema and Youssou N'Dour, and have gone to demonstrations for Fela Anikulapo Kuti, a Nigerian saxophonist with twenty-seven wives and a revolutionary palaver who has just spent two years in jail for the illegal possession of sixteen hundred British pounds. A couple of years ago, no one in Paris had *le black feeling* except, understandably, the blacks who lived here. Paris is black the way Los Angeles is Chicano. For every African legally in Paris—the official figure for the city and its suburbs is under a hundred thousand adults with *cartes de séjour*—there are five or six Africans who have entered illegally or managed to come as "tourists," and have simply disappeared into the city and its squats and its black suburbs. There are more Malians in the workers' suburb of Montreuil than in any place in Mali except Bamako, the capital. There are more Senegalese in the back streets of Montmartre and Belleville and Ménilmontant than in most Senegalese towns. People figure that if you include the Antillais, who have French passports and can come and go as they want to, there are at least a million and more likely a million and a half blacks living in the Île-de-France.

The Africans came here as factory workers and as students and because Paris was the place that young Africans longed to go. They were isolated and alienated and not much loved by Frenchmen. They were hired off the books, and usually they lived in sixth-floor *chambres de bonne* or in abandoned ateliers converted by enterprising French landlords into what were delicately called *foyers immigrés.* There were Senegalese *foyers* near the Gare de Lyon (and there are still huge *foyers* between Nation and the Porte de Montreuil) where entire villages were transplanted. Eventually, these *foyers* were "sold," and the immigrants ended up with African landlords who were just as enterprising as the French, and just as ruthless. The immigrants paid for protection, and then for mediums and sorcerers to protect them against their protectors. "Resolve your problems," the black classifieds in Paris said. "Enemy(ies). Money. Work. Fidelity. Customers. Complexes. Affection. Disenchantment. Exorcism. Chance. Success. Drivers' Licenses. Cards. Exams. Sentimental complications." Friday night in Montreuil or on the Boulevard Barbès was not much different from Friday night in Douala. The men with jobs got paid and bought a bottle and went dancing. The women with jobs got paid and did the marketing and fed the children, and then they went dancing, too. It was a way to commemorate the end of a week of exhausting work or exhausting evasions of work, and it was just as much of a ritual for Africans here as sitting under a tree and sharing a calabash of palm wine on Friday night was a ritual for the old men in Frankie's father's village, twenty-five miles by canoe from the Douala missionaries. The music that Africans played in their *foyers* was not always "African." It was often a mixture of their own local drum rhythms and the harmonies of foreign groups that they had heard on the radio back home. If they came from Zaire, or from countries that used to belong to France, like Senegal or Mali or the Ivory Coast, the chances are that there was a lot of Antilles zouk in their music, and traces of the cheap pop melodies that French singers like Serge Gainsbourg and Johnny Halliday recorded. If they came from Nigeria or Cameroon, they knew Jamaican reggae and English rock, and even some American jazz. They played bongos and tam-tams and koras and box guitars, and dreamed of amplifiers. They kept their radios on loud, day and night, and liked nearly everything they heard. They liked the way James Brown sang, because James Brown had what in Paris argot is called *les tripes*—big gut feelings. They liked the way Jamaicans rapped about revolution, and they liked the way Herbie Hancock played his keyboard synthesizer against complicated rhythmic patterns that were pure Africa—"techno-roots," they called it. They liked the scratchy forty-fives the Bembeya Jazz National band mixed in Guinea with a single microphone, and they liked the smooth "soul makossa" sounds that came from Manu Dibango's saxophone in a twenty-four-track Paris studio. Manu Dibango moved here from Cameroon in 1949, and stayed. In a way, he is the grandfather of *le black feeling.* Africans say that he carried the sound of Africa to Paris in his saxophone case. They hang his picture—Manu in his tweed cap and his expensive shades—in makeshift night clubs in the Cameroon bush (night clubs with names like Soul Jungle), and in workers' squats in Paris where Senegalese and Guinean *griots* play on ancient instruments that have been handed down, like sacred objects, over generations.



Frankie remembers the day he first heard Manu Dibango on his father's radio. He was fourteen and had quit school and was selling *beignets* for his mother at a stand near the Jesuits' *collège*, but he knew a little about keyboards from having watched the organist at Pierre et Paul whenever he served at Sunday Mass, and he was getting lessons of sorts from a neighbor who owned a box guitar and a "pianica" that worked something like a mouth organ—you had to blow through a tube and play your chords at the same time. The chords that Frankie learned were do, fa, and sol—C major, F major, and G major. He practiced them at home on a keyboard that one of his brothers drew for him on a piece of paper, with the chords marked and the fingering pencilled in. He never did learn to read music. It is understood among Frankie and his friends that if you are black reading music ruins your creativity, and, besides, Frankie is a cynic where most music audiences are concerned. "If you play good, they clap, and if you play bad they clap," he likes to say. This was true when he was fifteen and gave his first concert—he was a reluctant guest soloist with the Jesuits' school orchestra—and it was just as true when Ghetto Blaster played for a thousand Trotskyite students last Saturday night at the Palais de la Mutualité.

Frankie's first job playing was in a little night club in Douala. He used his neighbor's box guitar and sang what the owner wanted—which turned out to be James Brown's "Papa's Got a Brand-New Bag" and a Johnny Halliday version of Otis Redding's record "Knock on Wood," with "Aussi Dur Que le Bois" for a title. It was clear to Frankie that he needed improving. He went back to his neighbor. ("I went to my big brother," he says, because it is Frankie's policy to insist that all Africans are his brothers and his sisters, and it takes a while to figure out whether he is talking about the neighbors or the Dominicans or his own family.) He asked his neighbor how to change chords. "Make a major chord," his neighbor said. "Now take the finger in the middle, move it back a bit, just a bit, and that's a minor chord. Now take the *first* finger, move it back a bit, just a bit, and that's a flat chord. Now take the same finger, move it not back but up a bit, just a bit, and that's a sharp chord." It was Frankie's last music lesson. He went home and practiced. He used his ear. If he thought "minor" but didn't sound minor, he would take his middle finger and move it back a bit, and it must have worked, he says, because whenever he played people started dancing. Soon it was not his chords that bothered him anymore, it was the fact that his shoes had holes in the front and his shirts were hand-me-downs from his older brothers. He says that appearing in public like that, in such terrible clothes, was much worse than having a repertoire of only three chords, with variations. He was so ashamed of his clothes that one day he broke down and took some money from his mother's pocketbook and bought a suit for himself. His mother was furious. Like most African mothers, she didn't really believe in music. She thought of music—not the music you heard in church or at the *griot's* house but the kind of music Frankie played—as something that gangsters and layabouts did to amuse themselves. Music like that was not something a responsible young man, with obligations to his family, thought seriously of taking up. Frankie's mother did not believe that people like King Sunny Adé, in Nigeria, or



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Youssou N'Dour, in Senegal, would get rich from music. She did not believe that one day they were going to be big men at home. It may be that her hard African life had cheated her of *le black feeling*. She did not really understand why Frankie—she called him Bernardin, which was his Christian name, after St. Bernard—wanted to dress up when he went to the club to play, or why he talked about having a feeling that was special, a feeling that seemed to contradict the poverty around him. There is a song going around Paris now—an Ivoirien who goes by the name Cophie wrote it—about a man with a new universe in his head, a universe where there is no drought or famine or despair, no war or animosity, only brothers and sisters with plenty to eat, and rain for bathing. The man with a new universe in his head makes an appointment to see the important men who are in the business of building new universes, but he knows that he must not arrive at his meeting on foot, looking like a poor African. He has to arrive in a long Rolls-Royce, looking like the sort of man who can make a new universe pay. He has to inspire confidence, and there is no way he can inspire confidence. He cannot afford a long Rolls-Royce—not even for the afternoon. He has to walk to his meeting, and the important businessmen laugh when they see him, and say "Who is this poor African who wants us to build a new universe?" and they send him away. One of the Ghetto Blasters says that Frankie, talking in his soft, insistent voice about mango priests and old shoes and dancing popes and brothers and sisters, is really looking for a new universe. "Let me tell you," Frankie says, "I needed shoes."

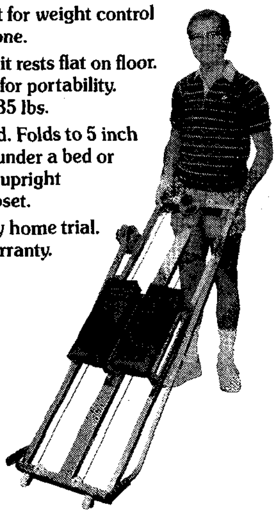
Frankie left Cameroon on September 21, 1975. He is often vague on dates, but September 21st is one date he remembers. That morning, Frankie crossed the border into Nigeria in the company of three other musicians and a Nigerian "manager," who had invited them to play in his fine new club in a city called Aba. That afternoon, Frankie discovered that the fine new club was a pile of sticks and cinder blocks waiting for him and his friends to put it up. He had what amounted to four dollars in his pocket. It got him to Onitsha, the market town of the old Biafran state and the headquarters of the Fifth Brigade of the Nigerian Army, and that night in Onitsha he met a bass guitarist from Cameroon named Willy N'For, who played in the brigade band—it was called The Pentagon—and whom Frankie knew at once for a true brother. Willy came from a mission, too—only his missionaries were evangelicals from New Jersey. They ran a school called the World-Wide Missions School, in Muyuka, and they were not notably disposed toward any music except hymns. The car at the World-Wide Missions School was used for collecting Willy and his friends when they sneaked away at night and booked themselves into the local clubs as a teen-age rock group called the Gentles. Willy knew how to play the box guitar and the trumpet—his father was a policeman and a fine trumpet player, Willy says—but once when the Gentles decided to give a real concert he rented a six-string acoustic guitar and started improvising bass chords, and after that he figured he had found his instrument. He had time to reflect, because the principal of the World-Wide Missions School suspended him for his playing and put him to work clearing bush for a garden. He spent two weeks in the bush and thought about music. "I thought about Fela and Manu, about the African musicians I was hearing," he told Frankie. "I thought, Wow, so Africans can play like that! I never knew how rich African music was—how jazzy, how African. I thought, I'd better do music."

There was a party that night at Willy's. It began at ten and went on until morning, and by the time Frankie recovered, his new brother had persuaded the lieutenant who ran The Pentagon that what the band needed was a keyboard man with three chords and a repertoire of American funk and the lyrics of the Temptations in his head. There were not many civilians in The Pentagon. For a while, all that Frankie and Willy had to do was sleep all day and celebrate all night and occasionally join the band for a concert in the officers' mess, but Frankie and Willy played so well together that the lieutenant decided there was money in The Pentagon for him. It does not seem to have occurred to the lieutenant that six years after a civil war in which at least a million Biafrans died people in Onitsha would be disinclined to make merry to the music of the Nigerian Army. He started booking The Pentagon into Onitsha night clubs, where they played either to empty rooms or to murderous audiences. It was not a good feeling, Frankie says. He and Willy and their civilian friends had to "resign" from the band by flashlight at four one morning while the lieutenant was distracted. (The lieutenant was distracted because his commander had just been taken away and shot as a conspirator in an attempted coup d'état.) They made it to the town of Port Harcourt. There were six of them—enough for a group—and so they introduced themselves around as the Mighty Flames and went looking for a manager to buy them instruments.

WHEN Frankie came to Paris as a Ghetto Blaster, the first thing he wanted to know was who would own the instruments he was going to play. It was the first thing Willy wanted to know when he joined Ghetto Blaster, and the first thing P. P. P. Kiala Nzavotunga, the lead guitarist, wanted to know, too. There are eight musicians in Ghetto Blaster, and half of them—all but the two saxophonists, the drummer, and the percussionist—depend on complicated electronic equipment that costs a fortune. The percussionist, Udoh Essiet, plays with a pair of short wooden sticks and two simple congas that were made for him in Nigeria, and, according to Willy, who has a gift for description, he is "the pure real shock of Africa" at the heart of Ghetto Blaster's jazzy, eclectic sound, the way the saxophonists are "the color that arranges it." Willy himself plays a Yamaha BB800 bass guitar and a Lag Black Bass hooked up to a Peavey Combo amplifier, and Frankie uses a big Roland JX-8P synthesizer and a DX7 Yamaha synthesizer, and sometimes, in concert, he adds a Korg Remote keyboard for wandering around the stage and dancing. If you asked either of them the main difference between playing with a group in Paris and playing with a group in Nigeria, he would probably say that a musician in Paris can leave with his instruments any time he decides to go—and no one will throw him in jail for stealing. In Africa, playing with a group is a kind of indenture. Whoever owns the equipment owns the men who use it.

The manager of the Mighty Flames was an Ibo whom everybody called Right Time. Right Time had been an important man in Biafra. He could still name his terms, and the terms he made with Frankie and Willy and the rest of the Mighty Flames were room, board, and instruments in exchange for service. He had them sign a contract. The contract said that they were buying their instruments, month by month, with their salaries, but it didn't say what those salaries were or what the instruments cost or how long it would take to own them. None of the Mighty Flames had a copy of the contract anyway. It disappeared into Right Time's safe, along with whatever passports or papers they had, and for the next four years they played in Right Time's night club, made his records, and slept on amplifier cartons in his storeroom, which was a hangar with a leaky mud roof, no toilet, and water only once a week, on Saturdays. Right Time showed them his big house, but he never invited them in for a meal and some conversation. He never listened to them "with a good heart," Willy says. He liked them to play cheap Ghanaian high life instead of their own meandering music. And he liked having them where he could keep an eye on them. When they finally did leave, late in 1980—they drove to Lagos with the instruments to give a concert and decided to stay—he had them arrested. Frankie and Willy went to jail in chains.

There were millions of people in Lagos then. Frankie says that you could "see the money flowing"—which in a way was true, since the big British and American oil companies were bringing in wells right off the coastline. Nigerians were making fortunes as contractors or consultants or "facilitators," or simply as ten-percent guides to the appropriate open hand, and as soon as Frankie and Willy got out of jail and free of Right Time Frankie looked around and said to Willy, "Oh, boy, may we go"—which was pidgin for "Let's go where the action is" and in practical terms meant "The action is here." It was fashionable in Lagos at the time to



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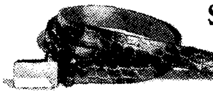

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own a group. All the important musicians owned groups—big-band groups with singers and dancers and pretty girls to look at and plenty of brass to make things loud—and all the important businessmen wanted to own them. Most of the groups played in a quarter called Yaba, near the port, which was Lagos's downtown. King Sunny Adé had a club there, and so did Fela Anikulapo Kuti. (Fela's club was called the Shrine, and Fela supposedly kept his musicians faithful the way Right Time did—by locking up their passports.) It is easy to recognize the music that came through Lagos on its way to Europe. It is like the town. It has a hard edge, and there is something close to jazz in it, and something like blues. It is weak on melody, but its rhythms are so persistent and complex, and "turn" so fast, as musicians say, that it is hard to tell when a phrase begins or when it ends. Willy likes to say that Lagos music "drops"—that it hits the ground and picks you up instead of floating around in the air alone, like a lot of the music that came to Paris straight from Zaire or Cameroon without a Lagos stop. A lot of that music is soggy and banal—what the French call variety music. It was, as Frankie says, a matter of transportation.

MARTIN MEPPIEL and his brother Stéphane were divers on an oil rig off the Nigerian coast when they started going to the Lagos clubs and getting to know the music. They were young, and they were seeing the world, and the world they especially wanted to see was the Third World. The brothers came from an old French Communist family. Their father had quit the Party in 1968, but their mother was still a member. She was a film editor and had been to Cuba, and she gave the brothers what in Africa were considered excellent Third World credentials. Martin was addicted to Africa. He says that whenever he wasn't in Africa he was somewhere trying to get to Africa. He would work in France, say, driving for a rock group, and as soon as he got paid he would buy a car—preferably a Peugeot, because West Africans like Peugeots—and then he would take the car to Africa and cross the desert and sell it in Niger or Nigeria or Benin for enough money to stay a couple of months and pay his plane fare home. Eventually, he started diving, because diving from a platform in the middle of the Gulf of Guinea was not something many people wanted to do, and so it paid handsomely. There was a colony of young French leftists in Lagos in the early nineteen-eighties. They were there for the adventure and the music, and because Lagos was a freewheeling and anarchic town that suited their mood and their style and their politics. Martin Meissonnier, who wrote about African music for *Libération* and is now a producer for Ray Lema and a lot of the other important African musicians, was working as Fela Kuti's manager. Katrin Lesevre, Martin Meppiel's wife, was one of Fela's sound engineers. Pascal Imbert, who works for the record company Celluloid now, was helping to organize Fela's tours. They were all fascinated by Fela Anikulapo Kuti. He was their E.T., Martin Meissonnier says. Fela was often half naked when he played. He wore necklaces made of iron rings. He waved his saxophone like a rifle and sang about the great African revolution while his wives crawled around on their knees, like handmaidens, carrying his equipment.

In 1981, Stéphane Meppiel and his mother made a short movie set to a Fela song called "Authority Stealing," and a year later Stéphane made a longer movie, "Music Is the Weapon," which was about Fela himself. In the course of making those movies, Stéphane got to know Kiala Nzavotunga, who was working as Fela's lead guitarist. They began to talk about what would happen if the Meppiels took a couple of French musicians they knew—musicians with Paris and New York experience—and put them together with Kiala and some of his friends and told everyone to play. The more they talked, the more appealing the idea sounded. It took a while to organize, but one morning early in the spring of 1983 a caravan of old Peugeots arrived at the Nigerian border carrying the Meppiel brothers, a movie production crew, the French musicians (one of them, Stefan Mikhaël Blaëss, plays guitar with Ghetto Blaster now), and so much sound equipment that it took Martin Meppiel two days to persuade the customs officer to let the caravan in. The group put itself together in a Lagos night club called the Black Pussycat. Kiala brought his friends, and his friends brought *their* friends, and after they had all been improvising for a couple of weeks they painted the name "Ghetto Blaster" on the wall behind the bandstand. They had their first concert, at the Black Pussycat, that

May. By June, Martin and Stéphane had sold their cars and used the money to fly six of the Ghetto Blasters to Paris—where they settled down in a houseboat on the Seine that belonged to the brothers and their father. By December, Ghetto Blaster was playing at Phil'One, a club in a shopping center at La Défense which was considered particularly *branché* at the moment. Two months later, they recorded "Preacher Man" for Island Records.

Ghetto Blaster was polyglot. Four of the group were from Cameroon—Frankie, Willy, a drummer named Nicolas Avom, who answers to Ringo, and an alto saxophonist named Félix Priso, who answers to Féfé. The tenor sax, Steve Potts, was an American black. Udoh was an Obon from Nigeria. Stefan Blaëss was French, but his mother came from Casablanca, and Kiala was Angolan by origin, but *his* mother had raised him in Zaire, because of the Portuguese at home. There was a woman from Benin, too—a singer called Betty, who was with Kiala for a while and with Stefan for a while, and had a belting voice and apparently a belting character. She drank, and exasperated everyone who knew her. She died suddenly last year, when she tripped on the houseboat ladder, hit her head, and drowned.

At first, Martin Meppiel left the group alone on the houseboat. He went on tour to America with Sunny Adé, and by all accounts Ghetto Blaster had a party that lasted the three months that he was gone. They fought and fired each other and then made up and hired each other back, and once they took on a fast-talking Ghanaian who wanted to turn them into a high-life backup band. When Martin came home, they had a discussion *à la Yoruba*, which means a discussion that gets loud very fast. It was the first of many discussions. For one thing, the Africans in Ghetto Blaster had trouble rehearsing. The kind of rehearsals they liked were the rehearsals where you brought your beer and your joints and your women and your records and had a party, and then, when everybody was laughing and dancing and high and appreciating you—then you rehearsed. They had their "Africa" in Udoh's drums. ("Udoh was their security, their metronome," Martin says.) They had their "Afro beat" from Kiala and Ringo, who had played for Fela, their rock from Stefan, their makossa from Féfé, their jazz from Steve, and their

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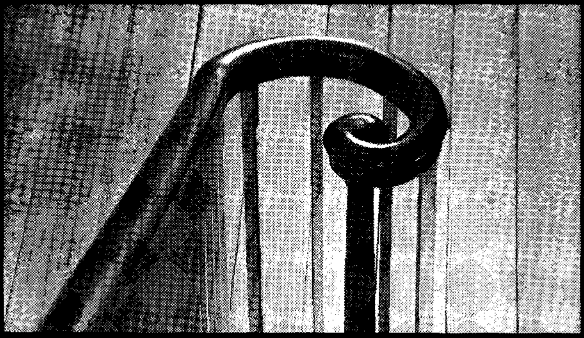

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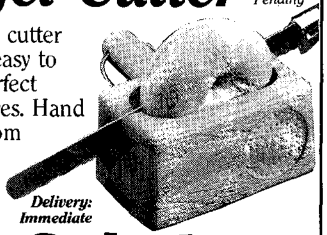

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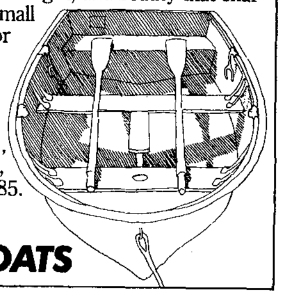

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funk from Frankie and Willy—and no leader to tell them what to do. There were times when Willy wanted to lead the group and times when Kiala wanted to lead it, and the only way they knew to settle the argument was to announce that Ghetto Blaster was a new sort of African group, a democratic group, and everyone in it was equal. The one thing they did agree on then was that a big houseboat on the Seine, where friends could crash and there were always guitars and amplifiers lying around, was Africa without any of Africa's hassles. Willy says now that the hardest thing for most of them was getting used to French recording studios—to the empty rooms, the glass booths, and the serious engineers who sat alone at their control panels and did the difficult mixing of traditional and electronic sounds. But Willy knew that unless they got used to it they would end up with terrible records, and no work except an hour of playback once or twice a month at some embarrassing "*soirée Africaine*" at Le Palace or L'Observatoire. "It was a big problem, because being alone in a studio feels too cold for an African," Willy says. "There is not enough to blow his mind in a studio. He has to learn to blow his own mind. That's what he has to learn in Paris."

THERE is a publisher here named Jean-François Bizot who likes to say that the first step any African takes in Paris involves a hustle. Bizot owns the magazine *Actuel* and a big piece of a radio station called Radio Nova, both of which promote black music and black chic and *le black feeling*, and though he himself is white and French, as well as being an heir to the Rhône-Poulenc chemical fortune, he is considered a master hustler of the black-feeling scene. Bizot is what is called a *soixante-huitard*. He "made his 1968," as the French say. The *Actuel* he started then went on to die with its causes, and once the glamour was gone from being a Maoist or a Tantrist or a pacifist or a psychedelic or simply stoned, Bizot's readers were at a loss. *Le black feeling* arrived in Paris just as Bizot was looking around for something new to engage them, and in 1979 he started again, with a magazine that was slick and shrewd—a little sensational, a little satirical, a little political, a little pornographic—and took black feeling out of the *foyers immigrés* and put it into a sunny office down the street from the Bastille, with a staff of beautiful black girls for class. It is unlikely that many of the African factory workers in Montreuil buy *Actuel*. Musicians buy it, and rich students from Zaire and the Ivory Coast buy it, and so do Parisians who want to know where *le black feeling* is happening and how to get there and what to wear when they go. When a movie about black feeling called "Black Mic-Mac" opened last month, Bizot put out a guide to "*l'ambiance Afro-Antillaise à Paris*," and a hundred and fifty thousand people asked for copies.

It may be that if you are black and in Paris it is hard to make your feeling pay without a Frenchman behind you. There are record companies here with names like Safari Ambiance, and clubs with names like Black and White and La Plantation. There are promoters like Serge Kruger, who plays black music on a station called Radio Tchatch and at a disco called Le Tango, and who presents a "black evening" every Tuesday at Le Palace—distinguished mainly by the fact that four black girls dance on platforms and a couple of rented tigers are occasionally paraded around the dance floor. There are designers called Laurence Olivier and Wilfried and Ambrozzio for the men from Zaire and the Congo who get dressed up on Saturday nights and have "elegance contests." (The men call themselves Sapeurs, after *saper*, the old Paris slang for dressing up, and they form a make-believe brotherhood called the Société des Ambianceurs et des Personnes Élégantes. Their ideal is a "Sape" who flashes labels from Dior and Versace and Montana and wears crocodile shoes so valuable that he has to keep them at the bank in a safe-deposit box.) There are fifteen-year-old entrepreneurs who, for seventy francs an hour, will teach an anxious classmate how to distinguish a makossa beat (Cameroon) from a juju beat (Nigeria) or a mandingo bea (Mali). By now, it is expected that any African musician who wants a reputation outside Africa will get on a plane to Paris, play the clubs here, give a concert, and cut a record (or at least get himself a contract to cut a record) before he considers going home. "Making the international circuit" is what Parisians call it.

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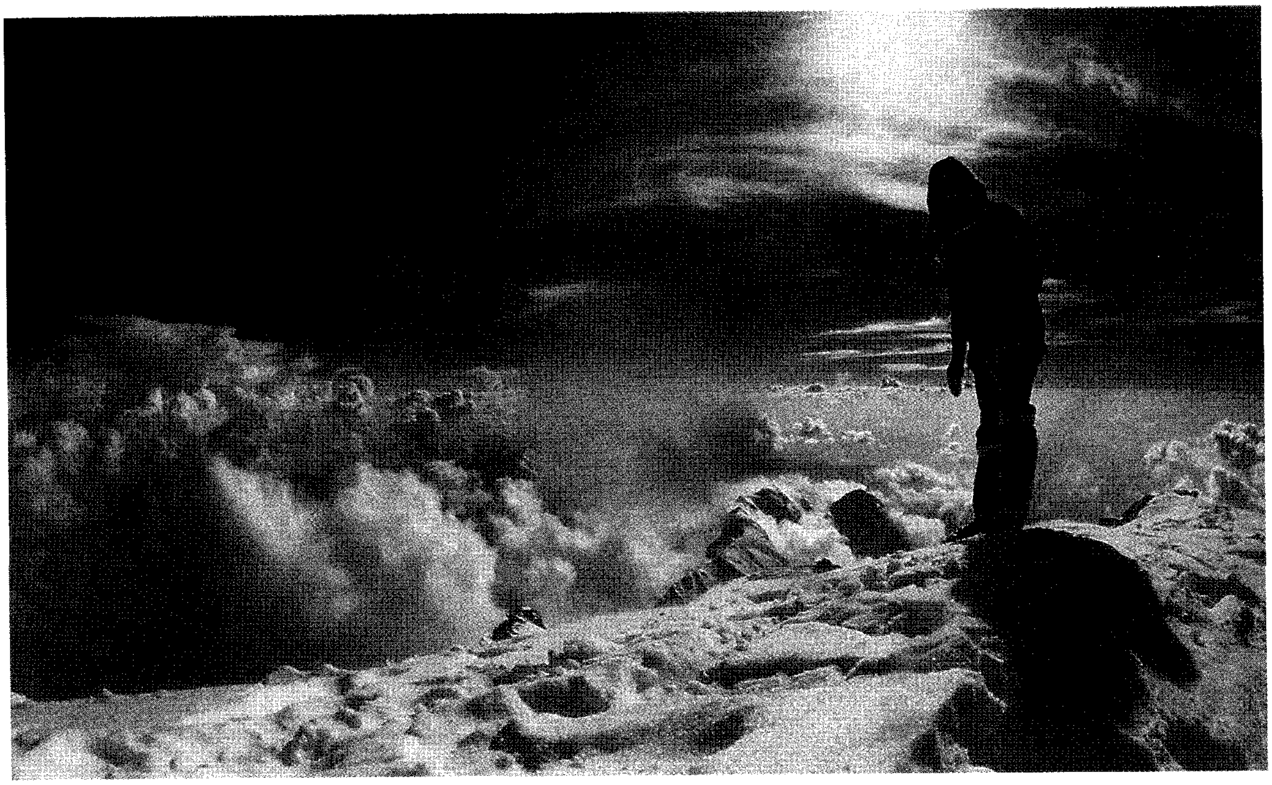
There are English and American music critics who say that the African groups that Parisians like so much are really ordinary rock groups—guitar, bass guitar, keyboard, and drums—with the native instruments thrown in like spice, for flavor. Certainly there is not much harmonic complexity in most of the African music you are likely to hear on Radio Nova or find on cassettes at FNAC. (The exception is Ray Lema, who was trained in classical piano and composition and is in the process of writing an African symphony.) The international circuit that Parisians talk about can take the rhythmic—really the polyrhythmic—complexity that African music does have and reduce it to French pop standards, to a kind of rock monotone. Unless a group is tough and confident, like Ghetto Blaster, it can make that music as banal as elevator songs.

RIGHT now, Frankie and Willy live in a suburb called Bondy, about ten miles out of Paris. They have an apartment on the ninth floor of a big housing project filled with immigrants, and they share it with two African "sisters," who complain about the noise they make when they practice. Frankie and Willy miss the houseboat. They have not been able to live there since February of 1985, when Martin Meppiel called another one of his discussions *à la Yoruba* and in the course of it announced that he wanted his boat back, that he was beginning to have nightmares about Ghetto Blaster, that he needed a break from Ghetto Blaster for a while. The break lasted a year. Martin and Katrin had a baby, and the three of them went to Cuba, where Martin got interested in a Cuban group, Los Van Van, that had started out as a kind of backup band for Castro's sugarcane-cutting marathons. Ghetto Blaster drifted for a while. They went on tour. They went on television. They



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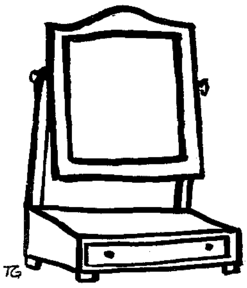
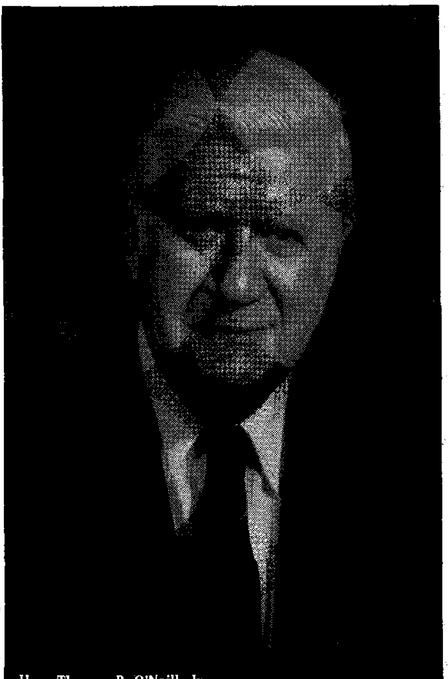
rented time at a sound studio on the Rue de Bagnolet, toward Ménilmontant, and started rehearsing. They were working there on their first L.P. when Betty died. They went from the funeral to the studio and decided the time had come to discipline themselves and their disparate sounds into something particular. They gave their old songs—songs with names like "New Generation" and "Life Is Just a Party"—a nerve and energy to take the place of hers. When the record was ready, they called it "People." Early this spring, Martin started managing the group again.



Frankie and Willy like to talk about the old days on the houseboat—the days when Kiala was writing "Life Is Just a Party," and Ghetto Blaster was truly *branché*, having plugged the boat into a street lamp on the quai in order to get electricity free. They miss having a place of their own to practice even more than having a place of their own to live—though it is hard enough for any African to find a flat in Paris, and if he does find one he usually has to send a Frenchman to rent it, because white Parisians do not extend *le black feeling* to the subject of real estate. Most of the Ghetto Blasters have girlfriends here. Féfé lives with a woman from Cameroon, and they have three small children. Udoh lives with an American blues pianist, and Kiala is getting married to a girl from New Jersey with an art-history degree, and has started practicing Tibetan Buddhism. Willy sees a Swedish saxophonist in Mory Kante's backup band. Frankie's girlfriend is a dancer from Cameroon who goes by the name Chantal. Frankie says that at first most of the women the Ghetto Blasters met in Paris would say to them, right away, "We are not like *your* women. We don't walk on our knees for a man, like Fela's wives." And the Ghetto Blasters would have to explain that African women *like* to serve, that African women have plenty of power—and wait to see if anyone believed them. As far as Frankie and Willy are concerned, the women in Paris—even the African women—are puzzling. The "sisters" in Bondy are puzzling, and the neighbors in Bondy are even more puzzling. Frankie and Willy cannot get over the fact that they live in a building with hundreds of neighbors who never talk to them, not even in the elevator. When Willy thinks about the loneliness here, he puts his hands to his face and hides. He wants to cry, and doesn't want anyone to see him crying, and when that happens Frankie stiffens and takes Willy's sadness and turns it into something instructive and a little hard—something like a judgment. "They want us to be getting together, black and white," Frankie will say. "But we're suffering, and they're not suffering, so how can we be getting together? Let's wait until we're *all* not suffering. Then maybe we can see about this getting together." And Willy will sigh, and say, "Oh, man, they want to discover us. They want to know, Who is this African?" He will feel better, talking. He has an idea—a "spiritual" idea. He wants to find "a voice to come out with," a voice in music, that will let everybody know who this African is.

Willy is small—loose, boyish, and appealing—and he has a shy charm. He wears jeans and a fisherman's gray sweater and a green beret to rehearsals. When he plays his bass guitar, he closes his eyes and croons and moves around, listening to himself, as if the pleasure that music gives him were something precious and surprising. Frankie never shuts his eyes when he is at his keyboard. He sits up straight, with his legs extended in his soft black leather pants, and his ankles crossed and his feet still. He is in charge of himself. He watches everyone. Martin has said that Willy is the "soul" of Ghetto Blaster—that it only became a group with Willy there—and some of Martin's friends say no, Kiala is the soul of Ghetto Blaster, and others say that the soul is Udoh. But when Ghetto Blaster rehearses, the power is Frankie's. He sets up his gear in the middle of the rehearsal room, between Udoh and the saxophones, climbs onto a stool, and in a way takes over. There is a kind of controlling tension in Frankie. It has nothing to do with what he says or does, or how he plays. It has to do with his posture and his regard, with something cold in his look that can demolish the group, and with something in his quick, wide smile that can unite it. The group plays better when Frankie laughs. He laughs suddenly, as if some secret of his, some intuition, had delighted him. The laughter warms the studio, and when it stops the musicians are anx-



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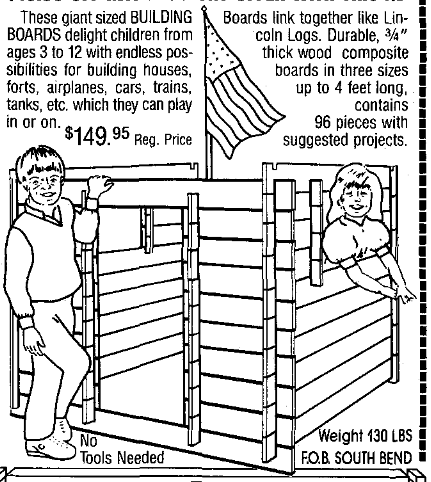

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ious—everyone, *that* is, but Willy, dancing around with his eyes closed, listening to himself.

Willy and Frankie are inseparable. They are inseparable the way the sweetness and the anger in Africa are inseparable. When people ask Willy about Africa, he says, "Man, you got to meet Frankie," and when people ask Frankie about Africa he says, "Man, you got to meet Willy." Willy trusts everyone, and Frankie is wary—and trust and distrust are really the Afro beats of Ghetto Blaster music. When the two of them were in jail in Nigeria, the older prisoners put them through an initiation. They were told to walk on their knees, like Fela's wives, and Willy has never forgotten the fact that he walked on his knees and Frankie refused—and no one touched him. He is solicitous of Frankie, and he listens when Frankie talks. Frankie's edgy pieties about Africa give Willy a kind of definition and comfort, the way Willy's intelligent good nature gives Frankie some of the balance and resilience he needs. Frankie came late to Ghetto Blaster. He had trouble with his papers, and Martin had to fly to Lagos to get him, and so he arrived on the houseboat months after the others came. Willy was used to the Paris cold by then, but Frankie suffered. There were nights when it was so cold on the boat that Frankie would be stretched out stiff, under blankets, and the group would think that maybe he had died, and Udoh would have to go up and shake him and say, "Hey, Frankie, you alive?" Frankie's African name Song means "the moon when it is full." Willy's African name Manga was the name of a great chief—Rudolph Douala Manga Bell—who fought to save his people's land from the German Kaiser. Their mothers never used those names; they called them Bernardin and William, and now Frankie and Willy wonder why, because there is power in their African names, and both of them feel that power. When people here talk about the reputation Nigerians have for being corrupt, or Zairians for being evasive, or Senegalese for being tough in business, Frankie shrugs his shoulders and says, "Everyone in Africa finds his way out of the bullshit in different ways," and then he invokes that part of them all which is "Africa" and is immensely calm—he calls it "polite"—in its power.

The French are not calm. Willy remembers walking into the Black

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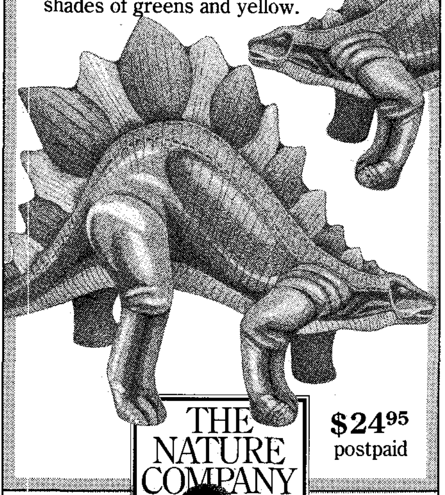

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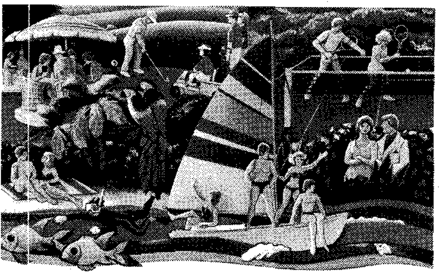

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Pussycat in Lagos the day he met the Meppiels, and finding all those Frenchmen, with their sound equipment and their expensive cameras, running around and smoking cigarettes and looking so strange and worried—looking "not free." He had never seen such nervous people, he says—not even the week he went to New York with Sonny Okosun's band and stayed at the Empire Hotel on Broadway, and rode in long, long cars with bars and television sets in them, and ate in a restaurant in Brooklyn that had bodyguards standing around outside with guns, frightening everyone. Frankie and Willy have decided that the French know nothing about real power. Ringo and Kiala wear dreadlocks, but Frankie says there are people in Africa *born* with dreadlocks, people with the power of prophecy. They are so powerful, Frankie says, that they have to have a big ceremony, with sacrifices, any time they want to cut their hair—and that is nothing compared with the power the people in Willy's village have, which is the power of sending thunder. Frenchmen are always asking Frankie and Willy to *explain* that kind of power, but Frankie says that he cannot explain African power to a Frenchman any more than the bishop in Douala could explain to him why Jesus was able to walk on water. He is suspicious of people who have been so keenly interested in Africa and in what they could take from Africa that now they even want to take the secret of African spirit and call it *le black feeling*. Willy tells him that they will always be strangers here. He may be making the problem worse, as Frankie says, by letting the French get to him, but even Frankie tends to agree with Willy that it may be time soon for Ghetto Blaster to be moving on, maybe to New York. Willy has told him that in New York everybody is the same, everybody is *American*—that in New York there are no strangers.

When the Pope dances, Frankie will be ready to go. —JANE KRAMER

•

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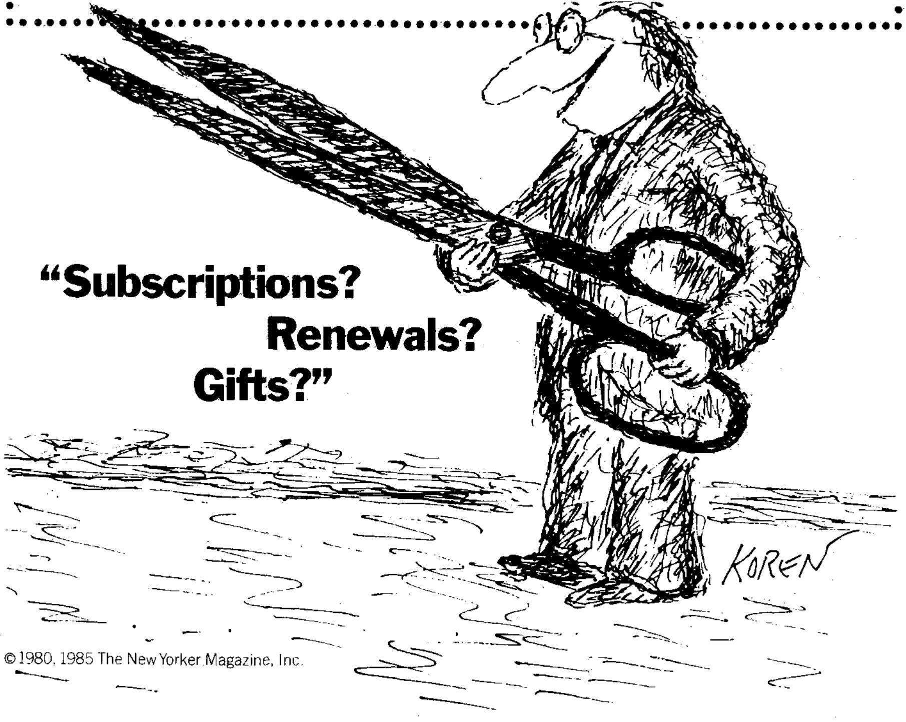
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BOOKS

Two in One

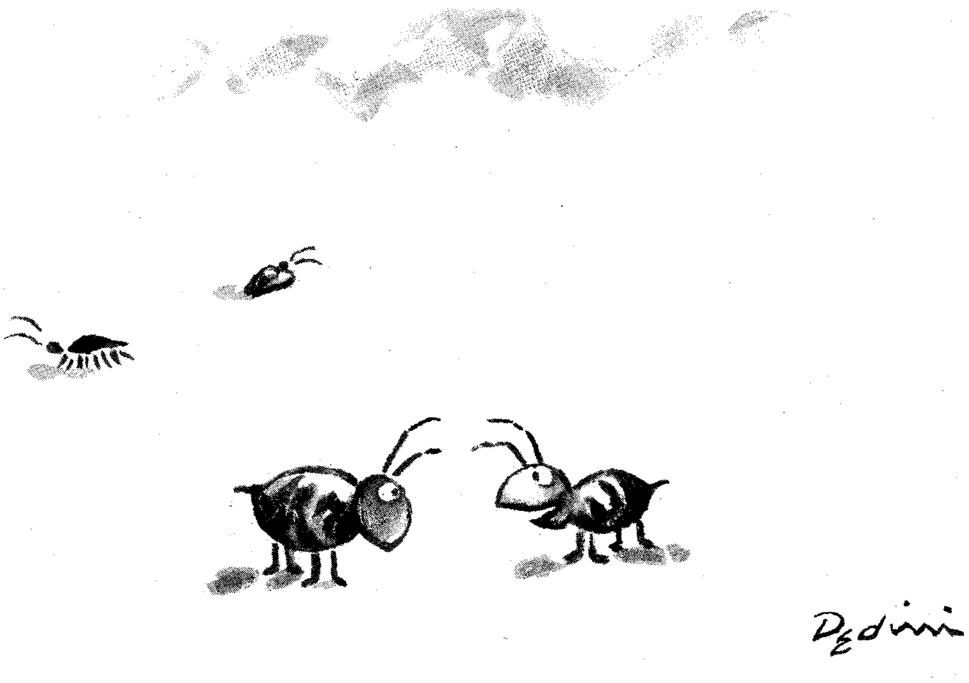
THE uneven pressure of history is the theme of Thomas Keneally's latest book, "A Family Madness" (Simon & Schuster; $17.95), which pits the moral weight of contemporary Australia against that of Europe's recent past. No contest. Keneally, an Australian (b. 1935), has tackled history before; since 1964 he has written more than a dozen novels, notable for their range of subject and their technical variety. The predecessors of "A Family Madness" include "Schindler's List," a documentary novel about a German Catholic who rescued Jews from the concentration camps; "The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith," based on a turn-of-the-century Australian murder case; "Blood Red, Sister Rose," a reworking of the story of Joan of Arc, with maps and charts; "The Survivor" and "Victim of the Aurora," both about Antarctic expeditions; "A Dutiful Daughter," a novel with a self-addressed second-person narration and two characters partly metamorphosed into cattle ("It took time for your parents to assimilate the practical reality of their new state"); and "Passenger," in which the narrator is a fetus.

On the evidence of the two books of his that I've read from beginning to end—"Victim of the Aurora" and "A Family Madness"—Keneally is an able writer as well as a literary adventurer. His sentences run smoothly, syntactically speaking, and accumulate in short paragraphs and chapters of moderate length—and, in the case of "A Family Madness," three Parts. The content of the sentences and larger rhetorical units is always clear, and the expression—in these two books, at least—is seldom unduly fancy. For example, a line from "Victim of the Aurora": "The starlight was bright as moonlight on those distant glaciers, and the moonlight bright as moonlight in any desert." And the opening of "A Family Madness": "Terry Delaney's father often remarked on the state of Main Street, Penrith, in the hard times of the 1980s. 'The shops that sell real things close down,' he said, 'and in their place you get the bloody juju medicine stalls.' " The strengths of Keneally's style are apparent in the first few pages of "A Family Madness;" the weaknesses show up later on. He moves briskly into the story, using Terry Delaney both to establish certain facts ("Delaney saw") and to indicate his uncertain relationship to the facts ("Delaney feared . . . imagined . . . expected . . . believed"). The main characters in the book are security guards—Delaney and his friend Stanton, who are working-class Australians, and Radislaw (Rudi) Kabbelski, a fanatical Belorussian refugee, whose belief in the imminent end of civilization is traced back to his Second World War childhood, when Belorussian nationalists were persecuted by the Soviet government and allied themselves hopefully with the Nazis. Chapters set more or less in the present, in New South Wales, are interspersed with Kabbelski family journals concerning events on the Eastern Front in the forties. Having made his point early about the comparative innocence and experience of these two sets of characters, Keneally strings it out with a plot that simply confirms the incompatibility without exploiting much of its potential social or psychological interest. Delaney and Stanton go to work for Kabbel, as he calls himself, in the family business, Uncle Security. Delaney, who also earns money playing for a local rugby team, falls in love with the Kabbel daughter, leaves his wife, and runs up against the Kabbel family death wish.

When Delaney and Stanton first meet Kabbel, and he tries to explain to them where he is from, they nod, "though their geography was not exact." He mentions Poland, Russia, Minsk:

> "Oh," said Delaney, whose sense of where everything in Eastern Europe was had been improved by an admiration for Lech Walesa. "You come from Russia?"
>
> "The Soviets would say I do. I do not say I do. I am a Belorussian. We are different in language and religion. Some of us anyhow. If there was any international justice, we would be our own nation."

As can be seen from this snatch of dialogue, Keneally is not finicky about how he gets his facts in place, nor has he managed to come up with a plausible conversational style for a Belorussian nationalist who has lived in Australia for nearly forty years. That qualifying "Some of us anyhow" struck me as a false note—a shift of the author's loyalty from character development to research, and, in retrospect, a hint of the predominance of instruction over melodrama. Keneally seems preoccupied with the significance of his Second World War material, presented by way of the rather formal writings of Kabbel and his father, and that may account for the didactic manner of the novel and



"I finally memorized my bug number—34-5018-742296-884901-48921372."

for its short emotional reach. Here is Kabbel in another exchange with Delaney:

> Sometimes, Mr. Delaney, history *does* make its claim on people. In places like Los Angeles and Sydney people try to live in an eternal and very base *now*, without any memory of the dead. The barbecue and the sun are *all*. Games are *all*—a game is *all* to you. But you have to face it: Sometimes—I restate it so that you will know—sometimes even here history can't be avoided, history comes up and grabs people.

Like "Daniel Deronda," "A Family Madness" is two novels in one—a commendable attempt to intensify a local drama by introducing news of the outside world. Kabbel, a herald of real and metaphorical tidal waves, can be seen as a counterpart of Deronda, George Eliot's Zionist emissary. Delaney, the moderately sensitive hero of a novel of sporting life and marital difficulties, is a counterpart of Gwendolen Harleth, confusing edification with romantic love. Keneally lacks Eliot's stamina, however, and her fervor for the task of making the combination work. He leans on irony. He is condescending in describing Delaney's "small life" (Eliot's phrase), rather than curious about its particular depths, and Kabbel is a stiff and distant madman. At the end of "Victim of the Aurora," the narrator declared himself disillusioned with the twentieth century. Keneally seems to have been afflicted with a similar loss of heart, which deadens his new book.

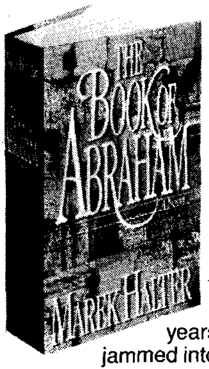
—Susan Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A Perfect Spy, by John le Carré (Knopf; $18.95). Mr. le Carré's ample new novel is good-quality entertainment—as good as almost anything he has written—but it is also something else. It seems to be both an autobiography in part and something of an exorcism. It tells the story of one Magnus Pym, the son of a notorious confidence man named Richard T. Pym (sometimes Sir Richard T. Pym, sometimes Colonel Sir Richard T. Pym), a sentimental charmer, a man of easy tears and hearty bear hugs and bottomless hypocrisy. It tells of Magnus Pym's growing up in many houses and many schools against a background of champagne today and bounced checks tomorrow; of his recruitment and rise in British Intelligence; of the lifelong burden of his father. Mr. le Carré, of course, had such a father, and he, too, has seen service as a secret agent. We meet Pym in what appears to be mid-career. He is attached to the British Embassy in Vienna, with a rich and aristocratic wife, and a son in boarding school in England. We see him through a formal dinner party (as charming a host as old Rick himself), see him get word that his father has died, see him return to England for the funeral. Then he disappears from everybody's ken to the seclusion of a rooming house on the Devon coast to write, in a letter addressed enigmatically to his son and to his mentor in the service, a sort of apologia for a carefully hidden secret life. Pym never comes entirely clear; he is his father's son, a constant role-player. But le Carré is le Carré, and "A Perfect Spy" is, as always, a complexity of unpredictable emotions and obscure motives, of moments of high tension, and of very little cheer. The writing, for once, combines intensity with control.

Heart's Desire, by Gwyneth Cravens (Knopf; $16.95). On July 4, 1969, three men in a truck lead the way to a favorite picnic place. Four female relatives—a toddler, a teen-ager, a mother, and a grandmother—trail them contentedly in a car. A year later, the women and the toddler return on their own. One of the men has died, one has deserted his wife, and one has joined the Army. This caustic novel, set in the Southwest and spanning that year, is a far cry from the author's enchanting "Love and Work" (1982), about mutual infatuation in Manhattan. The toddler's grandmother, mother, and aunt (the teen-ager) are in danger of growing old without growing up. "I had to be very careful," the teen-ager says, steeling herself for a date, "not to sound like a Brain." Meanwhile, the two other women are dusting off their brains. "What is the aspectival theory of thinghood?" the grandmother, enrolled in a philosophy class, wonders; she has yet to learn that it may mean nothing. Her daughter-in-law is learning not to waste time wondering what her husband means by "One needs to build liaisons." In the last chapter, the grandmother notices that the toddler is no longer just babbling,



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and the reader notices that neither is the grandmother—that a war of independence has been won without ever having been declared. Two chapters of the novel first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

THE ADRIAN MOLE DIARIES, by Sue Townsend (Grove; $14.95). These diaries, which were received with great enthusiasm in England several years ago, begin with Adrian's New Year's resolutions ("I will not start smoking. . . . I will help the poor and ignorant") and his grim comments on the previous evening's festivities ("My father got the dog drunk on cherry brandy at the party last night. If the RSPCA hear about it he could get done"). Adrian Mole, at thirteen and three-quarters, is an avid diarist, and the reader quickly learns that he is also an only child, a romantic ("Goodnight Pandora my treacle-haired love"), a hypochondriac, and an intellectual ("Finished *Animal Farm*. It is dead symbolic. . . . From now on I shall treat pigs with the contempt they deserve. I am boycotting pork of all kinds"). Adrian's short entries include a familiar yet unpredictable cast of characters, among them his ever-quarrelling parents; their new, intensely patriotic Anglo-Indian neighbors, the Singhs; and Bert Baxter, a crafty Marxist pensioner whom Adrian meets through Good Samaritans. Sue Townsend is rarely off the mark; she manages to be consistently clever without being precious. The diaries were originally published in two volumes, and this overlong edition does them a disservice. Nevertheless, American readers will be happy to make Adrian Mole's acquaintance under any circumstances.

NOTE: "Monkeys," a novel by Susan Minot, has been published by Dutton ($15.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Out of India: Selected Stories," by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, has been published by Morrow ($16.95). Many of the stories first appeared here.

GENERAL

BECKETT AT EIGHTY/BECKETT IN CONTEXT, edited by Enoch Brater (Oxford; $18.95). Thirteen essays, by as many authors, written as a kind of homage to Samuel Beckett in this year of his eightieth birthday. The authors are either specialists in Beckett's work or students

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of the theatre in general; all are teachers or lecturers at universities. They argue that Beckett is the ascendant influence in modern drama. They discuss in detail the structure, tone, and resonance of his plays, and seek to explain how his stark and anguished vision has, in the words of one of them, "honed our perceptions to what was before us onstage while inviting our imaginations to roam the stars, as well as this earthly bog." The critics are on their own, for Beckett refuses to have anything to do with any exegesis of his work. "If people want to have headaches among the overtones, let them," he once said. "And provide their own aspirin."

HIROHITO: THE WAR YEARS, by Paul Manning (Dodd, Mead; $16.95). In this short book, a Second World War correspondent maintains that the Japanese Emperor masterminded every step of his country's imperialism before the war, supported the decision to attack this country, and worked as hard as he could for a Japanese victory. Further, Mr. Manning states that although General MacArthur, a host of well-placed Japanese, and a handful of influential Americans knew that Hirohito was as much a war criminal as the men the Allies executed, the American authorities agreed to suppress knowledge of his guilt, lest demand for his punishment outrage the Japanese who revered him. The Americans' purpose was to avert disorder and, conceivably, guerrilla war during the occupation. The Emperor's responsibility for aggression and war was argued at greater length in 1971 by David Bergamini, in "Japan's Imperial Conspiracy." Mr. Manning adds to that study the startling assertion that the Emperor knew the United States had the atomic bomb. He gives no source for this statement, and at that point (as well as a few others) even the least pedantic reader would wish for a footnote.

BOSTON BOY, by Nat Hentoff (Knopf; $15.95). An appealing memoir of a boyhood and coming of age in the Boston of the nineteen-thirties and forties. As a Jewish boy in a neighborhood that was almost routinely harassed by Irish Catholics, Mr. Hentoff was embattled from his earliest youth; to make matters worse, he was also in rebellion against the religious traditions of his own people. (A leitmotiv of the story is his

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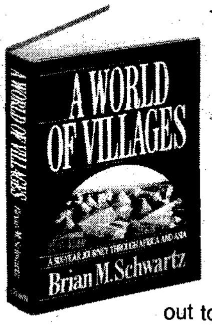

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memory of sitting, at the age of twelve, on his front porch, in full view of passersby on their way to Yom Kippur services, and ostentatiously eating a huge salami sandwich.) The conflicts raging in and around him, however, could not get him down: he took beatings-up in the streets in stride; he attended the rigorous Boston Latin School; he went on to Northeastern University, and became a disk jockey at a local radio station. His reminiscences of the jazz musicians he met at the Savoy Café in those years are among the highlights of the book. In the end, he left Boston for New York, just as the McCarthyite inquisitors were getting *around* to him. An offbeat, and upbeat, book—a pleasure to read.

TRAVELS WITH A SUPERIOR PERSON, by the Marquess Curzon of Kedleston, edited by Peter King (Salem House; $22.95). Lord Curzon, onetime British Foreign Secretary and Viceroy of India, was a passionate traveller from his early twenties, and a brilliant and witty writer about the lands and people he travelled to and among. This book is an assemblage of pieces he wrote on his wanderings in Europe and Africa and, as he said, "in all parts of Asia from the Mediterranean to the China Seas." There are wonderfully evocative views, through Victorian eyes, of remote and exotic places as they were then—Samarkand, Tashkent, Bokhara—and of world capitals that have changed out of all recognition. Illustrated with nearly ninety photographs and engravings, most of them from Lord Curzon's own collection.

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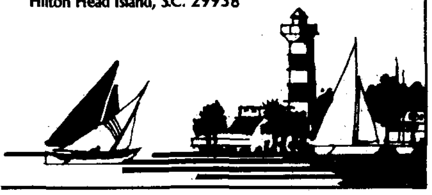

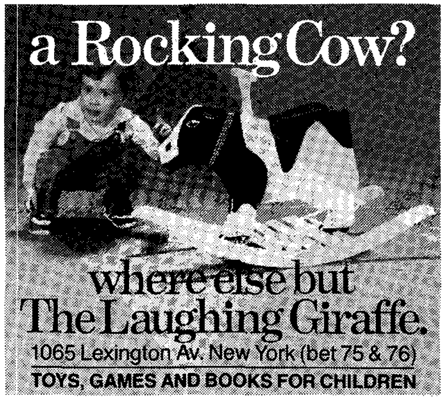
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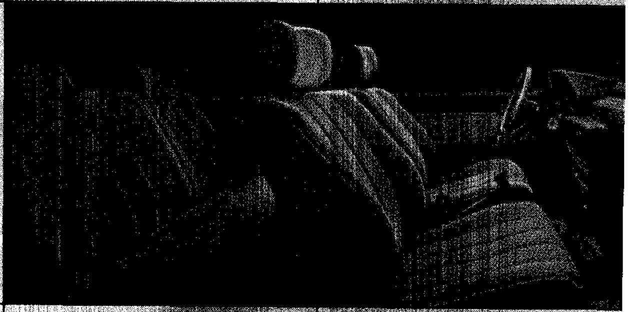

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